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FOR

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

APRIL, 1841.

No. CXLVII.

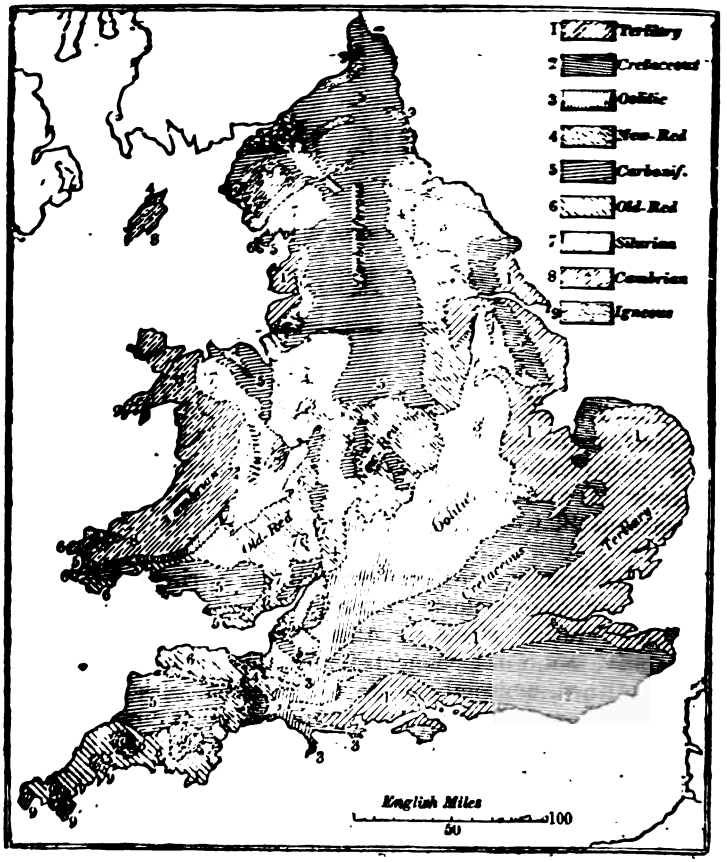
ART. I.—*The Silurian System, founded on Geological Researches in the Counties of Salop, Hereford, &c.; with Descriptions of the Coal-Fields and Overlying Formations.* By RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, F.R.S. With a Map, Sections, and numerous Plates. 4to. London: 1839.

WE had intended to connect with our review of this work some observations on the supposed equivalents of the English 'Silurian' strata in other parts of Europe; but as the comparative enquiries connected with this subject are not yet fully published, and perhaps are still attended with some obscurity, we have resolved to confine ourselves at present to the result of Mr Murchison's examination of a series of ancient rocks, which he has here described with such ability and success as to place him in the first rank of practical geologists. The great price, as well as the intrinsic value of his book, induces us to give an account of its contents without further delay.

The subjoined geological sketch of England, which is reduced from one of the author's illustrations, will enable our readers, with the assistance of any common map on a larger scale, to form some notion of the situation and extent of what is now to be called in geology 'the Silurian Region,'—a name taken from a tract upon the confines of England and Wales, but principally in the latter territory,* the inhabitants of which are distinguished in history for their persevering opposition to the Romans, under

* A farm near the centre of this district, not far from the town of New Radnor, bears the name of *Siluria* in the Ordnance Map.

Caradoc, whose name and exploits are still associated with many scenes and local traditions in Shropshire and Wales.



It may seem perhaps extraordinary, that while geology has been cultivated with remarkable energy in this country, a district so extensive, and of such great interest as this tract will be found to possess, should have remained almost absolutely unknown till within the last ten years. But a consideration of what we shall lay before our readers, will in some measure explain this anomaly; while it will show the enterprize and sagacity that first led Mr Murchison to the task which he has so skilfully worked out: and this retrospect is the more necessary, as his introductory chapter is much less satisfactory than might have been expected—giving only a loose and general statement

of the previous history of his subject, instead of the circumstantial series of dates and detail, which, in a work of such magnitude, is customary, and ought, we think, to precede the first account of every remarkable discovery.

The region is certainly delightful, both to the geologist and to all who rejoice in simple mountain scenery; and the task of making out its structure, and pursuing its various details, new, as for the greater part they were, not merely in local description, but to geology itself, must have been full of enjoyment. When the stratigraphic clue to the series of strata of which the country is composed had been once obtained, the varied phenomena, which before perplexed the enquirer, fell at once into their places, rewarding the discovery of the principle, by the almost spontaneous solution of difficulties that would otherwise have remained insurmountable.

One of the oldest enquirers, we believe, connected with the geology of this ancient region, is GEORGE OWEN of Henllys, in Pembrokeshire; who has been called the patriarch of English geologists. He lived during the reign of Elizabeth, and wrote, about 1595, a history of his native country; which, however, remained unpublished till 1799, when it was first printed in a volume of the 'Cambrian Register,'* the ancient style and orthography being very properly preserved. In one of his chapters 'on the natural helpes which is in the country to better the 'land,' the author mentions 'two vaynes of lymestone, running 'for the most part right east and west through Pembrokeshire,' which are evidently the carboniferous limestone, bounding the great Welsh coal deposit on the north and south. These beds he traces with great precision, considering the state of the subject when he wrote; and he mentions likewise, a 'third vayne 'of lymestone,' more northerly than the other two, which not improbably belongs to the Silurian System;—distinguishing its qualities from those of the groups above mentioned, and tracing its course with such apparent accuracy, as to deserve the notice of those who examine the country, even at the present time.

A volume of 'Tracts in Natural History,' published in 1799, by Dr ROBERT TOWNSON, author of a book of 'Travels in Hungary,' and of an 'Essay on the Philosophy of Mineralogy,' contains some pages on 'the Mineralogy of Shropshire;' in which the occurrence of limestone with petrifactions, within the limits of the ancient territory now called Silurian, is frequently mentioned; and several localities of remarkable appearances are indicated with apparent correctness—but without any thing that intimates an acquaintance with the importance of stratigraphic

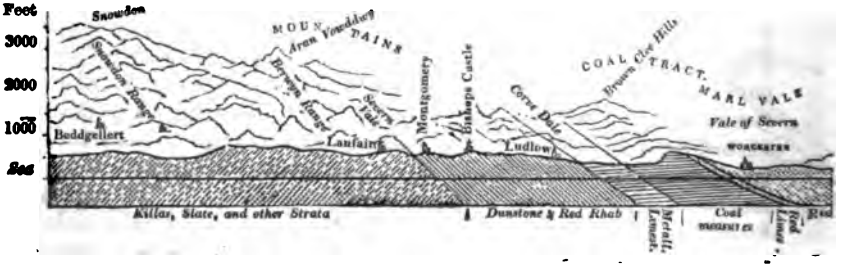
* 8vo. London, 1799, vol. ii.

superposition, or of the connexion of the fossils with the order of the beds containing them. Dr Townson seems to have paid particular attention to the environs of Caer Caradoc; and he describes very correctly the ridges on the north-east of that hill, which now belong to the lower division of the Silurian rocks, under the name of '*Caradoc Sandstone*.' 'If,' he says, 'from 'the Lawley and Caradoc we continue our course eastward, we 'find under both these hills, on their eastern side, a parallel 'range of white sandstone, which in some places has a very coarse 'grain. Where it is most regular, as under the Lawley, it pre-'sents its escarpement towards these hills, from which it is 'divided by a small valley, running parallel with the Wenlock 'Edge;'—and this latter ridge itself is then described as 'extend-'ing several miles in a continuous line, and inclining eastward.'

One of the points principally deserving of notice in Dr Townson's 'sketch,' is the account of what he calls 'compound sand-'stone;' which, instead of 'being formed of grains of quartz 'alone, consists of very minute fragments of other kinds of stone; 'sometimes of an argillaceous or jaspideous nature, mixed with a 'few grains of felspar,' and belonging apparently to that class of rocks distinguished by Mr Murchison under the name of *Volcanic Grits*.

The year 1799 was remarkable in the Geology of England, for the production of WILLIAM SMITH's 'Table of the Order of the 'Strata near Bath,' the basis of his subsequent Map and Sections; which, however, were not published till 1815; but the general diffusion of correct stratigraphical principles in this country, may be dated from the commencement of the present century, (1801,) when Smith first printed and distributed his 'Prospectus of a 'Delineation of the Strata of England and Wales.' When we reflect that we have reached only the fortieth year from that period when the very name geology was almost unknown in England, the progress of the science to its present condition does really excite surprise. It can be accounted for only by the peculiar

ORDER OF THE STRATA FROM LONDON



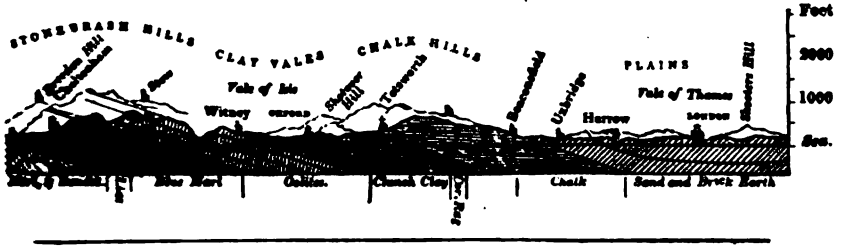
and fortunate exposure of the numerous groups of strata which form the British islands—the spirit and intelligence employed upon our mines, and in the various commercial undertakings connected with the mineral structure and productions of our country —the facilities of intercourse every where to be found in England —and lastly, by the talents and devotion of the small number of persons who long since took up the subject of geology with the most enlightened views, and some of whom still continue to watch over its progress with unabated zeal. From these united causes, the steps in advance have been so numerous, and have succeeded each other so rapidly, that the history of this department of natural science, in England only, during the last thirty years, might, under different circumstances, have been diffused over a century. But our present business is with the more ancient strata alone, which occupy the border counties on the west of England, and in a great part of Wales.

About the close of 1809, Mr Aikin, one of the early members of the Geological Society, then recently established, (1807,) published proposals for a survey of Shropshire; and in the course of several succeeding summers had examined that county to a considerable extent, and caused several drawings to be made by Mr Webster; but the project was given up in 1815; and Mr Murchison has justly remarked, 'that at the early period when 'this task was undertaken it was almost hopeless; since that 'county not only contains every sedimentary formation, from the 'lias to the slates inclusive, but is also rendered most complex 'by the numberless dislocations of the strata, through the agency 'of volcanic rocks.'

Mr Aikin subsequently gave papers of great merit to the Geological Society,* on detached points of his intended survey; and we shall recur to his unpublished manuscripts, which were put into the hands of the author of the volume now under our examination.

The state of the subject when Smith's 'Geological Map of

TO SNOWDON. W. Smith, 1815.



* Geol. Trans., 1st Series, vols. i. iii. iv. and v.

[redacted]

The first important encroachment on the unknown tract beneath the old red sandstone, was made in Mr Greenough's 'Geological Map,' published in 1819; a broad band, corresponding very nearly in position and extent with that of the Upper Silurian rocks, being there laid down as extending from Coalbrook Dale, on the north of the Severn, to the latitude of Ludlow; and identified, by its colour and place in the descriptive table, with the limestone groups of Dudley, Sedgeley, and Walsall—that of the Abberley and the Malvern Hills—and, less perfectly, with that which reaches from Woolhope to Mayhill, and occurs again, in a protruded outlier, on the wesk of Usk. The map is less correct in the south-west, from Ludlow to Caermarthen; but on the west of the latter place a continuous line, with the colours of the Dudley group, extends without interruption for some miles. These were very important identifications, and well deserving of an explanatory notice in the 'Memoir' which accompanied the map. But it is to be regretted that this paper was so brief as not to contain any description of the tract now referred to; so that here, as on many other subjects, the mass of valuable information accumulated in the author's notes has been lost to the public. Mr Greenough, however, has frequently expressed a conviction, as the result of his own observations in that country, that adequate enquiry alone was wanting to prove the existence of a succession of strata in the west of England, and in Wales—not less regular than that which had been demonstrated in the centre and east of the Island.

Messrs Conybeare and W. Phillips's 'Outlines,' published in 1822,* while it most essentially advanced geology in England, for some time diverted attention from the older rocks. The first and only volume published, comes down no farther than the coal formation; and in elucidating the upper portion of the secondary strata, it convinced the working geologists—whose number has been at all times small—that quite enough to give them occupation was still to be done, in reforming and completing the description of the more accessible portion of England: while it was obvious that the unknown region of the west required such labour and devotion, in order to effect any important result, as to deter those who had not leisure and other requisites at their full command.

The only modern writers mentioned by Mr Murchison, besides Mr Aikin, as having touched upon the geology of this part of England when he began to explore the country,—are Mr Leonard Horner, in a memoir 'on the Mineralogy of the

* 'Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales.' 12mo. 1822.

Malvern hills,' 1811;* Mr Weaver, 'on part of Gloucestershire,' 1819;† and Mr James Yates, 1825, 'on the structure of the Border Country,' &c.‡

The AUTHOR of this volume, whose acquaintance with geology began, we believe, about 1825, applied himself with great energy to his new pursuit; and his progress may be traced in the proceedings of the Geological Society, of which he soon became an active member. One of his first papers—on the existence of coal in the oolitic series, at Brora on the coast of Scotland, was produced in 1827;‖ and Professor Sedgwick having afterwards joined him in that district, their enquiries were extended to the Isle of Arran,§ and to an examination of the old conglomerates and other strata, between the primary and the oolitic series of the north of Scotland;¶—a task which greatly contributed to their correct acquaintance with the ancient rocks, especially the old red sandstone, and to extended views of the phenomena produced by igneous action, and the intrusion of plutonic masses among the sedimentary deposits. The result of these various researches appears in the 'Geological Transactions.'

The author's knowledge of the igneous rocks was enlarged by an expedition, with Mr Lyell, to the volcanic regions of central France, in the summer of 1822; the results of which also have been printed.** In the course of 1829, he read separate papers on the vicinity of Bassano, and on the schist and fossil fishes of Seefeld; and again joined Professor Sedgwick in an elaborate examination of part of the Tyrol, the Bavarian Alps, and Styria; the fruits of which were, a map and description of the Austrian Alps; with other papers read in 1830 and 1831.†† In the latter year, Mr Murchison was chosen President of the Geological Society for the customary period of two years; and soon after-

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* Geol. Trans., 1st series, vol. i. p. 281.

† Ibid. 2d series, vol. i. p. 317.

‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 237. To the references above given, we may add a paper 'On the Geology of the Malvern Hills,' by the late Mr W. Phillips:—Thomson's *Annals of Philosophy*, (new series,) 1821, vol. i. p. 16, &c. And another paper with the same title, by the Rev. I. J. Conybeare.—Ibid. vol. iv. p. 237, &c., 1822.

‖ Geol. Trans., 2d series, vol. ii. p. 293.

§ Ibid. vol. iii. p. 21.

¶ Ibid. vol. iii. p. 128.

** "*On the Excavation of Valleys:*' Jameson's Ed. Journal, vol. vii. p. 15.—'*Tertiaries of the Cantal:*' Geol. Soc. Proc., vol. i. p. 140.—'*Tertiaries of Aix-en-Provence:*' Jameson's Ed. Journal, vol. ii. p. 287, and Geol. Soc. Proc., vol. i. p. 150.

†† Geol. Trans., 2d series, vol. iii. p. 301.

wards read an account of some enquiries, by himself, on the secondary formations in different parts of Germany.*

The extensive acquaintance which Mr Murchison had thus acquired with the rocks of various classes in different parts of Europe, and with the Huttonian principles, which we have elucidated in one of our recent numbers,† was an excellent preparative for the task which he next undertook, in the complex region described in the present volume. His examination of the Silurian territory began in 1831, during the summer of which year he explored the borders of England and Wales; and there, he tells us—'The order 'of succession visible on the left bank of the Wye, between Hay 'in Herefordshire and Builth, where the old red sandstone is 'seen distinctly to be succeeded by grey fossiliferous strata, 'first led me to expect that I had met with a part of the evidence 'required for a systematic study of the older formations,' (p. 5.) These rocks he followed on their line of bearing, to the neighbourhood of Ludlow and Wenlock; and at Aymestry he was so fortunate as to discover a most valuable ally in the Rev. Mr Lewis, who had already developed the structure of the district surrounding his own residence at that place. This gentleman, with Mr Aikin and Mr Greenough, whose map we have already mentioned, were the only persons who had made any advance towards determining the *order* of the groups, in the region now under consideration: this therefore seems to be the place for stating the nature of the assistance which the author derived from the two former geologists in this early stage of his enquiries.

Mr Aikin having long abandoned his intended survey of Shropshire, 'no sooner heard of the progress the author was 'making in the present work, than he placed at his disposal 'his original notes and drawings,' (p. 4.) These papers we have seen: the geological drawings, the greater part by Mr Webster, with some by Mr Edmund Aikin, a brother of the possessor, form a large and very effective portion of the illustrations in the present volume; and the notes belong decidedly to a newer and better school than that of any observer who had preceded the writer in this enquiry. It is right to add, that Mr Aikin has frequently, with his well-known frankness, disclaimed any previous knowledge of the stratigraphic system described by Mr Murchison; and has always expressed his admiration of the energy and sagacity with which it was brought to light.

One of the general features in the structure of the country

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* Geol. Soc. Proc., vol. i. p. 325, &c.
† Ed. Rev., vol. lxix. p. 440, *et seq.*

examined by Mr Aikin—which was more extensive than Mr Murchison seems to have supposed—was, as he believed, a want of conformity between the older (Cambrian) slates, which stretch out westward from beneath the lower secondary groups of England—and the less inclined strata above them. The older slates he regarded as generally dipping towards the north-west at very high angles; while he supposed the newer and more fossiliferous groups, to *rise* slowly from south-east *to north-west*, reposing upon the slates unconformably. The fact, nevertheless, appears to us to be, that the lower secondary rocks *also*, are frequently much inclined in the Silurian region; and that their inclination is almost every where connected with plutonic disturbance, so that the dip is various in direction as well as in its angle. With this exception only, Mr Aikin's notes appear to us to coincide with Mr Murchison's descriptions in so many points of detail, that they must have been of great assistance in his enquiries. On looking over them, with the aid of the Ordnance maps, and of this Silurian volume, it now appears that, although the order of superposition was unknown to the writer, the same beds are so correctly identified at many distant points, both by lithological character and by fossils, as to enable a person possessed of the key to connect many of their detached portions. Thus, Mr Aikin recognized the 'Upper Ludlow Rocks' in the vicinity of the Abberley hills. He mentions the concretional structure which characterizes some of these beds. He distinguished the limestone of Yeo Edge and Mocktree Hill, by its 'quadrivalve shell,' (*Pentamerus Knightii*,) from what he calls the 'nodular limestones' of Wenlock and Benthal Edge; and connected several remoter calciferous rocks (the '*Caradoc*' of Murchison) by their peculiar fossils, (*Pentamerus lewis* and *oblongus*,) to which he had given a temporary distinctive name; indicating, especially, the course of the ridges on the west of Wenlock Edge, from their containing those shells. In these notes we find, also, a line of plutonic elevation, precisely agreeing with that of Mr Murchison, traced for some miles south-west of Caer-Caradoc. And on the subject of 'compound sandstone,' the following question is proposed, which leads exactly to the views illustrated in this volume with great force of evidence:—'Is not the compound sandstone of Lythe Hill, &c., a mixture of grawacke-slate with greenstone, *formed during the deposit or outburst* of the latter?'

The Rev. Thomas Taylor Lewis was, we believe, the only person who, previously to the author's enquiries, had determined the relations of any continuous portion of the stratigraphic series beneath the old red sandstone, on the double evidence of super-

position and of fossil contents; and, as he communicated the results of his observations fully and freely to Mr Murchison, on his first coming to the vicinity of Aymestry in 1831, and subsequently co-operated with great zeal and effect in carrying on the examination of the country, the researches of this gentleman deserve a permanent place in the history of the subject.

A member of Mr Lewis's family being engaged in the coal and ironworks at Titterstone Clee, in Shropshire, he had early opportunities of making himself familiar with the relations of the old red and carboniferous strata, at that remarkable point—where the coal is pierced through, and singularly capped with igneous masses, and supported at the height of from 1200 to 1700 feet above the sea by old red sandstone, which thence descends, rapidly, to the immediate vicinity of Ludlow, on the west. Mr Lewis had made collections of the rocks and fossils of these groups as early as 1824; and having previously attended the geological lectures at Cambridge, and paid some attention to the geometry of planes, on afterwards taking up Mr Conybeare's 'Outlines,' he became still better acquainted with the structure and relations of the strata by which he was surrounded. On removing in his clerical capacity to the parish of Aymestry in 1826, he soon began to apply his geological knowledge and his geometry to this new neighbourhood. We have had the pleasure of examining a part of that beautiful and instructive country under his guidance, and are thus enabled to give personal testimony to his exact acquaintance with its structure; and not less cordially to the frankness and absence of pretension with which his knowledge is communicated. And we are satisfied that Mr Lewis was the first person to ascertain that a series of what were called *transition rocks*, succeeds, conformably, to the old red sandstone at Ludlow; to distinguish the groups of strata respectively by many of their principal fossils; and to prove that in the tract immediately adjoining Aymestry, and on the south of Brindgwood Chase, the strata, though thrown up and much disturbed, exhibit every where the same determinate order of succession.

Not being a conchologist, it is probable that few of the shells which Mr Lewis thus discovered, were correctly named; but he was accurately acquainted with their forms and localities, and had disposed his specimens in drawers, keeping those of the successive strata apart, and distinguishing them by temporary names of his own;*—his method, in fact, thus far resembling that pursued by

* The following is an extract from a memorandum upon this subject, written by Mr Lewis himself, which is now before us:—'My acquaint-

William Smith in making out the succession of the strata near Bath. And at this time, it must be borne in mind, there were no Ordnance maps of Hereford and Shropshire to guide and connect geological enquiries.

Our readers will presently perceive that the four groups of strata thus determined by Mr Lewis, constitute, in fact, the 'Upper Silurian Rocks'—Aymestry being nearly in the focus of those rocks in England; and that their derangements are precisely similar to the disturbances since brought to light at Woolhope, and in other detached points, where portions of the Silurian strata appear within the boundary of the superior groups. He knew, also, that the next (inferior) group of strata, abounding in fossils, (now called 'Caradoc Sandstones,') rises conformably near Acton Scott—from beneath the 'die earth,' (now the 'Wenlock 'shale:') and, though not acquainted with the full value of his discoveries, he was quite aware that his groups formed the upper part of the 'transition series.' Mr Lewis had, therefore, at one time thought of publishing an account of the country in his vicinity; and we have felt it to be the more necessary to call attention to what he had done thus early; because, when afterwards more fully informed as to the novelty and importance of his observations, he cheerfully resigned the subject, rejoicing that it had fallen into the hands of a geologist whose practical knowledge was much greater than his own. It gives us great

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ance with Aymestry commenced with my entering on the curacy of the parish in the autumn of 1826. Its natural beauties soon invited my attention, which was likewise directed to its natural and artificial sections, and its regular, but broken structure; and I began at once very zealously to collect the fossils, which were every where in abundance strewed over the roads and fields, and to dispose of them in drawers, keeping those of each stratum separate, and distinguishing the now named "*upper and lower Ludlow rocks*" by the name of "*upper grauwacke and pendle,*" (the latter being the local name;) and the *Aymestry* and *Wenlock limestones* by *Pentamerus*, and *coral or nodular limestone*;—the former from its abounding in the *Pentamerus Knightii*; and the latter from its great richness in corals, and the appearance which its weathered beds assumed in this neighbourhood, even where they were considered worth working for the kilns.

'I had very soon a collection, from most of the beds extending from the junction of the old red sandstone with the grauwacke, down to the Wenlock shale, (or nodular strata;) and had fairly traced these beds westward and eastward, to the full extent of this parish, in 1829; and along the prolongation of the Croft Ambrey and Gatley escarpements towards Ludlow; and in the outliers of Tinker's Hill and Caynham Camp, on the other side of the river Teme, in the direction of the Clee Hills; and likewise in the neighbourhood of Leintwardine.'

satisfaction to be authorized to add, that Mr Murchison most fully agrees in our opinion upon this subject.

The value of Mr Lewis's knowledge was attested during the spring of 1832, by his discovering in the black limestone of *Sedgeley*, near Dudley, a portion of his own 'Pentamerus limestone,' with its appropriate fossil; the importance of which identification is dwelt upon in the work before us.* And the order of the beds at Aymestry was soon found by the author of this volume to furnish a clue to the true relations of the detached strata in several other disturbed portions of the Silurian rocks, which are found within the outcrop of the old red sandstone, at some miles' distance, and in combinations so perplexing, that without such a guide their order could not be determined.

The first result of Mr Murchison's own enquiries was made public at the original meeting of the British Association, held at York in September 1831, where he exhibited coloured maps, representing the 'transition rocks,' the old red sandstone, and the carboniferous limestone, on the border of Wales.

The 'geological' proceedings of 1832, contain the abstract of a paper on the secondary formations in the neighbourhood of Ludlow, by Mr Wright of the Ordnance Survey; which is the earliest notice that we have seen in print of the upper transition rocks in that quarter. This paper, we have reason to believe, had great topographic merit; but the abstract, however, does not describe any connected series of strata, and does not distinguish the beds by their fossils.

The author's address to the Geological Society, on relinquishing the Chair in February 1833, adverts to the previous elaborate enquiries of Professor Sedgwick on the ancient rocks, and to his own labours during the two preceding summers; and expresses particular obligation to the officers of the Ordnance Survey for their extraordinary assistance; inasmuch as a considerable space within his field of observation had not then been laid down for publication.† It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the value of the maps produced by this Survey to the geologist in the field, as suggesting enquiry, and enabling him to combine the result of distant observations, which, without such assistance, no labour can connect. But here we must acknowledge, that on first seeing the beautiful sheets which represent the tract between Aymestry,

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* P. 480, text; and note, p. 482.

† The Aymestry sheet of this map was published in February 1832; that including Wenlock Edge, not until January 1833; the Caermarthen and Hereford sheets, 1831; Brecon, 1832; Merthyr and Cardiff, 1833.

Ludlow, and Shrewsbury, almost with the relief and distinctness of a model,* and afterwards perceiving, in the country itself, how exactly they express the natural features—the indication of successive outcrops, conformable to those of the midland counties and the east of England, appeared to us so striking, as almost to force the true inferences upon the attention of the geologist; and we felt surprize that a structure, now so apparent, should have so long remained unknown. But a very little reflection was sufficient to correct this error. The *fact*, that the structure and succession were unknown, is undeniable: and notwithstanding the merit of some of those who preceded Mr Murchison, the region might probably have remained undescribed for an uncertain period, but for the fortunate circumstances which led him to perceive and to demonstrate its geological importance.

The first paper of the author on this region, read before the Geological Society in March 1833, contains some inaccuracies, which are important from their relating to the natural order of the groups in question, and to a point of some interest in the history of the subject. It is stated in the abstract given in the 'Proceedings,' that 'the fossils of the Wenlock Edge and Dudley limestones are nearly the same;' and that 'the exact position, therefore, which the latter occupies in the Geological Series of England, is thus for the first time determined;' that throughout its course, in the district included between the Onny and the Lug, this limestone 'is chiefly characterized by the 'abundance of one species of *Pentamerus*; and, at *Aymestry*, it 'is rich in that and other fossils;'—Mr Lewis's name being apparently connected with these statements in a note. It is obvious that the two characteristic limestones of the district are here confounded. Mr Lewis, who did not participate in this mistake, immediately pointed it out;† and it will not escape the notice of our readers, that the Wenlock and Dudley ranges of limestone had been identified in Mr Greenough's maps several years before

* Those who have had an opportunity of examining the exquisite topographical drawings of Mr Carrington, now principal draughtsman to the Survey at the Tower—or of comparing his drawing from the model of the country near Ormes' Head with the original, or with the engraving from it by Bates's method—will feel that this is no exaggerated praise. The later portions of the Ordnance Map, besides their fidelity and expressive power, have the great advantage of speaking the same language throughout; the shading being so graduated as to render each sheet a portion of one consistent whole, in which the inequalities of the surface will be represented according to a connected and proportionate system, in the most distant places.

† Geol. Soc. 'Proceedings,' vol. i. p. 465.

either of these gentlemen had begun their examination of this country.

Thus rectified and augmented by the further observations of the summer of 1833, Mr Murchison was enabled to produce (in January 1834) a tabular arrangement of all the transition groups between the old red sandstone and the ancient slates of Wales, which differs but little from that of the present volume, and was the first distinct announcement of the system on which the book is founded: the groups afterwards called Silurian appearing there, for the first time, in their true order, under the general name of the '*upper grauwacke series*.'

When his views were nearly matured, Mr Murchison gave to the whole series of strata the name of '*the Silurian System*,' and announced that title, in a communication to the 'Annals of Philosophy' for July 1835, where also the names and subdivisions of the present work are stated.*

From the appearance of the table last mentioned, until the publication of the work now before us, (1839,) no session of the Geological Society passed over without the production of one or more papers in connexion with this subject; and this presentation of the author's labours, in successive portions, appears to us to illustrate remarkably the usefulness of such institutions. Each summer's work was thus wrought into a producible form; the maps and sections were arranged, and specimens examined; and the whole then submitted to the criticism of the evening meetings of the Society; which—though they must have been of a very general character, since few of the members were qualified at that time to enter into detail—could not fail to suggest many improvements and corrections. The abstracts of the papers thus brought forward in detachments, demonstrate also the author's advance in geological knowledge during the course of his enquiries. New objects continually opened upon him; but, undismayed by difficulty, he did not cease from his exertions till the plan which he had successively extended and

* The term *system*, which may be considered as a substitute for the German term "*formation*," has, we believe, been objected to, as indicating something more definite than any assemblage of strata can be asserted to be, especially where examined only in one country; and we shall find that the limit (if there be any boundary) between the Silurian and Cambrian systems, is very indistinct. '*Group*' or '*Series*' might perhaps have been preferable words; but it is difficult to find good names for the divisions of strata; and the arrangement of the English series in 'systems' in the author's reduced map, from which the sketch above given, (p. 2,) has been taken, is not inconvenient.

improved was executed in all its parts. It is only by having witnessed the progress of these labours, or by tracing them in the Proceedings of the Geological Society, and other Journals, that a just impression can be obtained on this subject. If the young student of geology wishes to find an example of the effect of diligence and perseverance, as ensuring ultimate success, he cannot do better than to follow the history of the Silurian System in the pages we have just referred to.

The present volume was published by subscription in 1839, at the request of a great number of resident gentlemen and inhabitants of the country described, and has been brought out with considerable splendour—the illustrations being numerous and excellent. It is divided into two parts: the first, which gives the physical and geological description of the surface and strata, being the work of Mr Murchison himself. The second part, containing an account of the fossils obtained from the several groups, is principally written by the naturalists to whose examination the specimens had been submitted.

The *First part* contains a description not merely of the Silurian region, but of all the groups, from the lower oolite down to the old red sandstone; and there is not any work, to which we can refer our readers with more confidence, on this important portion of the English series of strata. After an introductory chapter, to the defect of which we have already adverted, the author proceeds in a descending order, through the groups beneath the oolitic series;—beginning with the inferior oolite in chapters 1 and 2. Chapters 3 and 4, "on the new red system," are excellently worked out; and with a joint paper by the author and Mr Strickland, more recently published,* contain a mass of information, indispensable to a correct acquaintance with this formation in England; and to the distinction of certain portions of it, from part of the *old* red system, which had previously baffled some of the best observers.

We cannot pass this group without calling the attention of our readers to some anticipations of William Smith, in 1815; which are very creditable to his sagacity. 'The mass of strata 'usually called coal-measures, is known to be deprived of much 'of the superficial space which it would occupy, by the over-'lapping of the "red earth." *When the unconformability of the 'red earth shall be more generally known, and its irregular thick-'ness more correctly proved, it is highly probable that much more 'coal may be discovered; and the coal-measures be found as regu-*

* Geol. Trans., 2d series, vol. v. pp. 331, 348.

'*larly connected as other strata.* This opinion is confirmed, by 'the great obscurity of coal-measure outcrops in many of the 'districts where coals are now working; and it may be further 'remarked, that those coal districts, which are near to, or sur-'rounded by red, show less of the superficial character common 'to those strata, than any other parts of their extensive course.' *

Mr Murchison has mentioned several cases in which valuable coal has been discovered, in situations where its existence was at one time quite unsuspected, by sinking to great depths through incumbent masses of the new red sandstone; and has strongly urged the expediency of continuing such researches.

Chapter 5, compares the ancient trappean rocks with the products of existing volcanoes, with a view to the illustration of the intrusive masses traversing the new red and carboniferous series. The phenomena of Graham Island and other recent volcanic ejections in the Mediterranean, are employed to explain the structure of sub-marine volcanic ejections; and after mentioning what has been called '*intrusive* trap,' the author proceeds to 'another and a very ancient class of trap rocks,' which has been little adverted to by writers, though touched upon, as we have shown, by Dr Townson and by Mr Aikin.

'These are the rocks named in the following chapters "volcanic grit," "bedded and contemporaneous trap," and which I undertake to prove were formed at the bottom of the sea, *during* the accumulation of the sedimentary matter with which they are associated, particularly in the lower strata of the Silurian system. At one place these appear as currents, or sheets, of pure volcanic materials; at another they envelope marine remains—pebbles, sand, and fragments of rocks. Some layers consist of finely levigated volcanic scoriæ, passing into sand; and all these varieties alternate, so equally and repeatedly, with beds composed exclusively of shelly and marine sediments, that no doubt can be entertained that the diversified masses so arranged in parallel strata, must have been formed during the same period of igneous action.'—P. 172.

The author soon found that it was absolutely necessary, to the effective elucidation of the Silurian groups, to study and describe anew the several coal-fields included in the area examined, and to explain their relations to the surrounding deposits; but he 'could scarcely estimate the additional exertions thus required; 'for, with the exception of the basins of the forests of Dean and 'of South Wales, none of these coal tracts had been described.' Again, to complete the history of his region, it was necessary to examine all the rocks of igneous or volcanic origin,

* Smith's *Memoir of Geological Map*, p. 49.

which are interlaminated with, or which penetrate the strata, as well as to trace out the lines of elevation and dislocation; and it is justly remarked that the western part of Shropshire, and part of Radnorshire, are probably unrivalled in the number of illustrations bearing on this interesting part of the enquiry. Finally, it was desirable to describe the overlying formations, and to lay down their boundaries upon the map; so that the work thus amplified, would contain, in fact, a description of all the stratified deposits and interjected rocks throughout a tract extending from Nantwich on the north, to Chepstow—and from Birmingham westward to the extremity of Pembrokeshire, with the exception only of a part of North Wales.

It is out of our power to follow the detail of chapters 6 to 13, which contain the results of the author's labours on the numerous heads of enquiry just mentioned; our special object being to convey to our readers a distinct notion of the *new* system of rocks, of which this volume contains the first exposition. But in perusing this series of descriptions, (though possibly it might admit of some reduction,) we could not help recalling an observation ascribed to the late Professor Playfair; where, after pointing out the necessity of setting many hands to work, 'in order to 'obtain a just view of the laws which guide and have guided the 'phenomena of the mineral kingdom,' he adds, in the true spirit of an inductive philosopher, that 'if the face of the globe' 'were divided into districts and accurately described, there can 'be no doubt that, from the comparison of these descriptions, the 'true theory of the earth would spontaneously emerge, without 'any effort of genius or invention. It would appear as an incontro-'vertible principle, about which all men, the moment that the facts 'were stated to them, must of necessity agree.'* The industry of Mr Murchison has had the effect which Professor Playfair in these passages ascribes to a multiplicity of hands. The numerous descriptions of the coal-fields, and of the phenomena attending the igneous rocks, produces the result which is there so well described; and it is, we think, impossible that a reader, the most sceptical as to the truth of the plutonic doctrines, could peruse these varied illustrations,† without acknowledging the validity of the explanation which 'spontaneously emerges' from their being thus brought into opposition.

The chapters on the 'old red sandstone,' (14 and 15,) appear

* Ed. Review, vol. xix. p. 209.

† Among these the uniform occurrence of quartz rock in immediate proximity to plutonic masses, is described and dwelt upon by the author with great copiousness of evidence, ably advanced.

to us to be among the best in the volume; the author having judiciously devoted great attention to this group of strata, which immediately precedes the Silurian system. He has thus opened the way to new views respecting the equivalents of the old red group itself in other quarters, which have been the subject of much geological discussion during the last five years; and to which, perhaps, we shall call the attention of our readers on some future occasion.

'Being convinced that the old red sandstone is of greater magnitude than any of the overlying groups, I venture, for the first time in the annals of British geology, to apply to it the term '*system*,' in order to convey a just conception of its importance in the natural succession of rocks, and also to show, that as the carboniferous system, in which previous writers have merged it, (but from which it is completely distinguishable, both by lithological characters and zoological contents,) is surmounted by one red group, so is it underlaid by another, this lower red group being infinitely thicker than the upper.'—P. 169.

'As there is no region of Europe yet examined where the old red sandstone is better exhibited than in the British Isles, so there is no part of the kingdom in which it is so much expanded as in the country here described. Occupying the largest portion of Herefordshire, and the adjacent districts of Worcestershire and Shropshire, it spreads over wide tracts of Monmouthshire, surrounding the coal-field of the forest of Dean; and, forming a girdle round the great south Welsh coal-basin, it constitutes in Brecknockshire the loftiest mountains of South Britain. The *enormous* thickness of the red stratified deposits included between the coal-measures and the Silurian rocks, will at once be comprehended by any observer who places himself on the eastern slopes of the latter on the Welsh borders of Herefordshire, (near Kington, for example;) whence, casting his eye to the south and south-east, the circle of vision, although extending over all the mountains between the Wye and the Usk, and terminating only in the lofty mountains called the Brecon and Carmarthen fans, 2500 feet above the sea, embraces nothing but old red sandstone. This view does not include a wide superficies, occupied merely by undulating masses of the same strata, but a territory in which successive members of the system rise from beneath each other in distinct mountainous escarpements.'—P. 170.

A triple subdivision of this great mass is adopted from Messrs Buckland and Conybeare.* 1. The first and uppermost portion being composed chiefly of quartzone conglomerate and sandstone, which include—but more rarely than the second—thin courses of impure limestone, mottled red and green. 2. The central masses are formed of alternations of red and green spotted marls, affording, on decomposition, the soil of some of the richest

* Geol. Trans., 2d Series, vol. i. p. 210, &c.—See the *Section* prefixed to the list of fossils, at the end of this article.

tracts of the western midland counties of England, and the adjacent parts of Wales, with irregular courses of limestone also mottled green and red, which, when mixed with sand and marl, constitute what is well known in the country under the name of 'cornstone.' 3. The lowest division of the old red—the '*Tilestone*,' is of much smaller thickness than the upper two, but is well defined by its passage, above, into the marls and cornstones; and, downwards, into the Silurian rocks. In Hereford, the beds consist of finely laminated, hard, reddish or green, micaceous quartz sandstones, which split into tiles; and these are associated with reddish shale, which, producing a red soil, clearly separates the sandstone from the upper beds of the Silurian system, the latter decomposing with a grey surface. Junctions are to be seen in the gorge of the Teme, and at several places near Ludlow.

The fossils of this subdivision consist, near Llandovery, of new species of *Arca*, *Avicula*, *Bellerophon*, *Cucullœa*, *Lingula*, *Orthoceras*, *Terebratula*, *Turbo*, *Turritella*, *Trochus*, with the *Tentaculites scalaris* of Schlotheim; an assemblage affording 'proof, that 'certain genera of mollusks, hitherto supposed to be confined to 'the younger or tertiary and secondary deposits, have co-existed 'with genera which peculiarly characterize the older strata.'—(P. 183.)

But the fishes of this great deposit are by much the most important of its organic remains. The forms of some of the genera are very remarkable, while, being recognizable in scales and small fragments, and generally though sparingly diffused, they are very useful auxiliaries in identification. One of the most curious genera, *Cephalaspes*, originally found in Scotland, was detected by Dr Lloyd in the central portion of the system, on the north of Ludlow; and *Holoptychus*, another characteristic genus, has been found in the state of New York, in red sandstone, above the supposed equivalents of Silurian rocks.

The existence of fishes in the old red groups was first ascertained by Professor Sedgwick and the author, in 1827; and the list has since been so much enlarged, that the subjoined table contains ten genera and sixteen species, to which considerable additions have recently been made in Scotland.

'The *thickness* of the old red sandstone may best be computed by an examination of the various groups which rise from beneath each other, between the edge of the south Welsh coal-basin and the Silurian rocks of Radnorshire. In a space of about eleven miles, all the intervening strata of the old red are conformably inclined and apparently without dislocations, at gentle angles of inclination, decreasing to 5° or 6° as they approach the south-east boundary, and increasing to 15° as they rise towards the north-west or outcrop of the older rocks. *In this wide space, there is no possibility of ambiguity or misconception;* for the whole of the

beds are successively exposed in lofty escarpements, which are clearly laid bare in the sides of the deep ravines by which the mountains of the Black Forest are fissured. The heights of these mountains vary from 1800 to 2500 feet.'—(P. 184.)

It is evident from trigonometry, that if the strata preserved their dimensions in this case, and passed regularly beneath each other for great distances, the thickness must be enormous: but as no such regularity exists, it cannot be determined so directly. The author, however, 'looking to the altitude of the mountains, 'and the wide area they cover, thinks that, at a moderate calcu-'lation, the united thickness of the old red system cannot be less 'than nine or ten thousand feet,' (p. 184)—a conjecture entitled to respect—especially as it is stated that there is here no room for misconception. Yet, when we call to mind that the whole thickness of the chalk in the east of England is not much more than 1000 feet, we are forcibly struck by this great contrast between the dimensions of the older and of the newer members of the secondary series; and are tempted to suspect, that in the old red sandstone repeated dislocations may have produced a deceptive appearance of greater thickness, by the displacement of masses originally continuous. Too little, however, is yet known of the phenomena and laws of the deposition of strata, to justify speculation upon this subject; and we express this doubt with hesitation; such great thickness being perhaps as likely to turn out the more general rule, with reference to the whole of the globe, and the lesser dimensions of our newer groups the exception, as the contrary.

Chapter 15.—'With the evidence of the frequency of trappean eruptions, during the formation of the Silurian system, and with the proofs we have already given of the outburst of such rocks subsequent to the consolidation of the coal measures, (chapters 5 to 11,) it is surprizing that, during the accumulation of the widely expanded series of old red sandstone, there should apparently have been a total cessation of the evolution of igneous matter. And it is well to remark, that the prevalent horizontality of the great masses of old red sandstone, in the counties of Brecon, Monmouth, and Hereford, is probably due to large tracts of this region not having been the theatre of those violent disturbances which have affected the lower Silurian rocks and the coal-measures.'—(P. 187.)

The change produced on the old red by a dyke near Hereford is very remarkable;—a purple amygdaloid, with kernels and nests of yellowish calcareous spar, being demonstrably nothing more than the spotted marls of the old red sandstone—so altered by the action of heat that they resemble trappean amygdaloids; and the change of character extends to several feet from the dyke.

No coal has yet been found in this region, though on the borders of England and Scotland coal seams have been discovered

within the upper subdivision of old red;—a new proof, if evidence were wanting, of a gradual transition upwards from this deposit into the carboniferous group.

Besides the continuous mass of the old red sandstone in the border counties of England and Wales, very large outliers exist above the Silurian rocks, in Clun Forest, about twelve to twenty miles from the edge of the great area on the N. W.; and, as might have been expected, smaller patches nearer to the margin of the great body. These sufficiently prove that the formation must have been originally much more extensive towards the west than it is at present; while the rapid transition, both of the fossils and mineral character, from the lowest beds into the upper Silurians, are quite as distinct at the extreme point, near Felindre, as in any other part of the formation. On the other hand, the protruded portions of the Silurians, within the margin of the old red, (that of Tortworth, near Wotton-under-Edge, is forty-eight miles within,) demonstrate that the latter system extends, or once extended, in continuity, at least thus far, beneath the higher groups. The details connected with these old-red outliers, are recorded with the author's customary diligence. Wherever they appear, their agricultural surface and hue present a marked contrast with the surrounding grey Silurian tracts.

With the aid of the section prefixed to the Table at the end of this article, the reader may form a good general idea of the *Silurian series*, by supposing a thickness of not less than between 8000 and 10,000 feet of strata to run out towards the north-west into Wales, from beneath the old red sandstone, which occupies a great part of Herefordshire. This mass is divided naturally into two principal groups, now called the '*Upper* ' and *Lower* Silurian Rocks;' each of them about 4000 feet in thickness. The prevailing component of the upper portion is soft, greenish, or drab-coloured shaly sandstone, which, by exposure, is completely broken down and softened, and thence justly called in the country 'mudstone.' The second division consists, at top, of hard slaty sandstones, frequently containing lime, or even beds of limestone; but the lowest members form dark-coloured flags, which in many cases pass insensibly into the Cambrian slates below. So that, in fact, the limit of the Silurian system, at the bottom, is very indistinct. The tract thus composed, comprehends the western parts of Herefordshire and Shropshire; and passes to the south-west, through Radnor, and the wildest tracts of Brecknockshire, and thence, in a narrow strip, even to the extremity of Pembrokeshire.

If these great masses were entirely destitute of fossils, they would still be objects of importance from their bulk; the thinnest

of the subdivisions being nearly double the entire thickness of the chalk on the eastern coast of England. But, on the contrary, they abound in fossils, of new and remarkable character; exhibiting in this respect a striking and sudden contrast with the old red sandstone immediately above; for although the lowest sandstone strata pass into the upper Silurian shale, the gradation is so rapid, that within a few feet from the top, the Silurian beds are in some places crowded with fossils entirely distinct from all those of the old red.

By means of these fossils the groups admit of natural subdivision; and thus, as well as by the external features, the *upper Silurians*, throughout the tract between Aymestry and Coalbrook Dale, are clearly divided into five portions; two very conspicuous groups of limestone, each containing some peculiar fossils, being there separated from each other, and from the old red above them, and the lower Silurians beneath, by thick bands of shale. The upper of these limestones abounds in *Pentamerus Knightii;* the lower, (Wenlock,) which represents that of Dudley, is in some places almost composed of corals.

The *lower Silurian rocks*, so far as they are yet known, consist, at top, of calciferous sandstones, which, along with many other fossils, contain great numbers of two species of Pentamerus, (*P. lævis* and *P. oblongus.*) They are succeeded below by the dark (Llandeilo) flags, which are said to be the lowest of the Silurians, abounding in *Asaphus Buchii* and other crustacea. The *Cambrian system*, beneath the whole, has hitherto afforded but a very small number of organized remains.

The foregoing sketch supposes the whole series of strata to be conformable and unbroken;—as the upper beds between Aymestry and Wenlock really are, and as the entire system may possibly be, in other countries; but, in Wales, the Silurian strata have been very much disturbed and broken through by Plutonic operations, apparently of different periods;—one epoch of this violence having been contemporaneous with the original deposition of the strata themselves; since many of the beds in the Caradoc sandstones are composed of a mixture of sedimentary and Plutonic or trappean matter, so as to constitute what in this volume is called 'volcanic grit.' The disturbances thus affecting the strata, though in themselves of the greatest interest to the geologist, must nevertheless, so far as the *system* itself is concerned, be considered as accidents.* They

* The coincidence of date however, in these cases, is of importance; for, as deposition from the sea, and the ejection of eruptive materials, were probably going on in distant parts of the globe at the same time, a

had their origin probably at great depths below the surface, and broke up whatever matter *happened* to be above them. It is indeed already known that Silurian rocks occur in horizontal strata in Sweden; we believe the case is the same in Russia; and in the state of New York, where they exist very extensively, they appear to be much less deranged by igneous disturbance than in England.

The small map (page 2,) will give some notion of the extent and form of the space occupied by the Silurian strata in England and Wales; and if the section at the top of the subjoined *Table* were reduced, and substituted for the western portion of Smith's section (p. 4,) the whole would represent a transverse section of England. The general figure of the Silurian region approaches that of a crescent; stretching without interruption from Llangollen to Old Radnor, with an average breadth of about twenty-five miles; but from Builth, south-westward, to its disappearance in Saint's Bride's Bay, Pembrokeshire, the Silurians occupy no more than a narrow bend, scarcely four miles across where it is widest, and in some places less than one.

The division of the system into two groups—the first extending from the base of the old red sandstone to the bottom of the Wenlock shale; the second, thence to the bottom of the fossiliferous portion of the strata called the 'Llandeilo-flags,'—is apparent in all parts of the region; but we are not yet at all clear as to the distinctions between the lower Silurians and the upper Cambrian rocks.

From near Ironbridge on the Severn, to Aymestry, the natural subdivisions of the upper Silurians are beautifully conspicuous. Their value in deciphering the protruded masses forced up through incumbent strata, as at Woolhope, Dudley, &c., has been already mentioned; and though, in England—to the south of Aymestry—they are not prominent, and in some places not distinguishable at all, it would be premature to assert that they will be wanting in remoter Silurian tracts; since observation alone, and the comparison of several distant equivalents, can supply a general character for the whole system. From this consideration we have thought it best, in the Table subjoined to this article, to insert *all* the fossils hitherto found in the Silurian strata in England—it being impossible, at present, to tell what species may be characteristic of the respective groups.

The TABLE, therefore, will be found to contain a general section, taken from that given in Mr Murchison's map, and a list of the groups, from the bottom of the oolitic system to the upper part

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similar mixture of the two kinds of sediment may be expected to occur in many different places.

of the Cambrian;—with a systematic enumeration of all the fossils hitherto found in the strata beneath the carboniferous rocks.

In advancing westward from Aymestry, the whole of the Silurians undergo a great alteration; the shales, or 'mudstones,' becoming hard, and assuming the aspect of sandstones, and thus, as the author remarks, almost changing characters with the Caradoc group; while the latter becomes softer, and more like shale. But although the limestones of Aymestry and Wenlock are not found in continuous strata in this western tract, the *site* of the former can be recognized at several distant points by the presence of the *Terebratula navicula*, (pp. 338-40,) which form a conspicuous band above it. A limestone like that of Wenlock occurs at Old Radnor, about twelve miles south-west of Aymestry; and is again clearly indicated by a mass of vertical strata, sufficiently calcareous to be burned for lime, and from thirty to forty feet wide, which occurs about thirty-five miles south-west of Radnor, at Pwll-calch, near Myddfai, south of Llandovery, in Carmarthenshire, containing fossils, principally those of the Wenlock formation, (pp. 348-9.) The *last* sign of calcareous beds of this age hitherto observed, is on the banks of the Sowde, about four miles south-west of the place first mentioned; the calcareous matter, in these cases, being flanked by hard sandstone, very different from the Wenlock shales. This recurrence of limestone is quite analogous to what is observable in many other widely distributed groups, of which certain members are known to disappear, and to recur again, at very wide intervals.

It is impracticable within our limits to detail the characters of these subordinate groups above enumerated, which are copiously stated in the author's sixteenth and seventeenth chapters. The following are some of the points most deserving of notice:—

1. The *Upper Ludlow rock* consists of thin-bedded, soft, subcalcareous sandstone, grey and greenish; sometimes passing into limestone, but at the upper part scarcely distinguishable, except by its fossils, from some of the lowest beds of the old red group; and which easily melts down under the action of the elements. The coming out of this group of grey strata from beneath the old red sandstone, is distinctly seen along a zone or band, extending from the hills near Ludlow on the north-east, to the sea-cliffs at the south-western extremity of Pembrokeshire; a distance of about 150 miles. The *Lingula cornea* is common to the upper part of this group, and to the lowest (tilestone) beds of the old red; and, at a short distance below the junction, is a stratum of great interest, from its abounding in the confused remains of fishes, which Dr Lloyd of Ludlow was the first who

brought into notice. The central portion of this Upper Ludlow is somewhat calcareous, and contains fossil remains in unusual perfection. The lowest portion runs frequently into large spheroidal concretions, and likewise easily decomposes into 'mudstone.' The bottom is loaded with *Terebratula navicula* in vast numbers, sometimes occupying a thickness of from thirty to forty feet; and this fossil occurs so steadily, that when the subjacent Aymestry limestone is wanting, it serves to indicate its place.

2. *Aymestry Limestone.*—The next group is a sub-crystalline and argillaceous limestone, affording a valuable lime for cement under water, which has been named from the village around which it is most distinctly seen; the principal mass of beds being in some places fifty feet thick. It is here distinguished by the great abundance of the *Pentamerus Knightii*, with many other shells, among which *Atrypa affinis*, is perhaps one of the most abundant. This limestone, which forms a conspicuous but broken range on the east of Wenlock Edge, is no longer prominent on the south of Aymestry; but it appears again on the east, at Sedgeley, near Dudley; and its equivalents form an important feature at Woolhope, on the east of Hereford, and in several other obtruded portions of Silurian strata.

3. The *Lower Ludlow Shale* is more argillaceous than the upper: the colours vary from dark-grey to black.

This division, amongst other fossils, contains the new genera *Cardiola*, *Phragmoceras*, and *Lituites* of Broderip; and the *Ischadites* of König—first discovered by Dr Lloyd.

The thickness of the entire Ludlow formation is estimated at about 1500 feet, the limestone of the middle group being about fifty feet.

4. The continous ridge of the *Wenlock Limestone*, ranging for about twenty miles from south-west to north-east—with the nearly parallel, though interrupted, escarpement of the Aymestry limestone, at a distance of about a mile on the south-east of it—forms one of the most remarkable external features in the geology of Shropshire; and cannot fail to catch the eye, either in the country itself or in the Ordnance maps. The prominence of this limestone, like that of the Aymestry, is due to its solidity, and to the softness of the shales above and below. The Wenlock is the equivalent of the limestone of Dudley, with which, perhaps, it was at one time continuous; but the name of the former place has been justly preferred by the author for its designation, as the relations of the whole group are much better exhibited near Wenlock than at Dudley. The stratum, when most distinct, consists of large concretional masses of pure limestone, frequently in the form of calcareous spar, locally called 'ballstones;' which are separated by intervening strata of coarser

stone, called 'measures.' The colour of the latter is a dull grey, but the crystalline varieties are white, and sometimes of a beautiful pink. This 'ballstone,' in the vicinity of the ironworks, is largely used as a flux, and the concretions are frequently thirty feet in diameter: in one case a single mass had been quarried to the depth of eighty feet, the other dimensions remaining unexplored.

The *Trilobites* of Dudley have long been known to collectors. The *Asaphus candatus* and *Calymene Blumenbachii*, which are the prevailing species at Wenlock, occur likewise in the lower Ludlow; but other species are peculiar to the Wenlock quarries. The number of corals, which are enumerated in the table, forms one of the most striking characteristics of this stratum. These have been described with his usual skill by Mr Lonsdale, in the second part of this work; and the lithographic plates, by Mr Scharf, are of singular beauty.

5. The *Wenlock Shale*, the lowest portion of the upper Silurians, nearly resembles the lower Ludlow rock. It is of a dull greenish-grey or olive colour, argillaceous, occasionally calcareous in concretions, and rarely contains mica. It is best seen beneath the escarpement of Wenlock Edge, where it occupies a deeply denuded valley, by which the limestone is separated from the Caradoc hills on the north-west. The lower part of this shale contains concretions exhibiting internally the structure called cone-in-cone; succeeded by sandy calcareous bands, containing peculiar fossils—the immediate forerunner or commencement of the Caradoc sandstone. In some places this shale assumes the form of flags, called *pendle* by the workmen; and these are sometimes preceded by fuller's or '*walker's*' earth;* which is not unfrequent also among the upper Silurian rocks. Concretions also of an argillaceous limestone, occur near the bottom. This lower division, with other fossils, contains the new genera, *Cardiola* and *Phragmoceras*, (Broderip)—which have been found only in this division, and in the lower Ludlow rock.

The Wenlock limestone, in the vicinity of Wenlock, cannot be less than 200 feet in thickness; and the shale beneath must exceed 700 feet.

6. and 7. The *Lower Silurian Rocks* may be subdivided into two portions; to the upper of which Mr Murchison has given the name of 'Caradoc sandstone,' from its constituting ranges of eminences, abutting against the remarkable trappean chain called the Caradoc Hills, which run nearly from north-east to south-west, for about seven miles, between the villages of Hope-Bowdler and Church-Stretton in Shropshire—a course

* From the German '*walker-erde*,' a '*walk*.' A *walker's-mill* is still used occasionally, in Herefordshire, instead of *fuller's-mill*.—P. 204.

nearly parallel to that of Wenlock Edge. Unlike the 'mud-'stones' of the upper Silurian rocks, this formation is composed essentially of sandstones of different colours, with occasional subordinate courses of calcareous matter, especially at the upper part. 'Its best and clearest distinctions, however, consist in its infraposition to the upper Silurian rocks; and its organic 'remains, nearly all of which are dissimilar to the fossils of the 'formations which immediately overlie it.'—(P. 216–222.)

A dark purplish-red sandstone occurs in the bed of the Onny, amidst the Caradoc strata, in nearly vertical strata much distorted; which is unlike any of the upper beds, and very much resembles part of the old, or even of the new-red sandstone. Some of the other beds, at the same place, might almost be mistaken for sandy claystone, of trappean origin; and it will be shown hereafter that a rock of this nature in the immediate flanks of Caer-Caradoc, passes into what the author terms 'volcanic grit,' proving that the deposition of this part of the series was contemporaneous with the diffusion, if not the eruption, of igneous materials. Another remarkable rock in this series, is a silicious conglomerate, passing into continuous beds of quartz, which is found in so many instances in immediate apposition with the trappean rocks, where the latter cut through the sandstones, as to leave no doubt that its change of character has been the effect of heat. The author's observations prove this change is exhibited under such a variety of forms, and in so many different situations, as to point out the true cause, and to enable him to explain the production of the quartzose masses at Bromsgrove Lickie, and other places, previously obscure. *Hoar Edge*, a remarkable ridge on the east of Caer-Caradoc, is quartz rock of this description; the beds, altogether about fifty feet in thickness, having been altered by their proximity to the great Plutonic outburst of the Caradoc range itself.

The Caradoc sandstones appear in large mountain masses, in Montgomery and Denbigh shires; where their relations have been investigated by the author with great diligence and success. In Carmarthenshire, a singular tract around *Noeth-frŭg* exhibits some very extraordinary contortions of this group;—the place of which, in the system, is clearly determined by the abundance of the characteristic *Pentameri*, and other fossils; while the proofs of Plutonic action appear in the existence of planes of cleavage, distinct from, yet nearly resembling, those of stratification—and, in some cases, even cutting through the *organic remains!* These cleavage planes are always parallel, while the surfaces of the beds are often curved. There is no spot, indeed, Mr Murchison remarks, in which the distinctions between *cleavage* and *joints* are better defined than in this rugged tract.

—It is facts like this which lead us to doubt, whether some of the slaty masses without fossils, now called Cambrian, may not have been originally Silurian rocks, in which the characters have been either wholly or in part defaced by Plutonic action.

7. The *Llandeilo Flags*—the lowest of the Silurians—are not seen in that part of Shropshire which affords the clearest type of the superior formations. The group, therefore, which forms the base of the system, (if it can at present be said to have a base at all,) has been named from the town of *Llandeilo*, in Carmarthenshire, where these flags are very extensively developed; consisting of hard dark-grey or indigo-coloured grit, sometimes slightly micaceous, frequently calcareous—with veins of white crystallized carbonate of lime passing occasionally into an impure limestone. They are specially distinguished by containing the large *Trilobites*, *Asaphus Buchii*, and a *Tyrannus*.

These flags occupy ridges which pass under the equivalents of the Caradoc, and in several places graduate downwards into the Cambrian strata.

On the west of Ludlow and Wenlock, the outburst of the trappean hills breaks through and cuts off the lower Caradoc strata; but in several points north of Carmarthenshire, dark-coloured flags, with characteristic *Asaphi*, rise from beneath the Caradoc sandstones, and repose on Cambrian rocks. Of the *order*, therefore, in this lowest division of the Silurian system, there can be no doubt; and although the space occupied by the Llandeilos, with reference to that of the Caradoc, is small, the author thinks it better *not* to merge the former, as a mere subdivision, in the Caradoc formation; since they are marked both by lithological characters and by peculiar fossils, and, both in Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, really occupy a larger proportionate space than the latter formation.

On the south-west of Builth, the Silurian tract is suddenly reduced to a narrow strip, which skirts the north-western border of the old red sandstone thence into Pembrokeshire;—the lower Silurians progressively occupying a greater portion of this space in advancing westward; while the upper are comparatively insignificant in extent, and remarkably altered in lithological aspect. Between Llandovery and Llandeilo, the interchange of character in the two divisions is very conspicuous—the shales, which in Salop are more or less incoherent 'mudstones,' being here represented by compact sandstone; while the hard Caradoc sandstone of Shropshire, has passed in some places into incoherent schist. It is about midway on the course of this reduced band, that the author has taken the type of his Llandeilo group. The tract is on the course of the river Towey, south-west of Llangaddoc; where dark silicious flags, underlying the great mass of Caradoc

sandstone, are well seen at Llandeilo and Dynevor Park. The beds are sufficiently distinguished by their characteristic *Asaphi;* but throughout their range, between Llandeilo and Carmarthen, a space of about fifteen miles in length, and from half a mile to two miles in width, they have been singularly distributed, often exhibiting divergent strikes and reversed dips. About Llandeilo especially, the dislocations are for the most part such, that the strata are vertical, or very highly inclined.

These lower schists, in their progress westward, contain no calcareous beds; but beyond Saint Clair, on the north of the Taf, a prominent ridge of limestone rises towards the south, containing three remarkable bands, altogether 200 feet thick—the uppermost band alone being seventy feet, and one bed of about ten feet consisting wholly of an aggregate of shells. This limestone, therefore, is thicker than any calcareous mass of this age previously noticed in the Silurian series, and rivals even the Wenlock near Coalbrook Dale. The fossils are, *Crinoidea* in abundance, several species of *Orthis*, *Corals*, and *Asaphus Buchii*. At Mount Pleasant, further north, the black schist contains casts, much contorted, of several shells; among which are a *Navicula*, (the lowest in situation hitherto known of that genus,) a *Spirifer*, an *Euomphalus*, and an *Orthis;*—and these Mr Murchison regards as occupying the base of the Llandeilo formation here.

Such is the 'Silurian system,' which it has been the principal object of the work before us to make known. It will be obvious, that, considered even locally—if there had been no corresponding groups in other places—it forms so large and well characterized a portion of this country, as to deserve the attentive study of every British geologist. But it would be contrary to all analogy to suppose that a series of strata so extensive should be confined to any single region; and we shall find that the system is in fact distributed very widely in distant quarters of the globe.

In the chapters which follow the general description of the system, (from chap. 20 to the end of 42,) the author conducts his reader successively through the several portions of his district; giving in each locality a view of the variations of their mineral characters and fossil contents, and of the stratigraphic and volcanic phenomena which they respectively exhibit. Thus he has described the Breidon hills; the trap rocks of Montgomery, Radnor, Brecknock, and partly of Pembrokeshire. Thence returning eastward, he gives an account of obtruded portions of the Silurians forced up through the incumbent groups of strata; the remarkable anticlinal ridges of Castle-Madoc and Corny-fan on the north of Brecknock—those of Walsall, Dudley, the Abberly and Malvern ranges, the beautiful circular valley

of elevation at Woolhope, (of which we wish we could have given the detail,) and the elevated range thence to Mayhill, with that on the west of Usk; and finally, of the very complex district of Tortworth near Wotton-under Edge: the correct anatomy of any of which districts it would have been impossible to decipher, without a previous acquaintance with the Upper Silurian series as exhibited near Aymestry.

It is only by the perusal of this portion of the volume that a just conception can be formed of its value. No geological book, that we now know of, gives so much information, with such a readable subordination of detail to general principles. Some repetitions there are, and some occasional redundancies may be cut down—among which the author perhaps will not agree with us in placing certain compliments to contributors and friends, of various degree—our objection to which is quite consistent with a wish for the recognition of preceding labours, by a statement of what each enquirer had done. But the defects, altogether, are slight in proportion to the extent of the work; and the execution, throughout, is very creditable to the author.

We do not condemn the expensive form of the book since it has been favourable to the truth and correctness of the sections, which especially required a large scale for distinctness and effect. But when the present edition has been disposed of, we trust that it will be reprinted in a less expensive form; which will be facilitated by the employment of the plates already engraved. In a new edition, the author might also describe the best authenticated equivalents of his groups in other countries, and enlarge his introductory chapter by giving the history of his district in detail.

The *Second Part* of this volume, devoted to the organic remains discovered within the groups described in the first, is principally the work of the several naturalists, who, at the request of the author, undertook the description of the fossils which he from time to time submitted to their inspection. It contains also the maps, and geological sections, and plates of the Silurian fossils; and is certainly one of the most valuable presents which the Palæontologist has ever received. Each of the contributors writes in his own department, in his own language; Mr Murchison having here wisely acted only the part of a general, who chooses the commanders of brigades and detachments, and forms the plan of the campaign; leaving to each chosen officer the conduct and the glory attending upon his own operations. The *Fishes* are described by M. Agassiz; the *Mollusca* and *Conchifera* by Mr Sowerby; the *Corals* by Mr Lonsdale; the *Crustacea* by the author himself, with valuable observations by Mr W. S. M'Leay: —several departments also have received illustration from Mr

Broderip, Professor John Phillips, Mr C. Stokes, Dr Beck of Copenhagen, Dr Milne Edwards, Mr König, and Mr M'Leay. Our readers will, after this enumeration, need no assurance that this part of the work is very ably executed.

The general map connected with the volume is excellent, but we regret that the mountains have not been represented in the engraving; and should have wished that *two copies* of the map should be given, one without colour, exhibiting the natural features of the country, which colours always disguise and obscure. The geological sections are equal to any thing of the kind we have seen; and the general principles of the work are well illustrated by two abstract sections appended to the map; one—which we have copied at the top of the table subjoined to this article—representing, simply, the stratigraphic succession of the groups; the other illustrating the (supposed) volcanic and Plutonic operations of successive periods, which have disturbed or invaded, and in some cases mixed themselves with the sedimentary deposits during their deposition. The first of these sections is no more than an exposition of facts; the latter is founded upon theory; but so confirmed as to have nearly the force of reality.

The allotment of the description of the fossils, in this second portion of the work, very well exemplifies the advantages of that division of labour which we have mentioned in a former article, as called for by the advancing progress of geology.* It can but rarely happen, in the present state of natural science, that the same person can be possessed of great practical skill in geology, and of sufficient acquaintance with natural history, in its various departments, or even with conchology alone, to be enabled to illustrate competently the collections made by himself. A general acquaintance with each department he must have, and the more of this knowledge he can obtain, the better; but his primary and essential business is more allied to that of the physical geographer and topographic engineer, than of the naturalist: Its object is to ascertain *the mineral structure of the earth*; and, interesting and delightful as are the enquiries connected with the study of fossils, the geologist employs his natural history, in the first instance, simply as an instrument of stratigraphical arrangement and identification. We should be sorry to be misunderstood upon this point; or to be supposed either to undervalue, or to depreciate the importance of Palæontology to the science of the earth; but it is only a *department*, which can never supplant or supply the primary and essential necessity for physical, geometrical, and mineralogical research; and it may be useful perhaps to state

* Vol. lxix. p. 431.

thus distinctly what appears to us to be the correct view of this matter, as the fashion of the day seems rather to run in an opposite direction, and to give an undue proportionate value to the study of fossils alone.

It would be unjust to the authors of the excellent descriptions and disquisitions in the Second Part, to give here such a very imperfect abstract of them as our limits would allow. Referring to the Table for a full enumeration of the fossils, we must confine ourselves to some general remarks, which are sufficiently obvious:—1. In descending from the carboniferous strata, after passing over a thickness of no less than from eight or ten thousand feet of old red sandstone, almost barren of organic remains, and at one time considered as altogether destitute of them—we come, at once, upon a series of strata, continued thence to a depth of several hundred feet, which abound throughout in fossils, and include some beds almost entirely composed of them.

2. The great majority of the bodies thus discovered, are of very peculiar character. The *Serpulites*, the delicately striated *Leptænæ*, the *Atrypæ*, *Spirifers*, *Orthises*, and numerous *Terebratulæ*, distributed in profusion almost throughout the Silurian system, form an assemblage of a very remarkable general aspect. Many of the *Orthocerata* are also of very unusual appearance; while the genera *Phragmoceras* and *Lituites*, have not yet been found in any superior groups. Of the *Trilobites*—a tribe long since known from the specimens obtained at Dudley, and which here occupies five plates—many species, and even genera, are altogether new; as are likewise many of the corals, in the four plates lithographed by Mr Scharf; while, among the shells, the *Pentameri* of the Aymestry and the Caradoc limestones, and several others, are known only in the Silurian series.

On this head, we refer our readers to the short introductory chapter of the second part, (xliii. p. 581,) where the author, 'restricting himself to that field of enquiry with which he is 'conversant,' maintains 'that the fossils of the Silurian system, 'amounting in all to about 350 species, are, with the exception of a very few, essentially distinct from any of the numerous 'and well-defined fossils of the carboniferous system; and further, 'that the old red sandstone, which separates these two systems, is 'also characterized by fossils peculiar to itself. If the naturalist 'will compare the figures of the only two works yet published 'upon the older fossiliferous rocks—that of Professor Phillips 'on the carboniferous system, and this work on the Silurian—he 'will at once,' says the author, 'see the truth of my position.'

3. With the new forms of ancient life above mentioned, and others equally strange—*Tentaculites*, *Graptolites*, *Ischadites*, an-

[redacted] the ancient [redacted] Lingula, [redacted] Terebratula, [redacted] Pleurotomaria, [redacted] Delthyris, [redacted] Conularia, [redacted] Trochus, [redacted] Euomphalus, &c.—[redacted] Turbo, Acteonella, Pleurotomaria, [redacted] Natica, Cerithium, Nerinea, [redacted] Trochus, &c.—[redacted] a very modern aspect." While [redacted] the ancient and modern groups, [redacted] Delthyris, Terebratula, &c.—[redacted] the Silurian system are of [redacted] it [redacted] ; since, [redacted] Conularia [redacted] it is proved as a [redacted] [redacted] Trochus, &c.—[redacted] into the other strata, we meet with [redacted] although two or three species of [redacted] [redacted] Silurian strata, the [redacted] [redacted] descend in the lower Silurian [redacted] [redacted] ; and the discrimination is most [redacted] in each group is very distinct [redacted] [redacted] of one [redacted] although maintained by the [redacted] [redacted] in the latter.—P. 644.

[redacted] Mr Murchison remarks, that [redacted] the multitude of individuals in the older fossiliferous [redacted] is often very great, the number of species is much smaller [redacted] but in many of the more recent deposits.†—(P. 562.)

The CAMBRIAN STRATA, beneath the *Llandeilo*, or lowest of the Silurians, do not come within the immediate object of this volume; but an acquaintance with them is necessary to a just view of some of the relations of the latter groups. It is, in fact, extremely doubtful whether the two *systems* ought not to be united in one great suite, since they are not separable by any

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* It is not impossible that instances of this anticipation, as it were, in the appearance of genera or species at one time supposed to be confined to the more recent strata, may become more frequent, as the fossil contents of our ancient groups are more closely examined. A paper has just been published by Mr Lyell, on the discovery, by MM. Deslongchamps and Tesson, in the lias or inferior oolite, near Caen, in Normandy, of two species of *Conus*—a genus abundant in the tertiary strata, but previously known to occur only in two examples so low down as even the upper chalk; this new situation being deeper, and more ancient in geological chronology, by nearly the entire thickness of the chalk and oolitic systems, which cannot be less than 3000 feet. This case, like that of the celebrated *Marsupials* of Stonesfield, proves the fallibility of negative propositions in matters of natural history.—(*Ann. and Mag. of Nat. Hist. Dec.* 1840, p. 292, 296.)

† A similar observation has been made with reference to the estuarine and fresh-water deposits, of the comparatively modern *Wealden* of Kent and Sussex, in which the species are few in number, though vast multitudes of individuals are found. The existing land and fresh-water shells, we believe, in all climates, consist but of few genera and species; the individuals being more numerous in proportion.

lithological boundary, and Silurian fossils have been already found within the territory which at one time was considered as Cambrian.

The best examples of transition into the Cambrians, occur in Carmarthenshire, near Llangathen and Grongaer-hill; where the Llandeilo flags pass, on the north-west, into concretions of limestone, first alternating with grit, and containing a few corals and casts of *Encrinites;* whence there is an imperceptible passage into black schist, void of fossils, which both Professor Sedgwick and the author regard as the connecting link between the Cambrian and the Silurian systems. A similar succession is observable in Denbigh and Pembroke shires.

From the hills near Llanwrtyd, about ten miles west of Builth, and sixteen north-west of Brecknock, the Cambrian rocks range to the south-west, through mountainous and sterile tracts; and afterwards, from about Carmarthen, are deflected westwards, in common with the Silurian formations:—'If these rocks have a 'tolerably well-defined boundary in that part of their eastern fron-'tier (Noeth-frŭg, Llandeilo, and Grongaer,) where they have 'been described as passing into the younger deposits, *they have no* '*lines of demarcation or division within themselves*, and extend over 'two-thirds of Carmarthenshire without any changes in their mi-'neral structure.'—'The separation,' it is added, 'of the lower 'Silurian rocks from the upper Cambrian, *has been generally effected* '[in this work] *by assigning to the former those beds which contain* '*fossils, and to the latter those which do not.* For, although ani-'mal remains occur in the Cambrian strata in many other parts 'of England and Wales, nature has *here* afforded us no such evi-'dences, *since the incoherent schists near the base of the Silurian sys-'tem, and those which extend over so large a portion of the region of* '*slaty Cambrian rocks, are lithologically inseparable.* As we ascend 'in the higher and more arid regions of the north-west, ribs of 'grit and sandstone begin to alternate with the slaty schists; and 'finally, the beds of schist, becoming harder, have glossy laminæ, 'are penetrated by thin veins of white quartz, and put on more 'the characters of slate.'—(P. 359, 360.)

In the remoter tract last mentioned, occur those remarkable examples, pointed out by Professor Sedgwick,* of slaty cleavage pervading whole ranges of mountains, and cutting indiscriminately through strata variously inclined and inflected.

'I examined,' Mr Murchison says, 'these Cambrian rocks towards the interior, by traverses from Llandovery to Llampeter, and from St

* *Geological Transactions*, (2d Series.) Vol. iii. pp. 469—480.

Clears to Newcastle Emlyn'—[well chosen lines of section, as being at right angles to the general strike;]—'but in no portion of the wide space between these places, have I detected any striking variety of mineral structure; the *whole* tract being occupied by schists, grits, and sandstones, more or less impressed with a slaty cleavage, ranging generally from north-east to south-west, and dipping to the north-west.'—(P. 361.)

In Pembrokeshire, perhaps the Cambrians are separated from the lower Silurian rocks by a somewhat more definite change of character than any we have yet mentioned. The sequence at the junction being as follows, in a descending order:—(*a*,) the uppermost beds consist—as in the sections already mentioned—of black shivery schist, without fossils, and of great thickness. These are succeeded on the north by (*b*,) hard and thick flagstones—mineralogically grauwacke: (*c*,) hard, dark, purple and green close-grained sandstones, perfectly representing the rocks of the Long Mynd in Shropshire, and of the Lammermuir hills in Scotland: (*d*,) the oldest group in Pembrokeshire is schist, rising from beneath the last-mentioned division: it contains roofing slates, with many courses of sandstone, passing into quartz rock, and traversed by numerous veins of quartz.

It may be satisfactory to our readers to enumerate here, the principal components of the Cambrian system in Wales and Cumberland, on the authority of Professor Sedgwick, from a paper read during the meeting of the British Association in 1835;* in which the groups of slate rocks, in a descending order, are stated to be as follows:—(1.) *Upper Cambrian group.* It occupies the greatest part of the chain of the Berwyns, and is thence expanded through a considerable portion of South Wales, and is connected with the Silurian *Llandeilo* flags, but contains much less calcareous matter and fewer organic remains. A perfect slaty cleavage is often observed in it, transverse to the stratification; but other parts are of a coarse mechanical texture. (2.) *Middle Cambrian.* This composes all the higher mountains of Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, and abounds in roofing-slate, interstratified with masses of porphyry. It contains (as at the top of Snowdon) a few organic remains, and some highly calcareous slates, but no continuous beds of limestone. The same group, but without organic remains, is greatly developed in Cumberland. (3.) *Lower Cambrian,* occupying the south-west coast of Carnarvonshire, and a great part of Anglesea. It consists chiefly of chlorite-schist, passing into mica-schist and slaty quartz rock, with subordinate masses of serpentine and

* Murchison, Sil. Syst. p. 583.

white granular limestone—no organic remains. Beneath the middle Cambrian there occurs in Cumberland a great formation of clayslate, without calcareous matter, and without organic remains. It passes downwards into chiastolite-slate, mica-slate, &c., and gneiss, which rest immediately on granite. Whether it is to be placed on the exact parallel of the *lower Cambrian* of Wales, is still uncertain.

Our information respecting the organic remains of the Cambrian system is very limited. In England, hitherto, they have been rare. The relations of the beds containing moulds of shells on Snowdon, and of the Bala limestone, are still doubtful; and the supposed Cambrian fossils from some other places, we have reason to think, will prove to be Silurian. Almost the only well authenticated remains from the latter strata, are the traces of fossil *Annelida*, or sea-worms, from Lampeter, in North Wales, described at the close of the volume before us, by Mr W. M'Leay.

From the series of facts above briefly stated, it appears that, although the chlorite and mica-slates, &c., at the bottom of the Cambrian system, afford a strong contrast to the soft shales and mudstones of the upper Silurian groups, there is a gradual transition of character by which these extremes are insensibly connected: And as the lowest crystalline slates are, by common consent, regarded as metamorphic—while the change, whatever it has been, which has produced the phenomena of *cleavage*, pervades the whole of the Cambrians, and is perceptible even in the lower fossiliferous Silurian beds—it is very difficult to decide how far the original sedimentary character of any portion of the strata has remained unaltered. A geologist who reasons on merely lithologic grounds, might claim the whole of the two systems for the Cambrian or Silurian, according to the point from whence his observations began; and until fossils, distinctly and widely different from the Silurian, be found among the lower and middle Cambrians, the division of the systems seems to be merely conventional, and matter of temporary convenience.

From the almost universal prevalence of cleavage, and other metamorphic changes, as well as of great mechanical disturbance in the ancient groups of England, it is not probable that the grounds for a determination of the natural divisions of these great stratified masses will be obtained in this country. They should be expected, perhaps, and sought for in regions—if there be any such—where the groups have retained, along with their original sedimentary condition, the position also in which they were deposited—at least as little altered by elevation or disturbance as is consistent with the fact of their being visible to our

eyes. For this reason, among others, the examination of some distant portions of our eastern hemisphere, and of North America, (where the Silurian groups are already known to exist,) is very much to be desired.

In the mean time, whatever be the destiny of the *system*, the beautiful volume which we have just examined, will remain as a permanent contribution to our knowledge of the structure of a most interesting portion of our country, and of the globe—a record of intelligence and perseverance, of which its author may be justly proud. We have only to add our earnest hope and expectation, that Professor Sedgwick will soon embody and publish the detail of his valuable labours, on the *most* ancient groups of England and Wales; with such illustrations of maps, sections, and representations of fossils—the *pièces justificatives* of geological history—as will give to the student of English geology the satisfaction of knowing, that the *whole* of our series of rocks has been described, in such a manner as to afford a solid and extended foundation for the comparisons and reasonings of those who are to succeed us.

From the great thickness alone of the Silurian groups, it would have been reasonable to anticipate the discovery of similar masses in other parts, at least of Europe, throughout which, rocks of the transition class are very widely diffused. And from the moment when the existence of these strata was established in England and Wales, it became necessary that the '*transition rocks*,' especially at their junction with the secondary series, should every where be rigorously examined anew. Evidence, indeed, has already been obtained, which makes it probable that formations of this age—containing fossils not merely analogous, but identical even in their *species*, with those of the Silurian region—exist extensively in Russia, Norway, North America, the Falkland Islands, and South Africa.* And questions of the highest importance, as well as novelty, are thus brought into view, with respect to the former condition and distribution of organized bodies, and to the laws of geological sedimentary deposition.

Had we proposed at present to enter upon this most interesting enquiry, we should have called the attention of our readers to an able statement of many of the views connected with it, in a paper read before the Geological Society of France during the

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* Report, &c., Communications to Sections, vol. iv. p. 59-60.

last year, by M. de Verneuil,* who accompanied Mr Murchison in a recent examination of the ancient rocks of Northern Russia; and we shall so far anticipate the statement, which may soon be expected from these two gentlemen on the result of their expedition, as to say, that equivalents of the carboniferous limestone, the old red sandstone, and the Silurian system, have been ascertained to exist in that region very extensively.†

The recent geological surveys of the United States concur with private information from that country, to prove that Silurian fossils are found there to such an extent, that an exact comparison of the American with the English system is of great importance to the progress of the subject. M. de Verneuil, in the paper above referred to, had shown that the fossils of our carboniferous and Silurian systems occur in the state of Ohio; and, since this article has been in progress, a recent collection of geological 'Reports' on the state of New York, has come into our hands, which contains new proofs of the existence of the system in that province also. In two former series of these documents, published before the appearance of Mr Murchison's book, Mr T. A. Conrad—'Palæontologist to the New York survey'—had mentioned that representatives of the Cambrian and Silurian systems‡ appear there; and 'that it was doubtful whether a 'more perfect series of transition strata than that of New York, 'can be found in any other part of the world.' The latest collection of reports on New York, dated in January 1840, enters more fully into this subject. The vicinity of Schoharie, from which a numerous collection of fossils had been formed by Mr J. Gebhard, affords, according to Mr Conrad, 'one of 'the finest geological sections in the whole range of the (Ameri-'can) Silurian system, each of the formations being marked by 'a wide terrace, suggesting the idea of a staircase on a large 'scale.'‖ In this collection of documents also, Mr James Hall, one of the 'State Geologists,' speaks with equal decision of the 'Silurian groups;' and mentions the important fact that the *old red sandstone*, containing *Holoptychus nobilissimus*, with remains of a *Megalichthys*, and of a *Saurian* genus, supposed to be new,§ forms the limit between the carboniferous and Silurian system,

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* Bulletin de la Soc. Geol. de France, tom. xi. p. 166—179.

† Report of Geol. Sect. during meeting of British Association at Glasgow, September 1840.

‡ Second Annual Report, 1839: p. 57, 66.

‖ Reports, &c., 1840: p. 203—4.

§ *Sauritolepis Taylori*, named in honour of Mr R. C. Taylor, late of London, 'who first described the sandstone of Glossburg, and suggested 'its analogy to the old red sandstone of England.'—P. 453. Note.

and is distinctly above the latter; which fact alone is *primâ facie* evidence that these groups have been correctly identified. A full list of fossils is given by the reporters; and with every allowance for possible errors—though we cannot enter fully into the comparison without the aid of maps and sections, the resemblance of the region which has afforded these remains to the Silurian tract of England, appears to be sufficiently established.* We shall extract, therefore, a passage from the report of Mr Hall; and we have no doubt that the author of the volume we have just examined, will be gratified by the testimony to the usefulness of his work, thus naturally expressed by a fellow-labourer in a distant country:—'Since the publication of Mr Murchison's work, we 'have been enabled to establish, with great certainty, the analogy 'of our rocks with those of the Silurian system, as developed in 'England and Wales. In this country, however, the greater 'undisturbed range, and apparently better development of par-'ticular members, with more numerous species of organic remains, 'enables us to limit our subdivisions within narrower bounds, 'and thus offers greater facility for the study of particular groups.' —'The work,' it is added, 'forms an era, and an important one, 'in the development of the older fossiliferous rocks, which have 'been so long enveloped in obscurity. It offers inducements to 'the study of the same, which have never before been presented: 'since, particularly in this part of our country, the rocks of the 'Silurian system are better developed than any other, while the 'means of studying them with guides have been entirely want-'ing. Thus the student, after weary months of labour, aban-'dons the subject in despair, being unable to identify the rocks 'or fossils with any system heretofore published; and, having 'made too little progress to systematize the whole, distrusts what 'he does know, because it seems inapplicable to what he supposes 'to be the same rocks, or their equivalents, in another country.'†

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* Among the genera mentioned in the reports, which occur also in Mr Murchison's list in the subjoined table, are the following:—*Homolonotus, Asaphus, Calymene, Trinucleus, Agnostus, Bellerophon, Orthoceras, Euomphalus, Lituites, Lingula, Terebratula, Pentamerus, Orthis, Atrypa, Leptæna, Delthyris, Avicula*—numerous corals, (*Favosites, Catenipora, Cyathophyllum, &c.,*) *Tentaculites.* An American specimen of a very remarkable shell, *Bellerophon dilatatus*, (pl. 12, fig. 23, 24, of Murchison,) brought to England by Mr Featherstonehaugh, which we have seen at the museum of the Geological Society, could not be distinguished, on direct comparison, from specimens found in the Wenlock limestone at Burrington, near Aymestry.

† Annual Reports relative to the Geological Survey of the State of New York, &c., No. 50, January 24, 1840, p. 394-5.

We shall conclude this article by mentioning two points, on which we hope that our wishes may be successful.

1. We earnestly suggest to the author of the volume we have just examined, and would gladly extend our recommendation to M. de Verneuil, whose acquaintance with the fossils of the more ancient strata particularly qualifies him for such an enquiry, not to let another summer pass without examining in person some of the supposed Silurian tracts in North America. 2. We would press upon the attention of British geologists the necessity of making themselves familiar, by personal examination, with the Silurian rocks of England and Wales. They will probably find enough to reward enquiry in the discovery of some new phenomena, and of many details which, with all his diligence and activity, must have eluded the author of the present volume in a region so extensive; and we do not hesitate to propose an invasion also of the *Cambrian* territory, where Professor Sedgwick's empire has been so long established, that, whenever he publishes a full account of his observations, he can have no rival to fear. But the great benefit resulting from what we recommend, will be, that our practical geologists will thus be enabled to appreciate the comparative works of foreigners, and themselves be qualified to compare with effect the ancient rocks of other countries with our own. Assuredly no person can henceforth consider himself as acquainted with the geology of England, by whom the Silurian strata have not been studied in the field.

ART. II.—*Patchwork*. By CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1841.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL is an indefatigable writer, and writes well on whatever subject he undertakes. The volumes which are now before us afford an illustration of this; for we need not go beyond the title-page to be satisfied that we shall find therein something *de omnibus rebus*. He tells us in his preface, that in propounding the title of his book to his publisher, the latter opposed it stoutly; and even stated, in round terms, that such an appellation would inevitably 'damn the work;'—an opinion in which, it seems, several of his literary friends agreed. We have only to say, on our part, that we differ from his friends and his publisher; and we think, moreover, that none but a very surly and caustic critic would quarrel with this title, much less with

the material itself, or think of unsheathing his scalping-knife to rip up or damage a splendid piece of 'Patchwork,' composed of lively and well-assorted colours, merely because he disliked the name. Besides, we think the title appropriate as a *pendent* to the 'Fragments,' recently produced from the same hand, and we believe brought to a profitable market.

If we take the three volumes of Captain Hall in connexion, they may be said to correspond with the title; but, considered separately, there is something like an unity of subject in each, were it not for the interposition of a few discordant links that break the continuity of the chain; yet even these, by varying the style and tone of the main subject, afford an agreeable variety. Thus, in the midst of some vivid and beautiful descriptions of the Alpine mountains and passes, such as Mont Blanc and the Mer de Glace, two chapters are introduced—the title of the one 'The Beginning of Life;' of the other, 'The End of 'Life'—both of which are of such a character, that, in our opinion, they would much better have been omitted; the one being unsubstantial essence—a mere dream—and the other of too dismal a colour to match at all with the rest of the work. Again, in the second volume, which treats mostly of Italy and the Islands of the Mediterranean, the first chapter is entitled 'The Tide Harbour,' certainly as unprepossessing a subject in name as could well be imagined; and yet, from the great variety and perpetual bustle and change of objects, and of the general scene, it presents a picture full of life and animation; and it is this picture that we propose first to notice.

When the tide is in, and the tide is out, the same harbour, as every one knows, presents a totally different appearance. At high water, says Captain Hall, we behold a beautiful basin, brim full, bearing on its surface numberless vessels, all of whose masts, ropes, and sails, loosed to dry, are reflected in the mirror upon which they rest, so gracefully, that we know not which to admire most, the bold originals, in all their pomp and bustle, or their inverted and softened representations beneath. Then the little boats flitting across the harbour, ships arriving or departing—some dropping anchor with a thundering splash, others laboriously heaving up that ponderous mass of iron—give an endless variety to that busy scene. The cheerful voice of the seamen as they work, and the brawling of the noisy boatmen, have a characteristic and stirring interest. The wharfs and piers are crowded with spectators, some watching the arrival of long-looked for friends, others bidding adieu to those that are departing; while there are knots of idlers, who, having no precise business any where, are attracted merely by the beauty and interest of this

ever-varying scene.—'On such a fine day as I am supposing, 'dozens, or even hundreds, of ships and vessels of various sizes 'and descriptions, from all the mercantile nations of the earth, 'are seen jostling one another, dropping out, or dropping in, 'towing, warping, sailing, steaming on their different courses, '"a mighty maze but not without a plan."' Even to inexperi-'enced observation this apparent mass of confusion is very pleas-'ing—though to such it must seem as inexplicable and beyond 'control, as that of the planetary movements, or the vagaries of 'the moon, which all admire, though few understand.'

The following is a true picture drawn from the life:—

'If we watch a ship coming in, we shall see the anchor all ready to let go—the cables ranged along the deck—the leadsman in the chains taking cast after cast as briskly as he can, and singing out the soundings to the anxious pilot, as the harbour's mouth is neared. On entering it, the tacks become shorter, and are made with more smartness. The helm is put down quickly, the head sheets let fly in a moment, and about she comes! The yards spin round, ropes crack, and sails shake, as if the whole machinery of seamanship was going to pieces. As she heels to the gale, under the unrestrained leverage of the masts, the old ship creaks from stem to stern, by the friction of the timbers and beams against one another, and to shore-going senses it would seem that the danger was great. But if we now take notice of the weather-wise glance of the pilot's eye, or mark the tranquil deportment of the captain by his side, or observe the cheery laugh of the dripping crew, as the waves curl or break over them, we shall understand, although we cannot tell how, that in the midst of what seems tumult, and hazard, and difficulty, all is order and safety.'

The arrival of the sturdier class of ships from foreign parts, and the anxious ken of the merchant, whose soul is afloat on discovering the well-bleached white sail, at a distance, is graphically described; as is the well-sunned countenance of the experienced commander, in 'the iron grasp of his rope-worn fist,' when welcomed by the grateful 'owner.'—'The weather-'beaten ship herself, dashing past like a meteor, enters the 'harbour before the wind, and is soon tightly lashed in secu-'rity, after all her perils, by the side of her master's ware-'house. Careless observers may contrast, to her disparagement, 'her battered appearance—her dirty grass-grown sides, spliced 'ropes, and threadbare and many-patched sails, worn thin and 'white by long use—with the smartly-painted hulls, the stiff and 'gummy canvass, the well-tarred shrouds and unstretched cord-'age, of the departing ships. But all these—though scarcely no-'ticed by the uninitiated—being characteristic marks of protracted 'hard work, are respected by all those to whom the scenes with

which chimney are associated are familiar, and
'hard shipes, as well as joys, to a sailor's m
But when the tide has ebbed, and the
basin is now an empty trough, with a s
struggling through a meadow of mud, the
gone, and a different set of objects strike th
tain Hall describes the shipping as flung ab
instead of pointing their tall masts to the sky
thic spires, are inclined over at every angle of
prostrate on their beam-ends; others thrown
dicular, like, as he says, the trees of an Amer
hurricane:—' There, all sailorless and disconsola
'lie, as if they were nothing but wrecks, rotting a
'dirty, sludgy, impassable slime. The pretty li
'an hour or two before skimmed merrily from si
'harbour, are now half-buried in the mud, with th
'their sterns up, their oars tumbled about, th
'shipped.'

Captain Hall then proceeds to describe the mo
out the mud of dry harbours, by means of back-wa
lated at the upper ends, and let out with a rush th
gates; and instances Dieppe as one of the most re
had met with—but recurs to the *crevasses* in Louisian
mighty Mississippi breaks through its frail embank
he makes a remark, that, while the lake at Dieppe w
about half a foot in a quarter of an hour, the gigant
sippi, though tapped by several enormous *crevasses*
which allowed a volume of water to escape larger t
European rivers—was not, in the smallest perceptible
lowered in its level!

We have very little *patchwork* in the first volume, th
of it nearly being employed in a succession of striking a
liant touches of Alpine scenery, under its ever-varying a
sphere and the seasons of the year. No one has a keen
with the variety it is liable to, according to the state of the
more correct eye than Captain Hall for watching the cha
hues that mountain scenery is constantly undergoing at dif
periods of the day, or is more alive to the glooms and gl
which alternate with clouds and sunshine; and no mour
poet, we believe, is more strongly impressed with a feeling
their grandeur and their beauties. The following we can vo
for being as true to nature as it is beautifully described:—

'The most remarkable change, however, which takes place in t
colour of the snow on the higher ridges of the Alps after sunset, has n

I think, been either poetized, or ever been described in prose,—and, as it was quite new to me, may possibly be so to others. While the eye is feasting on the rich tints which succeed to the bright light of day, and wishes they might last for ever, the rose colour gradually dies away, and its place is taken by a livid, dead white, resembling so fearfully that of a corpse, that I felt quite shocked as well as startled by the change,—nor have I ever met with any one whose nerves were not more or less disturbed by this painful transition from the blush of health, as it were, to the paleness of death! I have seen very wild deserts in Peru and elsewhere, and many other scenes of desolation in the world, but none which has struck me with so deep a feeling of melancholy, as the sight of Mont Blanc during the period, fortunately a brief one, in which this livid hue is spread over it. Before the shades of night finally settle over all, a very slight and scarcely perceptible return of the rose-tint is often visible on the snow—a sort of reanimation of the scene, which is most cheering and consolatory.'

Captain Hall is generally successful in sketching the prominent parts of a picture, so as to convey a striking likeness by a few strokes; though we think he sometimes goes rather too minutely into detail when he decides on giving a finish to his picture. We should say this with regard to his elaborate description of the formation, the position, and progressive descent of the Alpine glacier, which in fact is little more than—but on a magnificent scale—the formation of a sheet of icicles pendent from the eves of a tiled or slated roof, if we may be permitted—*parvis componere magna*—to make the comparison. We prefer, therefore, rambling a little further in the chapter which he calls *The Jardin*, and from which the above extract was taken; for though many have seen, and more read, of the *Mer de Glace*, which is in fact a gigantic glacier, yet few—(we know of none)—have traversed its surface to the extent with Captain Hall. In this journey over the Sea of Ice, he was accompanied by two Frenchmen and a German so far as to this *Jardin*—'a remote 'and seldom visited spot, lying far up in the very bosom of the 'eternal snow regions of the mountain.'

They found the surface of the ice quite rough, but full of enormous rents, over which it is necessary to leap with poles; heard stories of travellers falling into the abyss more than a hundred fathoms, and of course never seen more. One of these unfortunates, the guides told them, had been fished up by means of a long line with a hook at the end of it—of course, quite dead. At one spot, near the foot of the mountain precipice, was a mass of granite projecting out of the ice, 'about as big as a 'mail-coach.' One of the guides said, 'Be silent and steady, or you are lost!'—and suddenly seized the travellers, one by one, and whisked them beyond the point of danger. 'We now,'

says Captain Hall, 'begged permission to set up a shout, in 'order to bring the stone down;' the guides, however, were more prudent, not knowing to what extent things might go—'No! no! 'let the rock alone; and very thankful may we be if we shall find 'it sticking where it now is when we return here some hours 'hence.' In the summer season the heat melts and sets in motion whole acres of snow, 'as thickly marked with granite 'boulders, as a plum-pudding is with currants and raisins.'

'I took some pains to form an estimate of the size of one of these ridges of broken stones, called *Moraines* by the guides, which I found about a league, or three miles, in length, 100 feet high in the middle, and about 500 feet wide at the base. The stones composing this huge wall or mound of *debris*, varied in size from a billiard-ball to that of a small house; and some gigantic fragments were pointed out to us by the guides, which they declared they had watched for many years slowly descending into the valley of Chamouny. One of these was an immense mass, forty or fifty feet in its least dimension, which had arrived so very near the edge of the cliff over which the *mer-de-glace* pours itself like a frozen Niagara, that we half expected to see it fall over. The guides laughed at our impatience, and said it might be two or three years yet before the glacier would have advanced far enough to precipitate the rock over the edge.'

At length they reached the *Jardin*, after a march of five hours without stopping, and found it 'merely a flat space of bare rock, 'about a quarter of an acre in size, with here and there a few half-'starved grey lichens clinging to it.'—But the scenery?—that we must leave to the Captain.

'To describe such a scene is so manifestly impossible, that the attempt—unaided by any thing short of a panorama from the hand of Burford—would be impertinent. But I may mention that its peculiarity consists in the entire absence of every single thing—except the sky overhead—to which our eyes have been accustomed to look at elsewhere. There is not only not a single tree in sight, but not the smallest appearance of a shrub, nor a single blade of grass, far or near, nor even the least speck of green. Of course there are no traces of man's habitation, nor that of fowls of the air, nor of beasts of the field; not even a fly buzzes about. In short, no living things appear in this wide world of snow. There is plenty of that, however, as one of my companions remarked with a shrug which implied any thing but admiration of the desolate landscape. But notwithstanding the Frenchman's shrug, the scene possesses very great beauties in its way; for though every thing is white, the shades and even tints which it presents, like those of Wouvermans' celebrated white horse, are of boundless variety. In some directions the snow sends back so dazzling a glare, that, without reducing the pupil of the eye to a point like that of a cat looking at the sun, we can scarcely bear to face it. In other directions, not only the clefts or ravines in the ice, but even broad valleys, are cast into a depth as well

as breadth of shade which would enchant Martin the painter, and might have given him a hint for a polar palace, should it occur to his magnificent fancy to represent the court of the "ice king" of the German poets.'

Captain Hall gives us no new fact respecting the far-famed sagacity of the dogs of the Hospice of St Bernard: he bears testimony to the generous assiduity of the Prior to minister to the wants of every one who claims the hospitality of the convent; and avows that he cannot recall to mind having any where met with so much genuine attention.

'We took a sunrise walk with the Prior, accompanied by three of his principal dogs; and listened, with an interest I cannot describe, to his account of the manner in which he and his brethren, assisted by these faithful attendants, hunted among the snow for fainting passengers during the long and dreary winter. He pointed out to us many scenes of suffering and of death; some where the dogs had succeeded in carrying provisions to persons too much exhausted to walk further, but who were instantly sought for by the monks on the dogs returning with their empty baskets, and appealing for further assistance. It would appear that these noble animals enter fully into the spirit of this singular species of hunting—in which the object is to save—not to destroy; and that their natural sagacity is so sharpened by long practice and careful training, that a sort of language is established between them and their masters, by which mutual communications are made, such as few persons living in situations of less constant and severe trial can have any just conception of.'

The Captain next describes his crossing the Gemmi Pass to the baths of Leuk; and his account of what there takes place will so strongly remind the more ancient portion of our readers, of what some of them at least must have seen and probably joined in—what every day took place at Bath—that we cannot, as we think, gratify them more than by giving them an exact parallel.

'On reaching at last in safety the baths of Leuk, lying near the foot of this extraordinary mountain pass, I managed, by help of a stick on one side and a friend's arm on the other, to crawl into one of the large bath-rooms, where rather a comical sight met our eyes. The heads and shoulders of between twenty and thirty persons might be seen above the surface of a great reservoir or bath, of a square form, all the party being immersed, nearly up to the throats, in water so hot that the steam rose from it in clouds, while they seemed to be patiently undergoing the process of parboiling! The ladies and gentlemen, mixed indiscriminately together, were surrounded by children, romping and splashing through the water near their parents. Each patient, of course, wore a long robe or bathing gown, and most of them some kind of head-dress. Before them floated small tables, on which the ladies placed their work, the gentlemen their books and newspapers, the children their toys. Some of the company sipped their chocolate; others passed their time in clipping different coloured papers, and pasting them into artificial flowers;

the greater number, though merely chatting together, he enjoying themselves greatly. In short, it was like an ...ably, seated in different parts of a large drawing-room, with ...er addition of hot water as a medium of communication! ...ery extending along the four sides of the bath, sat groups of ..., friends of the invalids, who, without entering the water, ...iety to keep up the spirits of the patients, whom the pro... ...line of this strange method of cure requires to remain soak... ...t to ten hours a-day!'

Hall never dwells long on any one subject. True to ... his book, it abounds in variety. He has a happy ... passing at once

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

...t notice will be directed to scenes at once 'gay' and ...d such as are well suited to this brilliant counterpane ...rk. They represent 'Paris at Midsummer—in Winter ...Spring.' The colours are here in due keeping, and the ...e delineated with a masterly hand. We cannot therefore ...an give a very brief extract from each of these seasons. ...ith Midsummer. The Tuileries gardens, with their ...y of chairs, are said to be quite perfect in all respects ...—'open space and green grass. Indeed, throughout ...le of the pleasure-grounds of Paris, excepting only the ...of Tivoli, there is not a blade of grass to refresh the ...yield relief to the scorched soles of the feet.' And this, ...with its causes, is illustrated by the following lively ...on:—

...e been roasted under the vertical sun of Calcutta, baked in the ...d winds of Madras, and been boiled in the swampy vapours of ... but no intertropical cooking I have ever experienced comes ...he dressing one gets in the month of July in Paris. In the ...treets you are suffocated; in the wide ones you are grilled alive; ...a fly to the *Champs Elysées*, you are speedily choked with dust. ...doors your rooms become more like kilns for drying grain, than ...nts for living beings. If you shut out the light and heat, you ...for want of air; but if, in agony, you open the creaking casement ...oment, you think the "fierce blast of the Simoom" is coming in ...on. The vegetation being all withered up, the eye finds no re... ...or the rays of the sun are reflected from every object upon which ...all, and every object being white, it is impossible to look in any di... ...without being dazzled. The sky, no longer blue, is filled with a ...fiery sort of haze; while from the parched and cracked ground ...arises a visible stream of liquid heat, an optical deception caused ...lower stratum of air in contact with the burning soil becoming ..., and, in consequence, changing places with that above it, which,

in its turn, pours down to the earth to be heated and raised up to supply red-hot breath to the panting inhabitants of the capital.'

The history of the poor hackney-coach horse, at the same season of the year, 'terminating a life of misery by a death of ignominy,' is so like the fate of our own, that we may pass it over; and if summer be bad for both man and beast, let us take a peep at winter, which is said to be 'even less bearable.' Captain Hall experienced one, which, so far from being 'a good, honest, brawny, moderate degree of cold,' he found to be 'hard and dry, and so biting, merciless, and snarly, that there was no possibility of escaping its searching intensity.'

'How the wretched coachmen manage to live at all in such weather as I have seen in Paris, is to me inconceivable; for even to the inside passengers the cold becomes at times so severe, that with all the contrivances they can think of—warm furs, hot-water bottles, great-coats, boat-cloaks, and shawls, they can scarcely go from one house to another without being frozen to death,—a fate which actually befell two poor sentries, and an unfortunate donkey, one bitter night of the winter alluded to. The soldiers were found at the hour of their relief, as it is called, with their muskets shouldered, standing as stiff and erect at their post at the palace-gate, as when their corporal had planted them. The honest donkey was found standing across the path in the Boulevards at daybreak, with his tail straight on end, as rigid as a bar! In his death he retained his wonted look of patience and contentment so completely, that the people, thinking him still alive, drubbed him soundly for being in the way.'

It would be difficult to decide whether the streets of Paris are the least passable in frost, snow, or a thaw. 'The omnibuses, coaches, and cabs, floundered along with their horses' bellies at times touching the water, and flinging this sea of mud to the right and left, in the most fearful explosions; while the hapless and distracted foot-passengers had enough to do to escape being driven over, if the middle way was followed; or if they adhered to the side, and coasted along the walls, they were sure to be covered with dirt from head to foot. In addition to the misery of being thus splashed upon by the floundering cattle, the poor pedestrians were liable to get drenched to the skin by the countless and unavoidable "*jets d'eau*" from the house-tops, if they kept too close.'

Now follows the best and liveliest of the scenes which Paris produces.

'But when the merriest of merry springs bursts forth, which it does suddenly, all the world of Paris rush out of doors, and remain out so perseveringly that one might think they lived in the streets and gardens. I have often thought how copious an index is furnished to the domes-

tic misery they must suffer by being forcibly detained in-doors in winter, by contrasting it with the intense enjoyment of their out-of-doors spring. The Tuileries' Gardens, the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, and the Tivoli Gardens, are their chief places of resort. In the Palais Royal, too, along the whole circuit of the Boulevards, and in some other minor "places" or open spots, in the heart of the city, the Parisians congregate in the air, in thousands and tens of thousands. The men almost buried in piles of newspapers dimly seen through clouds of smoke from their segars, inhale each other's tobacco fumes, and interchange political prejudices with a degree of animation which, to the uninitiated, looks like quarrelling, but is merely what they call conversation. The women, clad with a degree of elegance of dress, are still further removed from the imitation of foreigners. They are generally ranged in groups under the trees, armed with their work, and thrice happy in the interchanged clatter of gossip which rings along the ground, emulating the chirping sounds of the merry birds among the leaves overhead.'

In a piece of Patchwork we must not expect to meet only with the gay and the lively, or that every part of it should be *couleur de rose;* but it is not the most agreeable thing in the world to have the eye suddenly fixed on a dark spot, that might as well have been left out, such as we find in the fifth chapter (of the second volume),—entitled, 'The Gallows and the Guillotine,'—describing, in the former, the execution of Thistlewood and his fellow-traitors before Newgate, and, in the latter, the decapitation of some unknown criminal in Paris. We shall not offend our readers with the details of these horrible and disgusting proceedings, after so many years from the period of the facts; we shall merely state that Captain Hall gives the preference to the long and humiliating exhibition which takes place in England, to the momentary process of quickly separating the head from the body, according to the practice in France. The feelings or the delicacy of Captain Hall, or both, are shocked by the quantity of blood that is shed in the latter process—blood on the scaffold—blood in the baskets—blood in the streets. We have not ourselves seen an exhibition of this nature; but we have understood from those who have recently witnessed it, that the great quantity of saw-dust prepared for the occasion, is quite sufficient to absorb the whole of the blood that is shed, which, after all, is not much.

Our author is evidently most at home amidst mountain scenery, whether primitive or volcanic—the Alps or Etna. We have seen him on the former, and we shall now follow him to the latter. Beginning at Catania—that devoted city to the destructive lava torrents from Mount Etna, whose inhabitants appear quite unconscious of their danger, though at any time an

eruption of the mountain may bury it in ruins—he decided on making a tour of the base of the mountain, before going to the top. These thoughtless Catanians are, however, so bent upon amusement, that the loudest roaring of the crater, he says, would give them no disturbance in the pursuit or enjoyment of them.

'As soon as the night set in, we were entertained—or I should say, horribly disturbed—by a series of processions, bands of music, fireworks, and above all, by the most confounded clatter of church-bells that ever cracked the ear of mortal man. These distracting noises were mingled with the sound of human voices from the thousands—I may say tens of thousands of people assembled in the streets, all talking or laughing, or bawling to one another, at the full stretch of their lungs—some in anger, more in mirth—but all in high spirits, and under a blaze of torches and other lights. Such a Babel I never met with before. Sleep, or rest of any kind, was totally out of the question!'

It is, as Captain Hall justly observes, a pleasure accompanied with melancholy to look upon this smiling and amusing scene—to see the unconscious enjoyment of the population, basking in the sunshine of the warmest fertility, not recollecting or caring to think, in the midst of their amusement, that not very long ago sixteen thousand of the inhabitants of Catania were deprived of life in one instant by the falling ruins of their own houses—stricken down by an earthquake; and still more recently the greater part of the town has been crushed to pieces under a stream of lava. Leaving Catania, the first town he reached in his progress was Aderno, a poor place. The next day brought him to Bronte—Nelson's Bronte—where an estate, as well as the title, was conferred on him; but both the town and the estate were nearly obliterated by a flood of lava in 1832. 'About twenty months 'before our visit,' says Captain Hall, 'the inhabitants of Bronte 'were thrown into the greatest terror by an eruption of Etna, in 'the flank just above them, from an opening in which a stream 'of lava came almost upon their houses. Had it not stopped 'when it did, it must have gone right over the town, and 'smashed it as easily as a broad-wheeled waggon would do an 'old woman's basket of eggs.' He thinks that, of all the towns at the base of Mount Etna, poor Bronte appeared as being the most inevitably doomed to speedy destruction—and that it now only waits for one good stream to fill the valley entirely, burying the place fifty fathoms under the surface.

But Captain Hall tells us, that 'of all the expeditions that 'may be undertaken on the sides of Mount Etna, there is none 'comparable for interest of every kind with that of the *Val de*

'*Bove*,' and that it is extraordinary it has been so little visited. Dr Buckland, it seems, was the first English geologist who examined this valley with care, and reported it to be more worthy of attention than any single spot in Sicily, or perhaps in Europe. It is a huge steep-sided circular scoop or depression, on the eastern side of Mount Etna, about five miles in diameter, and from three to five thousand feet in the height of its bounding precipices, which are in most places nearly perpendicular. The faces of this enormous natural amphitheatre are every where marked by vertical walls of lava, which intersect the strata; and these dykes usually stand out in relief, and sometimes many yards beyond the cliffs which they traverse. We should say this scooped out amphitheatre, bating its torrents of lava and its size, resembles, in its shape, the 'Devil's Punchbowl' on the Surrey Downs, but only about one-tenth of its dimensions, and the product of water instead of fire.

In the view which Captain Hall takes of these torrents of lava, he has been describing some of several miles in length, and three or four hundred feet in thickness. 'We look at them,' he says, 'as characteristic of the region where all is black and bare, without a trace or possibility of vegetation.'

'But when we observe such fierce-looking monsters traversing the gentle slopes below, topping with merciless sweep the vine and orange-clad knolls, and obliterating hundreds of acres of corn-fields, demolishing chestnut forests, careering over and utterly crushing large towns, filling up valleys, and burying hills, we feel a totally different emotion. At all events, I must own that I never, by any amount of experience, became reconciled, or even accustomed, to the sight of a lava stream—as black as pitch, smoking hot, rugged, shapeless, totally without verdure, and apparently without a chance of ever bearing a blade of grass—intruding itself amongst gardens and green fields, and ruining the graceful beauties of a southern landscape. It would not be more incongruous to tumble a cart-load of live coals into the midst of a drawing-room—upsetting and breaking to pieces the supper tables, burning up the carpets and chairs, and driving the half-suffocated company into the streets for shelter.

'Your philosopher steps in and tells us that all this is for the best, and that in due time these very streams of lava and showers of dust, the cause of so much present mischief, become the sources of a far greater fertility than existed before; and that new towns and villages, more wealthy and beautiful than their buried predecessors, will rise above them: but I could never find the stupid Sicilians much influenced by this reasoning when the growling of the volcano threatened an outbreak.'

The ascent of Etna has been so frequently made, that we shall

not here climb it again with Captain Hall; but we cannot agree with him in thinking that Mr Burford, or any one else, could paint a panorama worth looking at, by making the cone and crater the foreground, and sinking every thing within the visible horizon. We cannot imagine that any distinct view from such a point, reducing all objects, even the highest hills, to molecules, and throwing them up into the sky, and the sea where it occurs to supersede the sky, (as all views must do when taken from great elevations,) could, by possibility, make an intelligible panorama or a pleasing picture. He gives us, however, the accurate height of the cone, by two measurements taken at different times, which leaves no doubt on the subject; the one by Captain Smyth of the navy, who was so long employed in surveying in the Mediterranean—the result of his measurement gives the height 10,874 feet; the other, by Sir John Herschel, from a barometrical measurement, makes it come out 10,872½ feet above the level of the sea at Catania, making only a difference of 1½ foot. The Catanians had been led to believe it at least 13,000 feet; and so indignant are they at any attempt to curtail its dimensions, that to dispute the accuracy of the measurement by one of their own countrymen, is considered to be not only a reflexion upon him, but also on the nation; and Captain Smyth hardly escaped their anger for venturing to diminish the height of their mountain.

Captain Hall's next mountainous expedition was up Vesuvius, which had been in a state of eruption for a fortnight before he arrived at Naples; he was accompanied by the old guide, Salvatore, and was just in time to witness some red-hot balls falling to the ground from their highest ascent; the longest time, he says, was twelve seconds, from whence he concludes their projection from the crater must have been 2300 feet; but he observes, Sir William Hamilton considered the column of liquid lava to have shot up 10,000 feet. Unfortunately, he was too late on the spot to have his sanguine and inquisitive curiosity much gratified on this occasion; but his 'prince of guides' entertained him with stories of the risks he had run, and of the accidents which had happened to persons who had accompanied him—at the same time, hot stones were whizzing about at no great distance from them. One of the guide's stories is amusing enough; and with it we shall conclude our brief notices of this amusing and instructive publication.

'"A few years ago," commenced Salvatore, just after a pretty heavy shower of stones had fallen not very far within us, that is, between the cone and us, "I came up the mountain with a party of gentlemen, one

of whom insisted upon going not only round the cone, as we are now doing, but actually into the crater, although I told him that such an adventure was fraught with much more danger than the thing was worth.

'"Pooh! pooh! danger?" exclaimed this pig-headed gentleman, "what care I for danger—am I not a soldier? Why, man, I have faced the foe before now! Lead the way, I'll follow.

'"I merely remarked," continued Salvatore—who is himself as brave as steel—"that to face a human enemy, and to face an active volcano, were two very different things."

'"Are you afraid to go?" asked the gentleman. "I don't much admire it," said I; "but as I think I know how to evade the danger when it comes—having been at the work for nearly half a century—I'll go into the crater if you are determined upon the adventure. Only, I again warn you, that there is great danger to an inexperienced stranger."

'"Well! well! Come along," cried the impatient soldier, and away we went—the young man flourishing his stick like a sword, while I, the old man, only shrugged my shoulders."

'"Now, sir," said I to the gentleman, "the only plan by which we can hope to accomplish this expedition in safety, is to be perfectly steady, and to stand as cool and collected as if nothing were happening, should a shower of stones come about our ears. I hope we may have none while we are in this awkward place: but should we be so unfortunate, mind, your only chance is to stand fast and look upwards. It requires good nerves—so brace them sharp up."

'"Oh! nerves! is that all? You shall see!" So away we went," said Salvatore, "climbed the lip of the cup, descended the fearful abyss, and though half choked with the fumes, saw all we wished to see, and were actually on our return, when the mountain roared like thunder, the ground shook, a furious eruption took place, and myriads of stones were shot a thousand feet into the air."

'"Now, Signor mio," I called out, "stand your ground, and make good use of those nerves you spoke of. Look up—be steady—and you may yet escape."

'"But the facer of mortal foes quailed before those of nature; he looked up as he was bid; but when he beheld a cataract of fire falling on his head, the courage he had boasted of on the plain forsook him on the hill, and incontinently he fled. For my part," continued the energetic old man, "I was too much afraid to fly. I never saw such a shower of stones, and only wonder how we were not both demolished. As it was, my companion had not run far before he was struck down by three stones, one of which broke his leg, the others stunned him, and I had enough to do to carry him on my shoulders out of the cone. Much work we had to get him to Naples, where the hotel-keepers and the Italian doctors between them had the plucking of this precious pigeon for the next six months."'

ART. III.—*Manual of Political Ethics*. By FRANCIS LIEBER. 8vo. London, 1839.

THOUGH, assuredly, it cannot be said that there is any want of political discussion among us, we think it must be admitted that but few considerable or very successful attempts have been made to treat politics scientifically. Particular questions of civil policy and government are often discussed in an enlarged and comprehensive spirit; and extensive generalizations of political truth are undoubtedly to be found in the writings of some of our eminent statesmen and jurists; but comparatively little has been done to fix the general principles on which all questions of government and political right must be determined, or to trace particular truths, by a systematic deduction, from such principles. In most of the political controversies, indeed, that occur amongst us, we are much more prone to seek a support for our peculiar views in historical precedents and constitutional maxims, than in abstract truths. Nor is the reason of this difficult to be assigned. In political disputes, the most philosophical argument is not always the most effective. In this country, in particular, to show that a certain privilege is the birthright of *all Englishmen*, will generally have much more effect than to show that it is the birthright of *all men*. No proof that a certain institution ought to exist, will recommend it so strongly to many persons as the proof that, at some assigned period, it *did* exist; nor will any degree of intuitive or demonstrative evidence lend such weight to a political principle, as showing it to be contained in *Magna Charta* or the 'Bill of Rights' would do. That 'every man's 'house is his castle'—that 'every man has a right to be tried 'by his peers'—are propositions which no Englishman would fail to rank as elementary truths—as amongst the purest abstractions to which political philosophy could conduct us. Nor is it desirable that this reverence for constitutional maxims should, by any direct means, be diminished. But the respect felt for mere antiquity, custom, and prescription, must, whether it be desirable or not, be expected gradually to abate. The progress of intellectual cultivation and activity, is towards general truths; and, considering the extensive and powerful influence which political opinions must exercise on the happiness of mankind, too much care cannot be employed in establishing and disseminating sound generalizations. We are, therefore, well disposed to notice any work of which this is the design, even although, as in the present case, we may take considerable exceptions to the mode of prosecuting it.

When we observed that politics, as a science, had not been very extensively cultivated among us, we did not overlook the works of Bentham. These works, however, (independently of their relating more properly to jurisprudence than to politics,) hardly form an exception to our observation, in the extent in which it was meant to be offered. Though the writings of Bentham will undoubtedly operate strongly on public opinion, they are not calculated to do so directly, but only through the medium of a particular and limited class of readers. Besides that, the views of Bentham are founded upon a peculiar ethical theory, the soundness of which is by no means beyond the reach of exception, the dry and technical character of his style must always prove repulsive to the generality of readers.

If the work of Paley is assuredly free from one of the defects that are to be found in the writings of Bentham, it is not altogether exempt from the prejudice arising from the other consideration alluded to—namely, the peculiar ethical opinions of the author. We say *prejudice*, because, even granting the erroneousness of some of Paley's ethical views, both theoretical and practical, we are not aware that these at all affect his expositions of political science. Indeed, the great excellence of this part of his work has been admitted by some of the most decided opponents of his ethical doctrines. Still, we believe, the prejudice alluded to exists to a certain extent. The political part of Paley's work, too, is, in reference to the importance of the subject, of very circumscribed extent, and many political subjects of weight and interest are necessarily but slightly, if at all, touched upon. Nor had Paley, at the time he wrote, enjoyed the advantage of the momentous lessons in politics which are to be drawn from the American and French revolutions, and the consequences to which they severally gave birth. This consideration alone makes it unnecessary, in our judgment, to refer here to the works of older writers.

The work before us involves no peculiar moral theory, and is composed in a popular and easy style, and diversified with numerous historical illustrations. It is entitled a 'Manual;' but when we consider that the part already published (composing an octavo of above four hundred pages) contains but what is more strictly introductory matter, we must say that, if the temple is to bear any proportion to the portico—if the Hercules is to be estimated *ex pede*—the title has been somewhat whimsically chosen. The author, a German by birth, is at present a professor in an American university, and the present publication is a reprint from the American edition. With reference to what has been just said as to its being uncompleted, it is proper to give the following annunciation:—'The present volume forms, as may be

'conjectured from the title, a separate whole of itself, and has, for 'that reason, been called part first, and not volume first.'

That which has most struck us, on a general survey of the work—exhibiting, as it does, some sound and judicious views—is the grievous want of compactness, selection, and logical order. Whatever sort or degree of satisfaction may be found in the perusal of it, it is certainly not that satisfaction which arises from the mode of evolving truth, as distinct from the truth itself—the satisfaction produced by gradual progress and development,—by the perception of connexion and dependence of parts. Not but that there is an affectation of method—an affectation, however, which serves only to make the want of the reality more apparent, and more obnoxious to censure.

The specific object of the work is indicated in the following passage:—'Wherever the application of a principle or rule is 'required, whenever an abstract principle passes over into practi-'cal life, conscientious action is required, or it will fail to attain its 'object. No prescription or form of words, no law or institu-'tion, can serve as a substitute for this essential element of 'human action. It is therefore necessary to ascertain by what 'moral principles we ought to be guided in certain specific poli-'tical cases, and what it is that experience points out as the 'wisest course for a conscientious citizen, under the law and in 'relations established by the two former sciences. And this 'branch in particular I call political ethics.'

'The two former sciences' here alluded to, are, 'natural law,' and 'politics proper.' The object of the former, (as we are told,) is—'to show the rights which man has, according to his inherent, 'inalienable, ethical nature.' Thence we are led to the object of 'politics proper.'

'Natural law having ascertained and established that which is 'right from the nature of man, it is the subject of another science 'to ascertain the best means of securing it, both according to the 'result and conclusion of experience, and the demands of existing 'circumstances. I would call this branch *politics proper.*'

The science of political ethics thus arises out of politics proper, and that again out of the science of natural law. But it being, as we have seen, the object of natural law to show the *rights* which man possesses according to his ethical nature, or, (as it is stated a little after,) 'the rights of man derived from his nature, both 'physical and moral,' the author has thought it necessary to explain at some length wherein the ethical or moral nature of man consists; and the process by which his rights are shown to be derived from this nature. In fact, the work sets out from

this point,—proceeding from thence to the enunciation of its specific object, as above given—though, for the purpose of analysis, we have found it more convenient to reverse the process.

Of the nature and use of the ethical discussions in which Mr Lieber has deemed it necessary to engage at the outset of the work, we shall best, perhaps, convey an idea, by at once presenting them converged to the point on which they were meant to bear, (namely, the development of the principles of *natural law*,) as in the following sentences, which form the commencement of chapter *third*:—'Superior intellect, peculiarly expansive and 'refinable sympathy, freedom of will and rationality, (or self-'determination of volition,) and conscience, constitute man's 'ethic character—his moral dignity, the acknowledgment of 'which alone is sufficient to make us at once conscious of the 'great law, "Thou shalt not debase in thyself, or in any fel-'low-man, man's moral dignity;" a fundamental law, from which 'we derive, in ethics, the duties of man; in natural law, his 'rights. The very character of the ethic attributes of man, in-'volves the direct acknowledgment of the law just mentioned.'

The 'fundamental law' here laid down certainly does not seem, either in regard to pregnancy of import, or strictness of terms, to be such as needed any elaborate apparatus to pave the way for its reception. When it is stated, then, that some forty pages are employed to no other apparent end, it may well be conceived that the train of thought pursued is not of the closest or firmest texture. In fact, the author has allowed himself to be involved in the futile labour of attempting to explain what moral responsibility is, and why we are responsible. The result is what might be expected. We are just carried round a circle. That there are some actions which we perceive that we *ought*, others that we *ought not* to do, is the proposition which the author sets out with enunciating; and to the enunciation of the selfsame proposition we are brought back after running through no less a variety of topics than these, (we quote from the table of contents.)—'Thinking—Reflection—Difference of mental ac-'tion in animals and man—Experience of animals—Animals do 'not exchange labour or produce—Instinct—Combinatory action 'of the human mind, &c. &c.' This comes of attempting to define simple notions, and to prove elementary truths!

Mr Lieber having—by the process adverted to—once established 'a fundamental law, from which we derive, in ethics, 'the duties of man; in natural law, his rights'—one might have supposed he would have turned such law to some account. Apparently, however, he has, in the course of a few pages, forgot-

ten its very existence, for we find another thus propounded:—
'It appears to me that the only axiom necessary to establish
'the science of natural law is this:—"I exist as a human being,
'therefore I have a right to exist as a human being." This
'once acknowledged, the rights of men in their various relations
'as individuals, husbands or wives, fathers or mothers; as citi-
'zens, individually and collectively; in the state, to other inde-
'pendent states, and to the collective citizens within the state,
'may consistently and justly be established.'

'This once acknowledged,' indeed:—but what acknowledged? the truth of the *premiss*—that of the *conclusion*—or the validity of their connexion? Passing by, however, these exceptions to the form of the 'axiom,' let us observe that if, in bringing it forward as a rival to the 'fundamental law,' Mr Lieber has been influenced by a doubt which of the two would be the preferable foundation on which 'the rights of men in their various rela-
'tions may consistently and justly be established,' we must own we partake in his indecision. To the question, how far either the one or the other is adapted for this purpose, we might be able to give a more prompt answer. Seriously, could Mr Lieber ever have imagined, that any determinate truths, either theoretical or practical, could receive support from principles so vague and fantastic in themselves, and so capriciously shifted?

But, preposterous as we must regard the mode in which Mr Lieber has managed his argument, and inept and insignificant as are the results to which he has conducted it, we should be far from denying the worth of many of its detached portions; or even their conduciveness, under any thing like judicious combination, to the purpose he was engaged in. His views on most of the subordinate points on which he touches, are, if not often absolutely new, generally sound in themselves, and clearly stated. Had he confined himself within a narrower range, and avoided the occasional affectation of formality and abstractness in his reasoning—(in fact, unmeaningness which he has mistaken for abstractness)—had he contented himself, as he might very safely have done, with assuming some points as clear and certain, which, by attempting to prove and illustrate, he has really weakened and obscured,—he might have laid a much more secure foundation than he has actually done for his subsequent speculations. Next to disproving a doctrine, the worst thing we can do by it is, to attempt to prove it—and fail.

As a specimen how well our author can maintain a specific position, we quote the following passage:—

'Suppose, as well as you can, you had no feeling what-

... or wrong, what ... possibly prevent you ... any thing of which you are in want; and if ... in some cases you well might be, that detection ... theft itself is impossible—that the article will never ... Experience? I ask, what experience? External ... for instance, that thefts are generally discovered? ... ence may lead us to the very contrary. We may ..., and by experience have become convinced that ... number of thefts remain undiscovered and unpunished. ... but we know by experience from observing others or ... that doing wrong does not afford lasting pleasure? ... ask, what pleasure, external or internal? If external be ... assertion is unfounded for many men live a most comfortable to the end of their days, with means fraudulently ... ally acquired. If internal pleasure be meant, it is only ... expression for the pleasure or applause we feel independently of the expediency of our action, which is the very ... insist upon. Or, because we know by experience that ... will prosper upon fraud? This is unsound again. Peoples, dynasties, many successive generations, have prospered upon fraud and crime; every day's experience, as well as ... proves the fact. God has given to man a far higher ... and the order of things in creation is founded upon ... different principle than the gross one, that worldly misery ... upon wrong, and prosperity upon right, in each case. ... it would not be a moral world, if the necessary consequence of theft were the withering of the arm that committed ... the tongue that lies were stricken with palsy. On the ... it would be a non-moral world, a world of necessity, ... of freedom of action. It is unsound, it is immoral ... with the young, that by virtue they necessarily insure ... success. The truth ought early to be inculcated, ... virtue may not lead to success—that it may lead to greater ... than those who are not virtuous can feel, for the very reason ... they are not virtuous. Or, because Revelation says, Thou ... not steal? Suppose we have no feeling of right and wrong, ... which is the same, that we ought to do what is right, and ... not to do what is wrong—and it will be recollected that ... are under this supposition—what should induce us to obey ... tion, even if we had acknowledged it as such? It must ... remain an entirely extraneous matter to us. No revelation ... is addressed to non-moral beings. Or do we obey revelation merely because punishment is threatened to the disobedient in the world to come? This will not be claimed

'by any true believer, for two reasons. Fear, of itself, is no 'moral motive. The animal which does or omits certain things 'because it knows that chastisement will follow disobedience, 'does not act morally on this account. So marked is the dif-'ference between the action of the animal and man in these 'cases, that some languages, *e. g.* the German, have distinct 'words for the infliction of evil in consequence of prohibited 'action, with or without reference to the moral character of the 'punished action. But let us even waive this point. What can 'at all give birth to a belief in the punishment with which we 'are threatened for immoral actions, or the wrong we do, if we 'have not previously the notion of right and wrong, and that '*therefore* the latter *deserves* punishment, because we *ought* not to 'have done it?'

The author endeavours, in the *fifth* and *sixth* chapters of this Book, (the first,) to evince the importance of political ethics, and to defend that science against objections. There is much valuable matter in this part of the work, from which we regret that our limits will not allow us to quote. At the end of the Book, (which is entitled, 'Ethics in General, Political Ethics in Particular,') the author intimates that 'we cannot thoroughly discuss and investi-'gate the duties of the citizen, for instance, when in the opposi-'tion; his obligation as to unwise, unjust, or depraving laws; his 'rightful conduct as executive officer—in a word, all his ethic 'relations growing out of the state—without first enquiring into 'the essence of this institution; and as I cannot, without many 'reservations, subscribe to any extant political theory, I shall be 'obliged to give my own views, before I proceed to treat of 'political ethics proper.' Accordingly, his *Second* Book is entitled, 'The State.' It contains thirteen chapters, and occupies the whole of the remaining part of the volume.

From the author's custom of playing about his subject before he actually enters upon it—exhausting every preliminary and collateral topic, and branching off hither and thither to adjust every point that may chance to suggest itself—it is not till after being made to wander through three chapters, that we are brought fairly to the discussion of the question, 'What is the 'State!'—only a comparatively small part of this preparatory matter being directly subservient to the elucidation of the question, and even that not distinctly presented in such subservience.

At length, however, to the question started, the author answers—'The state is a society. What is a society? A society 'is a number of individuals, between all of whom exists the same 'relation.' Of the different relations that may exist between

man and man, one is, the 'relation of right. The society,' it is added, 'founded upon this relation, is the state.'

As the state, according to Mr L., (and there is no point he more perseveringly inculcates,) 'exists by necessity;' so the right of governing, or, as he denominates it, the sovereignty of the state, exists by necessity. The following paragraph may be taken as embodying the author's distinctive views upon the subject:—

'There is an absolute necessity of man's living with man in 'relations of right, of rules which guide his actions, of power to 'enforce these rules if not willingly obeyed, or of deciding 'where the rights of various individuals clash with each other; 'an absolute necessity of man's living in society, and of his 'being protected therein. And this absolute necessity, with the 'power necessarily flowing from it over all outward relations, we 'call sovereignty. The right, obligation, and power which human society or the state has, to do all that is necessary for the 'existence of man in society, is the true sovereign power. It is 'the basis of all derived, vested, or delegated powers—the source 'of all other political authority, itself without any source, impre-'scriptible in the nature of man. It exists by absolute necessity, 'and draws from its own self-sufficient plenitude. Since society, 'hence the state, never ceases; and since with them their neces-'sity of existence never ceases, so is the sovereign power never 'exhausted or extinct, but acts in all cases in which the derived 'or vested powers, the powers of trust, are at an end; it being 'the never-ceasing fountain and the last resort of all power, the '"*summum imperium*," the "*summa potestas nulli subjecta.*"'

Now this explanation of the nature of the state, considered with reference to the question it purports to meet, appears to us altogether confused and unsatisfactory. That question is not a comparative one, as between one species of government and another, or between one way of originating a government and another. The question is, whence the right of government at all, or in any case, is derived; and the difficulty (such as it is) in regard to this question, is precisely the same, whether we take the case of the most democratical or the most monarchical government.

That the purpose of Mr L.'s exposition of the nature of the state is such as we have now represented it, we are entitled to infer from the mode of his introducing that exposition. His question, 'What is the State' follows his definition of law, and is evidently intended to explain the authority of law; and this, not in the way of testing the rightfulness of that authority in any particular case, real or supposed, but of exhibiting the

source whence the authority is derived, in cases where it is acknowledged.

The first cause of indistinctness in Mr Lieber's exposition is, that he has nowhere determined what constitutes the society which he calls the state. If a society, as he informs us, consists of a number of individuals between whom a common relation exists, and if the relation of the members of the society called the state, is the relation of *right*, then the state must contain the whole human species at least, since the relation of right subsists between every man and every other man. On the other hand, if the society consists of any portion of the human race, Mr Lieber has failed to inform us what is the specific relation by which the members of such society are bound, as distinct from the general relation of right which binds all mankind. Nay, he takes pains to exclude every imaginable relation of a specific kind. Thus, in the following piece of mysticism :—'The state 'is aboriginal with man : it is no voluntary association, no con-'trivance of art or invention of suffering, no company of share-'holders; no machine, no work of contract by individuals who 'lived previously out of it; no necessary evil, no ill of humanity, 'which will be cured in time and by civilization; no accidental 'thing, no institution above and separate from society, no in-'strument for one or a few; the state is a form and faculty of 'mankind to lead the species towards perfection—it is the glory 'of man.'

So the state is not a *family*, (p. 151,)—not an insurance company, (p. 178.) In short, Mr Lieber seems to have been more successful in making up his mind as to what the state is not, than what it is. Judging, indeed, from the tenor of some of his expressions, we might suppose the state to have presented itself to his view, clothed in that species of mysterious attributes with which some visionary theologians have delighted to invest the church, and some as visionary politicians the kingly office—attributes of which the comprehension is not to be acquired or communicated by any ordinary process of reason or speech, but must be generated in the light and warmth of rapt contemplation.

But waving all objection to the author's mode of defining the society which constitutes the state, or rather to the want of such definition, is it, we may ask, true in point of fact, that it is by a society, in any proper sense of the term, that laws and governments have generally, or even that they have ever been formed; or is it on such ground that governments claim the right to rule, or that subjects acknowledge that right? To argue such a point

For, again, let us beg it may be observed that we are solely concerned in the explanation of a fact assumed to be such—not in settling a point of opinion when the fact really and truly exists as assumed. We are not determining whether this or that particular government can be considered as rightfully exercising its authority as such; but whether, supposing the authority to be rightful, it is derived from a society. As matter of opinion regarding the justest or most expedient mode of forming governments and laws, some may maintain that they *ought* to be formed according to the will of the community or society, and that, unless so formed, they do not possess the rightful authority. This is not Mr Lieber's meaning. He would allow that the most despotic government may have the rights of a government; but he contends,* (by a fiction as we think, or in a sense foreign to the purpose,) that such government derives its powers and rights from a society. To show, indeed, how little of a literal or pertinent sense belongs to Mr Lieber's proposition, we need merely cite his own illustration:—'The crew of a vessel are in a state of mutiny; the captain 'has been killed; an energetic man among the passengers unites 'the latter and part of the crew with himself; he seizes the mutinous sailors; there is no possibility of subduing or preventing 'them in any other way from piratical acts. He tries them with 'the assistance of his fellow-passengers, and hangs them. He is 'right; and provided he can prove every thing as stated above, 'he will be justified by any court which decides according to 'strict justice, and this alone.' Did the passenger, then, who is here supposed to quell the mutiny, acquire his right to do so from the society composed of the persons on board; or was the act of such society needed to create his right, however much some degree of consent and co-operation may have been so to supply him with the necessary power?

But we must now observe, that, as already hinted, any difficulty that exists at all as to the foundation of the right of control exercised by a government over its subjects, remains the same whether that control is exercised by a community collectively, or by any fraction of it. For though all the members of a community, except a single individual, are in favour of waging

* 'Much as we may disapprove of many acts of the Russian go-'vernment, no one can deny her to be a state.' As Mr Lieber can admit this in perfect consistency with his argument, so we might deny it in perfect consistency with ours; and we observe this with a purpose the very reverse of offering an opinion on such a point, and with the view of evincing more clearly that this is not at all the sort of question under discussion.

war against a foreign power, what right have they to subject him to a part of the charge? Is not this an interference with his natural liberty? And by what arguments can the right of any number of men, (for the question really comes to this,) to exercise such interference, be made out, that would not establish the same right—in kind if not in degree—in favour of any individual possessing the necessary power, and employing it for the common benefit? Mr Lieber's theory of a society, then, really leaves the difficulty where it was.

If we seem to have examined Mr Lieber's theory somewhat over-curiously, it is partly because the problem which it aims at resolving, is one that has attracted considerable attention among philosophical politicians; and partly because the author's speculations have seemed, both to himself and to some persons of consideration in the United States, whose opinions are quoted at the beginning of the work, to have set the matter in a new and just light. On the merits of the question itself—that, namely, as to the right of compulsion or restraint which every government assumes over its subjects—we shall take this opportunity of offering a few observations.

The individual citizen of a political state appears, at first view, to be singularly, and even unaccountably circumstanced. He may have a debt owing to him, which is notoriously withheld from motives of wilful injustice; yet, though perfectly able to exact payment by force, he is prevented from doing so. If his wife has been debauched or his son murdered, he dares not take vengeance. He is compelled to contribute to the formation of a road here, to the erection of a bridge there, though he wants neither. A judge is upheld partly at his expense, though no one can reproach him with ever injuring a neighbour, and he needs nobody's help to prevent or avenge injury to himself. He must pay for the maintenance of soldiers to fight at the other end of the globe, in a quarrel of which he does not even know the subject. And, if he complains of the hardship of all this, he meets with no sympathy. No man will allow that he suffers any wrong; or that those who exercise such power over him do any thing but what they have a right to do. The persuasion of the right of government, in short, is found to be universal, be that government exercised by one man, or any number of men. This is the fact. The question is, How is the fact to be explained; on what is the right felt to be founded?

Now, every one knows and admits what would be the consequences of the want of government—what would ensue if such powers were not exercised. Person and property would be utterly insecure—theft, violence, and murder, would universally

prevail—the most indispensable comforts, nay, the simplest necessaries of life could not be obtained, or obtained only in the most scanty and precarious manner. In a word, the human race could not subsist at all, or subsist but in insignificant numbers, and in a condition which might be well exchanged with that of the brutes. Those who exercise the power of civil government, then, do what is necessary to prevent such consequences. And do we ask whence they derive the *right* to do so? Surely a mere statement of the import of the question is sufficient to show its absurdity in the sense in which it is asked: for, let it be distinctly understood what is the object in proposing such enquiry. That object is not to ascertain the nature and origin of rights in general; this belongs to the province of the ethical writer. The Political philosopher assumes that there are certain rights existing, which, though they may admit of resolution into the general element which constitutes all right, yet are not derived from other rights, but are themselves ultimate and original, and at once admitted to be such by the common sense of mankind, without doubt or question. The enquiry regarding the right of government, (as it has been conducted by Hobbes, Filmer, Locke, and others,) supposes that this right is not of that description, but may be resolved into some other right, more elementary—one more certainly and immediately acknowledged. But do any of those explanations that have been suggested supply what is wanted? Would it not, for instance, be as reasonable to ask, whence is derived the right of a father to coerce his children, or whence is derived the right of enforcing performance of a contract, as it is to ask whence is derived the right under question—the right, namely, of saving a community from the most horrible evils, and even from entire destruction—which right, nevertheless, has been supposed to be explained by resolution into some of these? To ask, then, whence the right of government is derived, can only be a rational question when implying—what are the circumstances which render government necessary? This question is answered by a description of the consequences that would follow if there were no government. To the question whence, under such circumstances, the right of government is derived, the answer is, that the right is *un*derived, and immediate.

It is not denied by any one, we believe, that there are cases in which compulsion and restraint may be used, by virtue of rights belonging to every man originally and independently. Any one who is attacked in person or property, or beholds his neighbour so attacked, may by force repel the aggressor. Now, the truth is, that the right of government is not merely

analogous to this admitted primary right, but is truly a case of it; for every exercise of government—that is, every rightful exercise, (for nothing else is in question,)—may be resolved into a case of the mere repression of injury, or differs from the simplest and clearest case of this only in kind, and not in degree. Government compels a man to join in defence of the community from foreign aggression, and to contribute to schemes of public advantage. But is this any thing but restraining such individual from committing an injustice? Any man who refuses to bear his part in repelling an enemy of the community, or in forming a highway or other useful public work, says, in effect—I will subject all my neighbours to the harm and inconvenience which can only be avoided by combining for this object; or I will enjoy a deliverance from such harm and inconvenience at their expense, since they cannot deliver themselves without delivering me. A man who, however rigidly abstaining from positive injury to others, should act in this spirit—and every one who refused submission to government in the abstract, would be so acting—would be still committing injury only less in degree than the infliction of positive harm on others; and the right to restrain (or to compel—which, in the case, is equivalent) exists in the same manner, though not, it may be, in so high a degree, as that to restrain him from robbing or murdering. The right of a government to compel its subjects to fight in defence of the country, to contribute to the upholding of courts of justice, roads, bridges,—all these rights are precisely the same in kind, though becoming successively weaker in degree.

But still, an important difficulty will seem to be left behind. Suppose a right to govern has been established, who possesses the right? The answer is not difficult. Take the case instanced by Mr Lieber of a mutiny on board a ship, in the course of which the captain and officers have been killed—surely there is a right to quell the mutiny—but *who* has the right? Any one that can—any one that first can—any one that best can. Government is a *means* to an absolutely indispensable end. To ask who shall assume the government—who shall originate a government—is to ask *what* means shall be used: the answer is, the best and readiest means under the circumstances. Whoever, to the best of his belief, uses those means, has a *right* to use them.

Of course, there will always be a variety of opinions as to what are the best means, either in particular cases, or as a general rule in all cases. One person will prefer one form of government, or mode of instituting a government, another person another form or mode; and, as matter of individual opinion, each will hold that no other than that which he approves can be properly

reckoned a rightful government; that is, that no other has the right to exercise the powers of government. But as long as there is no general agreement among mankind on these points, so long the best government that can be got under the circumstances of any given case, or the government actually established, will be allowed to be a rightful government, and entitled to exercise the functions usually belonging to such.

But in the very nature of the case it must always hold true, that as the end to which government is a means, is an end in which the whole community has an interest—one which must be attained at the cost of all, and by the concurrence, active or passive, of the greater part,—the choice of the means, so far as practicable, naturally belongs to the community; and, so far as the collective intelligence may be presumed to exceed that of any individuals, will be best exercised by the community. In this sense, the truth of Mr Lieber's doctrine of the sovereignty of society admits of no dispute.

The right to assume or exercise the powers of government, involves the right to keep and maintain those powers as against all other persons who might seek to assume them. In other words, every government has a right to defend itself. On the other hand, as government is merely the means to an end, and as no person or number of persons have any obvious inherent right in preference to others, further than what power gives them, to choose or employ the means, it would be an absurdity to say, that because certain means have been used by certain persons at one time, no other means could be used by any other persons at another time: in other words, that a defective system of government cannot be changed. Still more absurd would it be to say this, if not only are the means inefficient, but the end reversed; *i. e.* if a government, whose right to act *at all* is merely a right to maintain justice, should maintain—not justice but injustice. In fact, the right to institute or maintain, and the right to overturn a government, arise from the same source. In either case, it is merely a right to prevent injustice, and to use the readiest practicable means for this purpose—a right existing wherever the power exists and is *bona fide* exercised: for otherwise there can no right exist. If no one can have a right to overturn a government, no one can have a right originally to establish one.

The right to maintain, and the right to subvert a government, may indeed conflict. But so may any rights, if exercised *mala fide*, or under error. The receiver of a promise has a right to exact performance—the granter has a right to prevent him from exacting more. If they differ, either because they seek to overreach one another, or have severally misapprehended or

forget the purport of the promise, their rights conflict; and if they have no umpire, they must determine the point by force. It is the same with respect to government. In all cases where we seek to determine whether a specified right exists or not, we have no other means of doing so but by considering whether the greatest good (or least evil) would arise from the right's being exercised or not exercised—that is, as it would be exercised in practice, and making every allowance for the want either of principle or knowledge in the agents. And, making allowance for both of these in the case in question, there is, in practice, sufficient checks against the abuse of the right on either hand—the right of governments to defend themselves, and of subjects to overturn them. Both of these rights must, therefore, be acknowledged to exist at once.

Returning now to our author, and passing from the substance to the mode of his exposition of the theory of the state, we cannot forbear saying, that, of all the performances of this nature it has ever been our lot to notice, this of the present author is the most extraordinary. Were we called upon to form a theory of the manner in which this part of the work has been concocted, we should say, that at several different times, and at considerable intervals, he had composed as many separate expositions of his doctrine, and had ultimately tagged all together in succession,—not, however, without some incidental intermixture of one with another. The effect, as might be supposed, would be strange enough, even if the author's views were presented in an apparently desultory and unconnected form. But, as if to make the matter absolutely ludicrous, there is a show of method, and of advancing by regular steps. Principles are stated—inferences drawn—results collected, and made the foundation on which remoter consequences are built. To give an adequate idea of the mode in which this is done, it would be necessary to quote the greater part of the fourth, fifth, and sixth books. Suffice it to say, that conclusions are sometimes mere repetitions of the premises in scarcely different words; sometimes totally unconnected with them;—an enumeration of the *results* of a process of reasoning will include principles on which the reasoning was founded, or these principles shall be fairly deduced from the results. Should we have characterized this latter process as reasoning in a circle? No such thing. There is really no reasoning in the matter. Propositions there are in a circle; and apparently Mr Lieber has supposed, that to place one proposition after another, is to make the one an inference from the other.

The remaining portion of the work we may describe as devo-

ted generally to the consideration of Government, which the author sedulously attempts to distinguish from the State, and defines as follows:—'Government is that institution or contrivance 'through which the state—that is, jural society—acts in all cases 'in which it does not act by direct operation of its sovereignty.'

In this part of the work there occur many valuable remarks, relative to the problems to be solved in constructing a government, and the comparative merits of such solutions as have been attempted; but we have still the same defects of arrangement and style, with which the author is in general so chargeable.

In enumerating the ways in which power has a tendency to enlarge itself, even without any systematic purpose on the part of those who hold it, the author well observes:—'It is a psycho-'logical truth, that all power, however lawful, being resisted, 'the first feeling in those intrusted with it, is not that of regret 'at this resistance on account of the object they had in view, 'but of offence at the opposition itself. This again is not pecu-'liar to one set of men or class of society, but without exception 'true of all. Monarchic power is not more offended at resistance 'than democratic or parental power.'—'The severity of all early 'penal laws arose from this source. The idea, the feeling was, '"You have dared to disobey my power, you have rebelled 'against my authority;" not "you have offended against society, 'acted wrong, because my authority is for the common good."' And again:—'Power imposes; power receives every where re-'spect by its own character. However illegally acquired, the 'great action of power obtains homage. The success of usurpers 'is in part founded upon this fact: the people revere power; so 'that usurpation itself becomes a new acquisition to further 'usurpation; it is the energy which manifests itself, and the ca-'pacity of action, thus proved, which overwhelms the beholder. 'This is of peculiar importance respecting the limitation of the 'executive, the depositary of this vast acting and imposing power, 'and the independence of the judiciary, which rarely has an op-'portunity to act brilliantly, like the other branches.'

Speaking of the tests or criterions by which a good government may be known, Mr Lieber justly remarks:—'Here we have 'to guard ourselves against two errors. The high intellectual or 'social activity of a part of society may be, and often has been 'obtained by a sacrifice of the most essential interests of far the 'greater majority of the people. I speak of those brilliant go-'vernments which blind the superficial observer, such as that of 'Louis XIV. They have an equally dangerous effect upon the 'hasty observer of after times, who seizes only on what is strik-'ing, and does not suspect the sacrifices which were necessary to

'produce it. A palace of a Louis XIV. is remembered, long 'after the squalid population which had to pay taxes towards it 'have been forgotten.' After remarking that, on the other hand, 'we must be careful not to take mere physical comfort and per-'sonal security as the sole end of a government, or the index of 'its excellence,' the author adds:—'Had not this erroneous po-'sition been frequently taken, it would not so often have been 'asserted, that the best government is an absolute monarchy, 'with a truly just and wise king. It is a most radical error. An 'absolute government which forces to act, and does not animate 'and fructify the principle of self-action, undermines the state by 'its very character, and exposes to the greatest danger, both by 'the death of the just and wise ruler, who cannot insure the same 'qualities in his successor, and by blinding the people, who, con-'tent with their physical welfare and perhaps the brilliant energy 'of the government, are ready to abandon all law and all insti-'tutions, placing implicit confidence in their rulers, until recovery 'is too late.'

Mr Lieber is entitled, we think, to the credit of being a very impartial writer—we do not mean as between the parties into which his own, or this or any other nation is divided, as to local or temporary questions, (for on these he never touches except in the way of incidental illustration;) but as between the two great parties in which political thinkers in all nations range themselves, according as their fears lie on the side of the despotism of the few, or the license of the many. It will already have sufficiently appeared that Mr Lieber is no patron of divine right—legitimacy—paternal sway—or any of the other pretences under which certain individuals or races have sought to assume an arbitrary irresponsible power. But he distinguishes, better than is often done, the real subject of alarm and precaution, which is not the absolute power of a king, or of nobles, or of an assembly, merely considered in reference to the party holding power, but absolute power by whomsoever held. 'Wherever all power that can be obtained, 'is undivided, unmodified, and *un-mediatized*, somewhere, whe-'ther apparently in an individual, or a body of men, or the whole 'people—which means in this case, of course, the majority—'there is absolutism. The Athenian democracy sank into abso-'lutism. Comparing democratic and monarchic absolutism, we 'shall find that the latter must needs rest its power somewhere 'without the monarch himself; for, as has been several times ob-'served, the monarch has personally no more power than the mean-'est of the crowd. He must be supported by opinion without him; 'but democratic absolutism is power itself—it is a reality—fear-

'fully sweeping power. It is real power, a torrent which nothing 'can stem. If an individual opposes monarchical absolutism, there 'is something heroic in it in the eyes of the people; if a man 'opposes democratic absolutism he is at once considered a heretic, 'a traitor to the commonweal.'

Proceeding on the views now described as to the real danger to be guarded against in political constitutions—a danger not exclusively pertaining to any particular form of government, or to be avoided by any form—the author ventures to propose a new classification, or at least an additional one, of the different species of governments. 'Provided there be absolute power, or 'absolutism, a power which dictates and executes, which is direct 'and positive, we call the polity an *autarchy*.' 'The democratic 'autarchy stands, therefore, in the same relation to a democracy 'in general, as the absolute monarchy or autocracy stands to 'monarchy in general.' '*Hamarchy*, on the other hand, is that 'polity, which has an organism, an organic life, if I may say so, 'in which a thousand distinct parts have their independent ac-'tion, yet are by the general organism united into one whole, 'into one living system.'

It is never very easy, however, to introduce new terms, and those here proposed are alike pedantic, uncouth, and unnecessary; as there are others in common use by means of which we can sufficiently express their import. To say of a government that its action is not centralized, and that its powers are divided or distributed, is to say all of it, so far as we can see, that Mr Lieber would do by calling it a hamarchy, and *vice versa*. That the terms in question are not much wanted in the management of modern political discussions, is made apparent by this, that Mr Lieber seems to have been unable to give an instance, otherwise than *in posse*, of what he would call a democratic autarchy in modern times; and we doubt if, in a large state at least, a political constitution deserving such a character could at all exist.

We may remark here, that Mr Lieber had previously objected to the expression, division of power, which he characterizes as 'per-'haps not a very happy one:' but he assigns no reason. He adds:—'The general, and certainly the most important division 'is, as is well known, into the legislative, executive, and judi-'ciary, though this is not the only one. In Brazil, there are four 'branches. The first French constitutions speak of the adminis-'trative branch, as distinguished from the executive and legisla-'tive, and meaning the administration of the communes,' &c.

In relation to this passage, we take occasion to observe, that the importance of the judicial branch is sometimes too much sunk, by

the classification which ranks it as only a branch of the Executive. True, the judges are appointed, (to take the instance of our own country,) and the machinery of our courts of justice set in motion by the crown. But it would be quite as reasonable to call the House of Lords a branch of the executive, because the peers are created by the crown, or to call the whole legislature so, because summoned by the crown. The crown can no more direct the judge in his sentence than the peer in his vote. Of the two, it would perhaps be a juster classification, which should rank the judicial under the legislative. The interpretation of a law is seldom a mere philological or critical affair; but is generally grounded more or less on considerations of the same kind (those of justice or expediency) on which the legislature has enacted it —in which respects the judiciary may be reckoned a subsidiary legislature. And, considered as a balancing or checking power, it is certainly more in opposition to the executive than to the legislative influence, that the benefit of an independent judiciary is manifested. We have said that, of the two, the judicial is more allied to the legislative than to the executive branch. But it is undervaluing the magnitude of its functions to merge it in either. It is not the mere instrument of one or both of these branches of the constitution, but, with them, a component branch of it—a branch, perhaps, which needs to be the more strengthened in proportion as a constitution is the more democratic. For, in a question between the state and a subject, there are other forces—public opinion, and its exponent, the press—which, usually to be found in a monarchical government on the side of the weaker party, are apt in a democratic one to be directed against him. The Americans seem to have acted on a wise principle, in placing the judicial, as in some respects they have done, in a position superior even to that of the legislative authority. Nor, as tending to give weight to judicial decrees, is the issue of the late struggle in this country, between the courts of law and the most popular and powerful branch of the legislature (in which the latter was virtually overcome) to be considered with regret; whatever may be the opinion formed as to the reasonableness of the decision in which the contest originated, and the necessity of a remedy for the obvious inconveniences of that decision.

The author has some ingenious remarks on the difference, as to their habits of thinking on political subjects, between the ancients and the moderns:—'The safety of the state is their principal pro-'blem; the safety of the individual is one of our greatest. No 'ancient, therefore, doubted the extent of supreme power. If the 'people had it, no one ever hesitated in allowing absolute power

'over every one, and over every thing. If it passed from the 'people to a few, or was usurped by one, they considered, in many 'cases, the acquisition of power unlawful; but never doubted its 'unlimited extent. Hence, in Greece and Rome, the apparently 'inconsistent, yet in reality perfectly natural, sudden transitions 'from entirely or partially popular governments to absolute mo-'narchies; while, with the modern European states, even in the 'most absolute monarchy, there exists a certain acknowledg-'ment of a public law, of individual rights—of the idea, that the 'state, after all, is for the protection of the individual, however 'ill conceived the means to obtain this object may be.'

In further illustration of the difference now alluded to, it is observed:—'Liberty, with the ancients, consisted materially in 'the degree of participation in government, "where all are in turn 'the ruled and the rulers."—It is, therefore, perfectly consistent 'that the ancients aim at perfect liberty in perfect equality, not 'even allowing for the difference in talent and virtue; so that they 'give the κλῆρος, the lot, as the true characteristic of democracy. 'This is striking, and has a deep meaning. They were natu-'rally and consistently led to the lot: in seeking liberty, that 'is, the highest enjoyment and manifestation of human reason 'and will, they were led to their annihilation, to the lot—that 'is, chance.'

To conclude. In all that relates to scientific deduction and arrangement, Mr Lieber must be reported singularly deficient; but in his remarks of a practical character, he exhibits both soundness and clearness of judgment, joined with much fairness of purpose. His references exhibit a wide extent of historical and political reading. With all its defects, we do not hesitate to recommend his work to the attention of the political student.

ART. IV.—*Travels in North America during the years* 1834, 1835, *and* 1836; *including a Summer Residence with the Pawnee Tribe of Indians in the remote provinces of the Missouri, and a visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands. By the* Hon. CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1839.

THIS book of travels is distinguished from the multitude of such works which in these times issue from the press, by three several peculiarities which give it an unusual interest. The author visited the island of Cuba, little resorted to by foreigners, and still less frequently described. He passed some months * among a tribe of North American Indians, joining in their occupations, and leading the life they led. He has treated of the manners and institutions of the United States with a very uncommon freedom from the prejudices either of nation or of caste; insomuch that we have seldom, if ever, seen a more fair account of republican establishments and of American society, than is to be found in this work—written by the inmate of a court, and a member of one of the noblest families in the empire.† There are other peculiarities of less importance, though they concur to make the perusal very entertaining;—among these, some most perilous situations and adventures both by sea and land.

It is seldom, indeed, that a narrower escape has been made by any traveller, than we find described in the outset of this work. Mr Murray embarked at Liverpool in an American vessel, where, beside eleven or twelve fellow-passengers in the cabin, there were in the steerage 140 or 150 Irish emigrants, whose habits at first were the subject of not unnatural complaint even among the less squeamish of the gentlefolks. Yet to these unhappy people did the vessel, beyond all doubt, owe her safety. For, a few days after she had cleared the Channel, when proceeding at a great pace, she sprang a most formidable leak, upon which the pumps

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* Mr Murray has himself to blame for our being unable to say how many months, with any certainty. He has not taken the trouble to give dates with even ordinary care. For many pages together the month is not mentioned, but only 12th, 15th, &c. Then, when he does give the month, it is often wrong. Thus, vol. i. p. 378, we have *August* 5, and then several days are given, when all at once we come to *May* 20, soon after *July* 22, and so on to 31, and next day is *September* 1. This is sad carelessness; it, however, shows that the arts of bookmaking have not been practised.

† The reader in this part of the island must derive a pleasing satisfaction from reflecting that the author is the near kinsman of one to whom Scotland owes so much—the late Lord A. Hamilton.

never could gain, though supplied with hands to the full extent of their demand. After all efforts had failed, it became necessary to throw overboard nearly a hundred ton of pig iron; and to bear away for the Azores. A dreadful gale came on, and made it hardly possible to work the pumps. Nothing but the great number of men on board could have saved the ship, which, after nine days of imminent danger, arrived at Fayal, where the leak was found to extend five or six feet, and to have been occasioned by the bad stowing of the ballast, and the sacrifice of safety to quick and cheap workmanship in the building of the bottom.

After a month's stay in the Azores to repair the vessel, during which another narrow escape was made from destruction in an excursion among the islands, the voyage was continued, and proved extremely unpleasant, from the prevalence of calms and the shortness of provisions. At length they arrived in New York, nearly three months after their departure from England; and here, properly speaking, Mr Murray's work begins. We can venture to predict, that its readers will find it abounding in interesting narrative and description, conveying a great deal of information very clearly, and giving, with great modesty, the author's remarks, which are both ingenious and conceived in an enlightened spirit. The bulk of the volumes may tend to deter superficial and lazy readers; but no one who has begun will lay them down without going through them. Our purpose, as may be inferred from the first sentence of this article, is not so much to go at large into all the parts of the work, but rather to direct the attention of our readers to those portions which treat of subjects which have rarely been brought under the notice of people in this country, or which have been discussed in a prejudiced and illiberal spirit. That Mr Murray should be free from the influence of such unworthy feelings, will appear the more meritorious when it is remembered, that a hereditary feud might well be supposed to subsist between the Americans and the grandson of Lord Dunmore, who was governor of Virginia at the beginning of the revolution, and who was the object then of unrelenting hostility on the part of the people, and of their representatives. That our author should speak the language of respect towards republican institutions, while he shows a decided, but not a blind or exaggerated preference of monarchy in this country, was perhaps more to be commended than expected in one holding a high place at court, and writing his book in a royal mansion.

Cuba is, in every respect, the most important of the West Indian islands, the largest in extent, possessing the greatest abundance and variety of fine soils, settled at the earliest period, inhabited by the greatest number of people, and having the finest capital—indeed, the most ancient city of the New World.

The population in 1827 amounted to above 700,000, of whom 311,000 were whites, 106,000 free people of colour, and 287,000 slaves; but the latter have increased considerably since that enumeration was made: and we find from Sir T. Buxton's late work, that in 1828 they amounted to 301,000, being an increase of 14,000 in one year, manifestly by the Slave Trade. It is, therefore, quite impossible that in 1830 their numbers could have been increased to 479,000, as the same author has stated; for this would suppose the traffic to have at once increased in the proportion of 90,000 to 14,000. The statements of Mr Murray, however, if they prove that in one respect there has been an exaggeration, show that in the main the accounts given by the abolitionists of the flagrant evasions of the treaty 1817 by the Spaniards, are perfectly well founded. For whereas they bound themselves to abolish the traffic in 1820, receiving from this rich, liberal, and careless nation near half a million sterling as an indemnity, or as an inducement—and whereas, had they performed their engagement, the price of slaves in Cuba must needs have risen materially—we find that it has fallen 20 or 25 per cent lower than it was when the treaty was ratified; and this, notwithstanding the demand for slaves by the great increase of cultivation. Another fact of importance is mentioned by Mr Murray while treating of this subject. The price is double in the United States; being there 900 or 1000 dollars, and in Cuba only 450 to 500. Hence the great temptation to introduce slaves clandestinely; and the neighbourhood of Texas affords great facilities for this detestable traffic;—so that if the importation into Cuba is carried on with ease, by the criminal connivance of the Spanish authorities, from Cuba the slaves can be carried to Texas, (supposing the government of Louisiana effectually to prevent their importation by the Mississippi,) and from Texas they can be easily carried into the Southern States. The number of the whites in Cuba—that of the free coloured people, who always take part against the slaves in case of rebellion—the rigour of the government—the large force maintained, amounting to 25,000 regular troops and 40,000 militia—all render the chances of insurrection very inconsiderable, and will encourage the perseverance in the traffic, without any prospect of the condign punishment being inflicted, for which Dr Johnson expressed his strong desire in his well known toast.*

The Havanna, founded in 1515, resembles one of the old

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* It was at the great seat of passive obedience and non-resistance—the University of Oxford—that this sturdy Tory gave among the doctors —'A speedy and successful rebellion of the Negroes in Jamaica.'

cities of the old world, and has the same luxurious habits and the same aristocratic society. Its population (which Mr Murray omits to give) is 120,000. But our author's tours through some parts of the country, appear to have interested him more than the gayeties of the capital. The delightful climate rendered these excursions the more agreeable; for both the air and the flowers were then of summer, though the season was January. The scenery appears to be beautiful and various; the inhabitants were exceedingly hospitable every where, and in so far presented a marked contrast to their countrymen in Europe. But the state of living seems to be more plentiful than elegant, and the number of servants to resemble rather the Oriental than the Western establishments; a hundred or a hundred and twenty being no uncommon household. But in one respect the eastern likeness fails; for Mr Murray complains of the service of the table being worse than it is in England with three or four servants. The account which he gives of the manners, occupations, and, generally, of the society in these country houses, is exceedingly favourable; and there is an easy and hearty good-nature prevailing among their inmates, which is probably unmingled with the characteristic pride of the Spanish character. The landowner in Cuba partakes of the pursuits of commerce as well as those of agriculture. Doubtless a longer residence among them, could not have failed also to disclose the darker lines impressed upon the character by the slavery on which the fabric of society is founded. Nothing short of a miracle could prevent this. We have only to recollect the dreadful fact stated by Mr Gurney, in his late interesting and important work, to be convinced of it. The great bulk of the slave importations consists of men, as the stronger and more useful labourers; and on many estates hardly a single female is to be found, (*A Winter in the West Indies*, p. 209,)*—the diabolical policy being to rely on importation rather than breeding for keeping up the stock, and thus to '*work out*' the unhappy wretches as a more profitable speculation. Whatever outside may be worn by a people thus circumstanced, we may be well assured that 'all is,' if not 'false and hollow,' at least not right or sound within.

The growth of the general prosperity of this great island is as undeniable, as the cause of it is melancholy to contemplate. The whole exports of the United States to the Spanish West Indies in 1814, amounted to three millions of dollars. In 1833, the exports to Cuba alone amounted to fifteen millions of dollars—a

* Mr Gurney was only three days in Cuba during his tour; but he saw the traffic carried on openly in the face of day, and in the teeth of treaties and laws.

vast trade, and an increase in less than twenty years much more than five-fold, perhaps six or seven-fold. Do we from hence draw any argument to discourage the efforts of those who would put down the slave trade, the great source of this rapid increase? Quite the reverse. We place the fact before their eyes, in order that they may be aware of the resistance which they have to encounter, and that they may apportion their exertions to the antagonist force which they must overcome.

Mr Murray's sojourn among the Indians for a summer, was another interesting peculiarity of his travels, to which we referred in the beginning of this article. While he was at Fort Leavenworth, the most western settlement of the United States, and situated beyond their territory upon a kind of neutral ground, a party of Pawnees arrived to join in celebrating the great American anniversary of the Fourth of July. He resolved to return with them to their own country; and having received, from the American agent with the Indians, general instructions for guiding him, he set out with four of the Chiefs, whose translated names are *Wicked-Chief, Mouth-Chief, Man-Chief,* and *Man that runs.* As the narrative of this excursion occupies nearly half of his first volume and a portion of the second, we can do little more than refer to it for a curious account of these savages, and a very entertaining detail of our author's adventures. His safety, and, as far as the nature of the association between savages and civilized men would permit, his comfort, during this expedition, were mainly derived, it should seem, from the care with which he followed Mr Dogherty's very judicious rules—'never to 'joke at any of their religious or "medicine" ceremonies, however 'absurd; never to play or become too familiar with them: to 'conciliate them as much as possible by presents, but not allow 'them to rob him; and, above all, if they tried to impose upon 'him, or to bully him out of any point where he was sure he was 'in the right, to resist firmly, and give them the idea that he 'would maintain his object without regard to his life.'—(I. 257.) The following character of the Pawnees, is the only extract which we shall make from this part of Mr Murray's work:—

'Every hour that I spent with the Indians impressed upon me the conviction, that I had taken the only method of becoming acquainted with their domestic habits, and their undisguised character. Had I judged from what I had been able to observe at Fort Leavenworth, or other frontier places where I met them, I should have known about as much of them as the generality of scribblers and their readers, and might, like them, have deceived myself and others into a belief in their 'high sense of honour,' their hospitality, their openness and love of truth, and many other qualities, which they possess, if at all, in a very moderate degree; and yet it is no wonder if such impressions have gone abroad,

because the Indian among whites, or at a garrison, trading-post, or town, is as different a man from the same Indian at home as a Turkish 'mollah' is from a French barber. Among whites, he is all dignity and repose: he is acting a part the whole time, and acts it most admirably. He manifests no surprise at the most wonderful effects of machinery, is not startled if a twenty-four pounder is fired close to him, and does not evince the slightest curiosity regarding the thousand things that are strange and new to him; whereas at home, the same Indian chatters, jokes, and laughs among his companions, frequently indulges in the most licentious conversation, and his curiosity is as unbounded and irresistible as that of any man, woman, or monkey, on earth.

'Truth and honesty (making the usual exceptions to be found in all countries) are unknown, or despised by them. A boy is taught and encouraged to steal and lie; and the only blame or disgrace ever incurred thereby, is when the offence is accompanied by detection. I never met with liars so determined, universal, or audacious. The chiefs themselves have told me repeatedly the most deliberate and gross untruths, to serve a trifling purpose, with the gravity of a chief justice: and I doubt whether Baron Munchausen himself would be more than a match for the great chief of the Pawnees. Let them not dispute the palm—each is greatest in his peculiar line—one in inventive exaggeration, the other in plain unadorned falsehood. But from all these charges I most completely exonerate my old chief, Sâ-ní-tsĕ-rish. Nature had made him a gentleman, and he remained so in spite of the corrupting examples around him.'

The candid spirit in which Mr Murray treats of every thing relating to the United States, was the third peculiarity of his work to which we adverted in the outset. To give samples of this would be difficult; for it rather appears in the general tone of his remarks than in any particular passages. We shall therefore content ourselves with extracting his account of one of the most remarkable men of the times that immediately succeeded the Revolution, Judge Marshall—one who has been distinguished among the most eminent judicial characters of our own day; and with recommending to the attention of all readers, and to the imitation of those who think lightly of a government devoted in every part to the interests of the people, Mr Murray's admirable reflections upon the importance of the labouring classes, with which we shall close this article:—

'Judge Marshall, who is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and, in fact, Lord Chancellor of the United States, is one of the most remarkable and distinguished men that has adorned the legislature of either shore of the Atlantic. He began life as a soldier, and during the American war served in the militia, where he rose to the rank of general, after which he came to the bar, and passed through all its gradations to his present high situation, which is, in my opinion, the proudest that an American can enjoy, not excepting that of President, inasmuch as it is less subject *arbitrio popularis auræ*, and as the court over which he presides can affirm and decide what is and what is not the constitution

of the United States. The Judge is a tall venerable man, about eighty years of age, his hair tied in a cue, according to olden custom, and with a countenance indicating that simplicity of mind and benignity which so eminently distinguish his character. As a judge he has no rival, his knowledge being profound, his judgment clear and just, and his quickness in apprehending either the fallacy or truth of an argument, as surprising. I had the pleasure of several long conversations with him, and was struck with admiration at the extraordinary union of modesty and power, gentleness and force, which his mind displays. What he knows he communicates without reserve: he speaks with a clearness of expression, and in a tone of simple truth, which compel conviction; and on all subjects on which his knowledge is not *certain*, or which admit of doubt or argument, he delivers his opinion with a candid diffidence, and with a deference for that of others, amounting almost to timidity; still it is a timidity which would disarm the most violent opponent, and win respect and credence from any auditor. I remember having often observed a similar characteristic attributed to the immortal Newton. The simplicity of his character is not more singular than that of his life; pride, ostentation, and hypocrisy, are "Greek to him;" and he really lives up to the letter and spirit of republicanism, while he maintains all the dignity due to his age and office.'—(I. 158.)

'In examining the structure of society in any country, it would seem natural to commence with that class which forms its basement or foundation. If such be the proper course in examining the condition of other countries, more especially must it be so in America, where the operative or labouring class is possessed of privileges and power so great, as to render it, in fact, master both of the government and of the constitution. It is this class, this broad basis of society, which strikes the traveller in America with the greatest surprise and admiration, and of which the native American may be justly proud. It is a fact no less surprising than pleasing to record, that, during two years spent in travelling through every part of the Union, I have only once been asked for alms, and that once was by a female who was very unwell, and who, although decently dressed, told me that she wanted a bit of money to buy some food.

'The labouring class are fully aware of their own power in the state, and have more than once formed themselves into associations, under the expressive but plebeian name of "Workies," which have proved extremely unmanageable in endeavouring to force an increase of wages, and in similar infractions of the privileges of other classes in the community.

'If a practical statesman was required to point out two principal *à priori* tests of the permanent prosperity of a nation, I think he could scarcely select any preferable to those here adduced: first, that every adult should be able to read and write; secondly, that every able-bodied man willing to work, should find employment at a rate of wages sufficient to ensure him the necessaries and conveniences of life. Both these propositions, allowing for the exceptions necessarily incidental to any broad political statement, may be generally affirmed in respect to the United States.'—(II. 297.)

ART. V.—1. *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules et de la France; contenant la Première Livraison des Monuments des Règnes de Saint Louis, de Philippe le Hardi, de Philippe le Bel, de Louis X., de Philippe V., et de Charles IV., depuis* 1226 *jusqu'en* 1328. Par MM. DAUNOU et NAUDET, Membres de l'Institut. Tome Vingtième. Folio. A Paris, de l'Imprimerie Royale, 1840.

2. *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens: Précédés de Considérations sur l'Histoire de France.* Par AUGUSTIN THIERRY, Membre de l'Institut. 2 tom. 8vo. A Paris, 1840.

3. *Les grandes Chroniques de France, selon que elles sont Conservées en l'Eglise de Saint Denis en France: Publiées* par M. PAULIN PARIS, de l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. 5 tom. 8vo. A Paris, 1837.

THE brilliant production of M. Thierry consists of two portions, not only quite distinct, but bearing very little relation to each other, except in their common character as illustrations of French history. The '*Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*' are portions detached from the early annals of the Franks, worked up into a semi-dramatic form. The basis of these narratives, each of which centres round some one individual, is taken almost exclusively from the venerable Chronicle of Gregory of Tours, the Froissart of the age of the Merovingian kings. The minor details, especially those relating to manners and customs, are sought by M. Thierry with great diligence in contemporary authorities. Poets and Hagiologists, Fortunatus and Saint Cæsarius, the laws of Arbogast and Widogast, and the formularies of Marculphus, are all put in requisition. Gregory furnishes the web, of which they constitute the rich embroidery. Yet upon this portion of the work, however attractive it may be, we shall not enlarge; for the promised continuation may better enable us to bring it before the English reader. And we shall on the present occasion confine ourselves to the *Considérations sur l'Histoire de France;* an essay in which M. Thierry gives a rapid but very profound review of the constitutional writers of France—writers by whom, as he says, the national annals have been constantly misapplied, for the purpose of truckling to political party. From Gregory of Tours down to Comines, French history has been considered little else than a repository of texts for political sermons. All ranks and orders (as he states) in their turn—Aristocracy and *Bourgeoisie*—Church and Law—surplice and long robe—cloth of gold and cloth of frieze—have constantly, by an appeal to the past, endeavoured to support the

justice of their claims to political power: and laboured to establish, upon historical grounds, the truth of the theories by which the scattered fragments of evidence, supporting, or supposed to support, their claims, have been grouped into systematic order. And thus has arisen a class of works almost peculiar (as he assumes) to French literature—'half pamphlet, half history; and 'in which erudition, more or less solid, more or less ingenious, 'is enlisted in the service of political passion, and in which the 'spirit of historical system is only a reflection of the spirit of 'party. And amongst us,' he continues, 'abstract and specu-'lative history, thus rendered subservient to the conflicts of 'political discussion, has, from the revival of literature until the 'present day, acquired a most undue importance—domineering 'detrimentally over researches which ought to be impartial, and 'over narrative history.'—The various historico-political theories to which M. Thierry alludes, and which he examines, criticizes, opposes, or refutes—always with much talent, often with success—constitute a living and instructive commentary upon the exertions, made by the French, to promote the study of that national history which has been so employed, or, if we agree with M. Thierry, so perverted. The existence of these party works is not doubtful. Their complexion is not to be disguised. Yet, with great submission to so high an authority, it appears to us that his tone of complaint is scarcely well founded. Surely, it is only from the practical application of the facts of history that they derive their real value. Of what use are they in the abstract?—A hoarded treasure not brought into circulation—an armoury, in which the weapons hang idly against the wall. But for the lessons which they try to teach, or the opinions which they labour to diffuse, Sismondi or Hume would be of as little importance in historical science as Amadis of Gaul or Palmerin of England.

It is the exposition, the doctrinal elucidation of the historical text, by the philosophical or political historian, which makes it tell. This value, considering history as an exercise of intellect, is as appreciable by those who are of contrary opinions to the historian, as by those who adopt them; and if a decided political tendency be, as M. Thierry laments, a violation of the laws which govern historical disquisition, no one is a more successful culprit than he. M. Thierry does not fight in ambush, and there is no reason why he should. If Boulainvilliers endeavoured to cut down the *tiers état* by wielding the glittering battle-axe of Clovis, has not Thierry completely routed him by sounding the pealing tocsin from the civic *beffroi*? M. Thierry dispels the talismanic power of the heraldic bearing

by the more powerful magic of the merchant's mark. If the advocate of aristocracy deduces the title to social sovereignty from the long-haired warriors of Germany, M. Thierry annuls the pretensions of the pedigree by opening the communal charter. Nay, he is so absorbed in the political application of his pursuits, that his spirit breaks out in his official Reports. He is now employed in the truly great work of publishing the Records of the Municipalities of France; and whilst he is covered with the dust of the archives which he is exploring, he joyfully points out the triumphs of the principles which the ancient charters involve. Let it be recollected that it is not we who quarrel with M. Thierry for this mode of expounding history. We do not think it an unfair mode of giving a substratum for his doctrines. But it is he who is at variance with himself—it is he who objects to the very source of the impulse of his successful labours. We do not say that an historian must be a politician, or that he cannot be laborious except as the expounder of a doctrine or a creed, or energetic without speaking as the organ of a particular party; but it is a great help to him if he is. It gives him a motive the more. No writer can express himself clearly unless he feels forcibly; and there is hardly any influence which will impel any one who really deserves the name of an historiographer so energetically, as the earnest desire of advocating or recommending religious or political opinions which (whether erroneously or not) he thinks it his duty to promulgate, to propagate, to proclaim. All that we can require from the historian is truth and fairness; and that he should not wilfully or perversely mistake the authorities, or corrupt the evidence, upon which his reasonings are grounded.

Furthermore, it is hardly necessary to remind the English historical reader, that M. Thierry is any thing rather than precise in supposing that the works which he designates as historie ꝛ and historical disquisitions—'moitié histoire, moitié 'pamphlet, où l'érudition, plus ou moins solide, plus ou moins 'ingénieuse, est mise en quelque sorte au service d'une passion 'politique,'—are at all peculiar to France. For, amongst us, if we try to recollect the names of any historical writers who are in anywise worth recollecting—whether for industry or capacity—we can hardly name any of a different description. Tyrrell and Brady, Carte and Oldmixon, Hume and Smollett, Burnett and Collier, have produced nothing but pamphlets in M. Thierry's sense of the word. All have compelled their erudition to put on a party uniform—High Church or Low Church, Whig or Tory. Prynne with his ears, and Prynne without his ears, was a pamphleteer according to the definition of M. Thierry. Selden was a pamphleteer, neither worse nor better. Of our own times we

will not speak. All that we can concede to M. Thierry is, that the writers of this class began earlier in France, and perhaps form a more continuous and effective series than our own.

Hottoman is placed by Thierry at the head of his political array. This writer, a Silesian by descent, his grandfather having entered the French service under Louis XI., undertakes in his *Franco-Gallia* (1574) to prove, that the fundamental laws of France establish an elective monarchy, conjoined, or rather subordinate to, the States-general of the Realm. He assumes that the Franks were the deliverers of the Gauls from the Roman yoke of bondage. Fused into one nation, the Franco-Gallic commonwealth is founded upon the sovereignty of the two races, united into one people. Of the king-deposing power, Hottoman finds a sufficient number of examples in the annals of the two first dynasties. The fact becomes a right. The dry and legal deductions which he makes from particular precedents, must have been more convincing to many minds than any argument upon general principles. And it is hardly too much to say, that there is no one dictum which we term constitutional, whose germ may not be found in this now forgotten treatise; which, so late as the reign of Queen Anne, was considered even here as a powerful vindication of the principles upon which our Revolution was founded.

Hottoman, a banished man, and during the full fury of the League, could give full scope to such soul-stirring topics. A calmer era ensued, and in which the prevailing feeling was still the attempt to preserve the national honour, by veiling the antagonism of the two races, amongst whom power was so unequally divided. Adrian de Valois (1646) tranquilly transforms into Bourbons the kings of the Merovingian dynasty—embracing the comforting hypothesis that the Franks were Gauls, returning home after their migrations: and their conquest, therefore, is a kindly government, and not the source of dependence and servitude. In bold defiance of all history, this theory became popular, nor need we wonder—no food is too gross for vanity, whether national or individual. A tribe of *savants* and *demi-savants*, of whom the one class may be represented by Chantereau le Fevre (1668) and the jesuit Laçaray, (1677,) and perhaps Mezeray, and the other by Audigier, (1667,) all adopted the same theory; but the last-named writer carried it to the utmost verge of extravagance—Goths and Vandals, Burgundians and Heruli, are all own brothers to the Celtic Gauls, all of one blood and lineage. These Celtic reveries bear the closest analogy to the patriotic dreams of the Hibernians, whether native or adopted, from the M.R.I.A., who gives you the Milesian version of the speech in Plautus, down to the 'news-writer' in Felix Farley's

Journal; who, when Thamas Kouli Khan begins to make a noise in the world, proves that he is a boy from county Tipperary, one Thomas O'Callaghan.

The modern Germans were roused by this bold attempt to deprive the ancient Teutonic race of its supremacy; but, as usual, they reasoned by appealing to their imagination for facts, and by substituting one theory for another. Leibnitz was their champion; but it was reserved for Freret, (1714,) then merely 'élevé en titre de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres,' to demonstrate the fallacy of the advocates of the Gauls in his first dissertation, never followed by a second. Some of the positions in his essay excited the jealousy of the government. It is difficult to discover what was the precise cause of the offence; but it seems that the Germans had incorporated in their disquisitions certain invectives against the supposed pageant of an universal monarchy; and Freret's agreement in his results with them, may have been deemed a breach of his allegiance due to the 'Grand Monarque.' As far as questions so obscure are capable of demonstration, Freret proved that the Franks were a league of the German tribes of the Netherlands, probably the Sicambrians of Cæsar. The reading of the paper excited great discussions in the Academy des Inscriptions. A *lettre de cachet* transferred the young historian to pursue his studies in the Bastile; and, when released from his seclusion, he sought refuge in the safer territories of Greece, Asia Minor, and Assyria; and France was left to other hands.

The depression of the nation in the last years of the reign of Louis XIV., had created an obscure and yet earnest desire for the means of imparting new vigour to the body politic. Many began to deem that the traditions of the past would give lessons for the future. Fénélon, 'believing equally in the 'natural rights of man, and in the power of history,' (1689,) had wished to restore the States-general to their constitutional power. For this renovation, Conventions of Notables were to be the preliminary, as a transition from the past to the existing circumstances of the monarchy. Fénélon therefore planned, for the instruction of the Duke of Burgundy, what may be termed a general constitutional survey of the *French Empire:* we use this term advisedly with respect to the dominions united under the *ancien régime.* In 1695, circulars were addressed to the Intendants, requiring them to transmit reports or *mémoires* upon the ancient policy and forms of government of the provinces united to the crown. These *mémoires* are now in manuscript in the royal library. It is said that the *rédacteurs* have in general slurred over the evidence of the institutions which limited the power of the crown; but, judging from the abstracts which are published, and

the extracts which we have seen, they seem, nevertheless, to contain important particulars of the practice of the constitutions (however impaired) of the *Pays d'états;* besides many archæological and statistical facts, of which it is probable that, in many cases, no other details are preserved. They provoked discussion and enquiry; but none of the learned of the age answered to the call; and the pen was taken up by an heraldic antiquary, a man of marriages and descents, of crests and quarterings, but who had studied hard, and was gifted with great clearness of intellect, the Count de Boulainvilliers. He began (1727) by an abridgement, or rather compression, of the *mémoires* of the intendants, accompanied by several historical treatises. This was followed or accompanied by his celebrated 'Histoire de l'Ancien Gouvernement de la France,' planned, as he informs us in his preface, to form a general introduction to the *mémoires* of the intendants—a history, not of wars and battles, but of the political destinies of the monarchy. Boulainvilliers is singularly neat and methodical as an historical analyst; and he was also a diligent and a conscientious enquirer. In his manner, there is a species of military frankness and *disinvoltura* which place his productions amongst the most lively and interesting of their class. He has all the good and pleasant qualities of an *ancien gentilhomme;* but then he is a *gentilhomme* every way, an aristocrat to the very marrow of his bones. The internal sentiment of this writer was grounded upon the American principle of the utter impossibility of communicating equal rights to different races;—a thing no more to be thought of than making horses charge on two legs, or dragoons gallop on four. 'Depuis la conquête, les Français originaires ont été les véritables 'nobles, et les seuls capables de l'être.' The Franks, or the real 'noblesse,' are his *whites:* all the rest, the ennobled, the 'tiers 'état,' the 'roturiers,' are his *coloured men,* transmitting the stain, the 'lick of the tar brush,' from generation to generation, from ever to ever. According to his views, the ruin of the ancient constitution was effected by the attacks made upon the nobility in front and in rear—by the enfranchisement of the commons and the usurpation of the crown.

'Deux grands événements arrivés dans la monarchie ont amené la ruine graduelle de cet ordre de choses. Le premier fut l'affranchissement des serfs ou gens de main-morte, dont toute la France était peuplée, tant dans les villes que dans les campagnes, et qui étaient, ou les Gaulois d'origine assujettis par la conquête, ou les malheureux que différents accidents avaient réduits en servitude. Le second fut le progrès par lequel ces serfs s'élevèrent, contre tout droit, à la condition de leurs anciens maîtres. Depuis six cents ans, les roturiers esclaves, d'abord affranchis, puis anoblis par les rois, ont usurpé les emplois et les dignités de l'état,

tandis que la noblesse, héritière des priviléges de la conquête, les perdait un à un et allait se dégradant de siècle en siècle.

'Tous les rois de la troisième race ont voulu son abaissement, et travaillé, comme sur un plan formé d'avance à la ruine des lois primitives et de l'ancienne constitution de l'état; ce fut pour eux une idée commune d'anéantir les grands seigneurs, de subjuguer la nation, de rendre leur autorité absolue et le gouvernement despotique. Philippe-Auguste commença la destruction de la police des fiefs et des droits originels du baronnage; Philippe-le-Bel poursuivit ce projet par la ruse et par la violence; Louis XI. l'avança près de son terme. Leur postérité est parvenue au but qu'ils s'étaient proposé; mais pour l'atteindre pleinement, l'administration du Cardinal de Richelieu et le règne de Louis XIV ont plus fait, en un demi-siècle, que toutes les entreprises des rois antérieurs n'avaient pu faire en douze cents ans." *

In spite of his doctrine of the unalienable prerogatives of the descendants of the first conquerors, Boulainvilliers wrote under a strong parliamentary feeling. He admired and venerated the system which calls each rank and order to co-operate in the government of the state. He never condescends to praise England; still it is evident that the example of England was always before him. Much of his stern theoretic disdain of the *tiers-état* is humanized when he beholds them in their place in the States-general of the realm; and, like the many honest intolerants who draw logical conclusions from moral premises, but in whom the right reasoning of the head is happily set wrong by the inconsistency of the heart, he would have shrunk from the realization of his own syllogisms. What he most fully yields to, is the dislike which he entertains to the jurists. Between them and the old noblesse there existed, to the last, a bitter feud. It is the strong grasp of order and reason, which has always rendered the ascendency of the law so distrustful to the proud nobility and the prouder rabble.

Boulainvilliers was perhaps the first who clearly made known the antagonism of the two races; and, as an historical analysis, his positions must always remain unshaken; but he failed morally, as all do who push a theory to extremes. The tone gave more offence than the matter; and the *tiers-état* soon found an energetic champion for their liberties. This was the Abbé Dubos,† the son of a tradesman of Beauvais, a worthy burgess and *échevin* of the town; and whose talents, with perhaps as small a portion of court intrigue as was compatible

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* *Histoire de l'Ancien Gouvernement de la France, etc.*, t. i. p. 291., t. iii. p. 135.

† *Histoire Critique de l'Etablissement de la Monarchie Française dans les Gaules*, (1734.)

with any species of advancement, had raised him to the very honourable situation of perpetual secretary of the Academy. With few writers has Fame dealt more unfairly. For forty years and more, Dubos enjoyed the most commanding reputation; and now, who quotes his name? Probably there is no one of our readers who has *not* read Montesquieu, or one who *has* read Dubos; and whoever is in this predicament, considers the latter as nothing but a superficial visionary. But the work of Dubos, the production of a practical diplomatist, keen, subtle, and deeply learned, is the development of palpable fallacy, incorporated by him with an immutable historical truth. First, as to the fallacy, it lies in the supposition, that the first settlement effected by the Franks in Gaul, was the result of a voluntary alliance with the Roman or Romanized inhabitants, treating upon equal terms, and rejoicing in each other's aid and friendship.

'L'époque de l'établissement des Francs sur les bords du Rhin est celle du premier et du principal traité d'alliance entre ce peuple et les Romains. Dès lors les deux nations furent unies par une amitié constante, à peu près de la même manière que la France et la Suisse, depuis le règne de Louis XI. Les Romains ne déclarèrent jamais la guerre à toute la nation des Francs, et la masse de celle-ci prit souvent les armes en faveur de l'empire contre celle de ses propres tribus qui violait la paix jurée. Il était de l'interêt des Romains d'être constamment alliés des Francs, parce que ces derniers mettaient la frontière de l'empire à couvert de l'invasion des autres Barbares; c'est pour cela qu'à Rome on comblait d'honneurs et de dignités les chefs de la nation Franque. Les anciens traités d'alliance furent renouvelés au commencement du cinquième siècle par Stilicon, au nom de l'empereur Honorius, vers 450, par Aétius, au nom de Valentinien III., et vers 490, par Aegidius, pour les Gallo-Romains, alors séparés de l'Italie, à cause de leur aversion contre la tyrannie de Ricimer. Childéric, roi des Francs, reçut de l'empereur Anthémius le titre et l'autorité de maître de la milice des Gaules; son fils Clovis obtint la même faveur après son avénement, et il cumula cette dignité Romaine avec le titre de roi de sa nation. En l'année 509, il fut fait consul par l'empereur Anastase, et cette nouvelle dignité lui donna dans les affaires civiles le même pouvoir qu'il avait déjà dans les affaires de la guerre; il devint empereur de fait pour les Gaulois, protecteur et chef de tous les citoyens Romains établis dans la Gaule, lieutenant et soldat de l'empire contre les Goths et les Burgondes. Vers l'année 540, ses deux fils Childebert et Clotaire, et Théodebert, son petit-fils, obtinrent, par une cession authentique de l'empereur Justinien, la pleine souveraineté de toutes les Gaules.'—(Thierry, *Considérations*, t. i. 86, 87.)

The proof of the theory from which he deduces the primitive equality of the noblesse and the tiers-état, occupies what Montesquieu calls 'trois mortels volumes.' But with all their length, they are any thing rather than tedious—exhibiting, as they do, a remarkable combination of literary and forensic talent; for in fact the Abbé's work is a *plaidoyer* on behalf of his clients, executed

with profound erudition. As an argument, the book fails from its too manifest art: to use the colloquial phrase, it is *overdone*. Dubos destroys the dignity of his truths by their dexterous combination with delusions. He gains the victory without producing conviction; you know you are beat, but you do not know whether it is by strength or by stratagem: you are entrapped into admissions by a hint, and after staggering you on some collateral point by a quotation which is just short of the mark, he overwhelms you by another which is nothing to the purpose. All this is parodied admirably, though not quite fairly, by Montesquieu, in the passage in which he engages to prove, by reasoning *à la Dubos*, that Persia never was conquered by the Greeks: — 'D'abord je parlerais des traités 'que quelques unes de leurs villes firent avec les Perses: 'je parlerais des Grecs qui furent à la solde des Perses, 'comme les Francs furent à la solde des Romains. Que si 'Alexandre entra dans le pays des Perses, assiégea, prit, et 'détruisit la ville de Tyr, c'était une affaire particulière comme 'celle de Syagrius. Mais voyez comment le pontife des Juifs 'vient au-devant de lui: écoutez l'oracle de Jupiter Ammon: 'ressouvenez-vous comment il avait été prédit à Gordium: 'voyez comment toutes les villes courent, pour ainsi dire, au-'devant de lui, comment les satrapes et les grands arrivent en 'foule. Il s'habille à la manière des Perses; c'est la robe con-'sulaire de Clovis. Darius ne lui offrit-il pas la moitié de son 'royaume? Darius n'est-il pas assassiné comme un tyran? La 'mère et la femme de Darius ne pleurent-elles pas la mort d'Alex-'andre? Quinte-Curce, Arrien, Plutarque, étaient-ils contem-'porains d'Alexandre? L'imprimerie ne nous a-t-elle pas donné 'des lumières qui manquaient à ces auteurs? Voilà l'Histoire 'de *l'Etablissement de la Monarchie Française dans les Gaules*.' * But with all his mistakes and sophisms, or rather in spite of them, Dubos dispelled, and for ever, the thick clouds which concealed the true form of medieval history; whilst Montesquieu, floating on the surface of historical enquiry, has scarcely left a page which really advances historical knowledge. Dubos discovered the great truth of the continuance of the Roman people, the Roman institutions, all the identity of ancient Roman society, subsisting among the barbarians and beneath their domination; and surviving until the departing empire became the basis of the medieval states;—a truth which, since developed with greater force and clearness by Savigny, Guizot, and Thierry, and by some in our own country,

* Montesquieu, *Esprit des Lois*, v. 77, 78.

has become the cardinal doctrine in the investigation of modern history. Whatever works may have been since produced, no one who wishes to study the history of France, can dispense either with Boulainvilliers or with Dubos. In the latter there is a peculiar cleverness in bringing out the characteristics of nations, particularly the barbarian tribes. This is not done by minute particulars of manners and customs, or by striking descriptions; for he was singularly unimaginative. This is amusingly shown in one of his similes. He compares the rapidity with which the compilers of French history passed over the dull annals of the early Merovingians, to the traveller, who, obliged to cross the Alps for the purpose of going to Milan, hastens to get out of so disagreeable a country as Switzerland, in order to enter the sooner into the plains of Lombardy. Such, perhaps, was the then general tendency of feeling in France. There was no sense of the picturesque either in eye or mind. But this deficiency was compensated in Dubos by the keen active spirit which led him to a closer investigation of the political relations of the people. And in these enquiries he is, except when his main delusion of the alliance comes in the way, uniformly successful.

The popular study in France of the classical writers, principally at second-hand, which dates from Fénélon and Rollin, gradually induced a placid tendency to philosophic republicanism. The stern ferocity, in particular, of the Romans, was invested with a dramatic dignity. All repulsive features were softened down into the Utopian harmony of a social system, equally disregardful of the real nature of man, and of the influence by which that nature is corrected, and founded entirely upon private morals and public virtue. Mably * may be considered both as the disciple of the ideas which brought on the Revolution, and as its precursor. 'Liberty and equality' is virtually his motto. His republicanism is drawn from an ideal and fanciful representation of the ancient republics. Mably was, in every respect, a flimsy writer. His chilling manner gives him a false appearance of sobriety of thought. He sometimes seems luminous, because he has not knowledge enough to perplex him. As an historian, he follows the lead of Montesquieu, in seeking for the origin of medieval policy in the forests of Germany. His prominent passage—his portrait of Charlemagne—is as true as that of the Emperor in the romance. The Charlemagne of Mably—Charlemagne, patriot, philosopher, legislator—Charlemagne renouncing absolute power, so fatal to sovereigns—Charlemagne, recognizing the imprescriptible rights

* *Observations sur l'Histoire de France*, 1765.

of man, which had been suffered to drop into oblivion—comes as close to the Charlemagne of Eginhard as the *Santa Corona* of Ariosto, and the Charlemagne who died at Ronceavalles.

But the romance of the *Trouveur* in the age of chivalry, and the theory of the *Litérateur* in the age of philosophy, were both instruments destined to possess the most powerful, the most effective, the most practical and creative energy—so strange and unaccountable is the machinery employed to move the human mind. The legends of the Twelve Peers passed into the public law of the French monarchy. The sentence of felony and forefaulter was pronounced upon King John by the shades of Roland and Oliver. Chivalry was nothing more than an embodying of romance—the adoption, in the real action of life, of the exaltation of an ideal state of society. Mably's dreams of an universal representation of the Gauls in the *Champ de Mai*, were embodied in the National Assembly, and prepared the way for the three glorious days of July and the Charter.

'Le Charlemagne de l'Abbé de Mably est, de même que celui du comte de Boulainvilliers, le restaurateur des assemblées nationales; mais, en outre, il a des vertus que le publiciste gentilhomme ne s'était pas avisé de lui prêter; c'est un philosophe ami du peuple. "Quelque humilié que fût *le peuple* depuis l'établissement des seigneuries et d'une noblesse héréditaire, il en connaissait les droits imprescriptibles, et avait pour lui cette compassion mêlée de respect avec laquelle les hommes ordinaires voient un prince fugitif et dépouillé de ses états. Il fut assez heureux pour que les grands consentissent à laisser entrer le peuple dans le Champ de Mars, qui par là redevint véritablement l'assemblée de la nation.....Il fut réglé que chaque comté députerait au Champ de Mars douze représentans choisis dans la classe des rachimbourgs, ou, à leur défaut, parmi *les citoyens les plus notables de la cité*, et que les avoués des églises, qui n'étaient alors des *hommes du peuple*, les accompagneraient." Ce portrait du premier empereur Franc, et cette interprétation de quelques articles de ses capitulaires sont de grandes extravagances, et pourtant j'ai à peine le courage de les qualifier ainsi. Il y eut de la puissance morale dans ces rêves d'une représentation universelle des habitans de la Gaule, aux assemblées du Champ de Mai, et d'un roi s'inclinant, au huitième siècle, devant la souveraineté du peuple. *Ils infusèrent au tiers-état cet orgueil politique, cette conviction de ses droits à une part du gouvernement, qui jusque là n'avaient apparu que chez la noblesse. C^n étaient de singulières illusions; mais ces chimères historiques ont contribué à préparer l'ordre social qui règne de nos jours, et à nous faire devenir ce que nous sommes.*'—(Thierry, *Considérations*, i. 111, 112.)

Upon the production of the Conte de Buat,* M. Thierry passes rather a hard judgment, calling it a work 'sans méthode, sans

* *Origines de l'Anciens Gouvernements de la France, de l'Allemagne, et de l'Italie*, 1757.

'chronologie, sans intelligence des textes.' But it is an attempt, and by no means an unsuccessful one, to systematize the public law of the Carlovingian empire; and Buat employs this law with clearness and ability in explaining the legislation of later periods.

Very important, in the study of French constitutional literature, are the Prefaces of De Bréquigny to the great collection of the royal *Ordonnances*, the statutes at large of the French monarchy, (1763-90.) In his 'Mémoire sur les Communes,' De Bréquigny first distinguished some of the real elements of the ancient municipal liberties of France—the Roman municipality enjoying its immemorial rights;—and the commune winning its franchise from a lord and master. There were other elements which Bréquigny did not estimate; but he had discovered the true method of analysis. Almost unconscious himself, however, of the application and value of this discovery, it was quite unappreciated by the public: it fell dead for the time; and though he possessed admirable tact as an historical critic, he was incapable of combining his knowledge into any general view or system.

The qualities in which De Bréquigny was deficient, were partially found in an individual who, devoted to the study of the most repulsive and formidable relics of a barbarian age, endeavoured, by the scientific examination and apposition of original sources, to discover the primitive laws of the French monarchy. This task was attempted in the work entitled the 'Théorie des Lois Politiques de la Monarchie Française,' printed in 1790,* but not published till 1801. Strange to say, the author of this really profound and erudite publication was a young lady, Mademoiselle de la Lézardière. Beginning at an early age, she pursued her studies in retirement, in spite of all obstacles and difficulties, of which not the least arose from her own family, who seem to have considered her as labouring under a species of monomania, or partial insanity. La Lézardière was a thorough enthusiast for Teutonic liberty. Perfectly honest, working always upon authentic originals, her work is grounded only upon such texts as she thought fit to select; and this remarkable production demonstrates how easily half truths delude the enquirer into whole falsities. The plan of her work is well described by M. Thierry, in a passage which we transcribe, not merely with reference to the present subject, but because we shall have occasion, by and by, to refer to the very important remark with which the extract concludes.

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* Some of the title-pages bear date 1792. The work is of extreme rarity.

'Dans cet ouvrage, dont le plan, à ce qu'on présume, fut suggéré par Bréquigny, tout semble subordonné à l'idée de faire un livre où les textes originaux parlent pour l'auteur, et qui soit, en quelque sorte, la voix des monuments eux-mêmes: intention louable, mais sujette à de grands mécomptes, et qui donna lieu ici au mode le plus étrange de composition littéraire. Chaque volume est divisé en trois sections, qui doivent être lues, non pas successivement, mais collatéralement et qui se répondent article par article. La première appelée *discours*, expose, sous une forme dogmatique, l'esprit de chaque époque et les lois que l'auteur y a découvertes ou cru découvrir; la seconde, appelée *sommaire des preuves*, rapporte ces lois réelles ou prétendues à leurs sources, c'est à dire, aux documents législatifs et historiques; la troisième contient, sous le nom de *preuves*, des fragments de textes Latins accompagnés d'une version Française. L'auteur et ses savants amis croyaient à la vertu d'un pareil cadre pour exclure toute hypothèse et n'admettre rien que de vrai; mais c'était de leur part une illusion. *Le pur témoignage des monuments historiques ne peut sortir que de ces monuments pris dans leur ensemble et dans leur intégrité; dès qu'il y a choix et coupure, c'est l'homme qui parle, et des textes compilés disent, avant tout, ce que e compilateur a voulu dire.*'—(Thierry, *Considérations*, &c., i. 131, 132.)

Mdlle. de la Lézardière's theory exhibits her heroes, the Franks, embracing the Gauls, and admitting them at once into the full enjoyment of political privileges—conferring civil rights, but depriving them of property—giving the conquered equal voice and vote in the *Champ de Mai*, but making them pay all the taxes, and lose all their lands.

In her views of the subject, every vestige of Roman policy is absorbed; Gauls and Franks have become equal participators in the old franchises of the Teutonic race, as delineated in the political romance of Tacitus. So completely has the constitution become Teutonized, that from Clovis to Charles le Chauve, it sustains no change. Its apparent variations are only the oscillations of a mixed government, in which prince and people divide the rights of war and peace, the legislative and judicial functions, and all the other powers of sovereignty. The portions most successful, are those delineating the organization of the Frankish government—how the great Placita were held—the mode of enacting laws—the declarations of royal rights—the form of popular sanction. In these and similar sections, the work is an archæological encyclopædia, and which will greatly facilitate the labours of any subsequent enquirer. The complicated policy of the Imperial government under the Lower Empire, is also a passage peculiarly well treated; but, throughout, the pompous dogmatism of this learned damsel is at once amusing and insufferable. It is in the historical disquisitions that she most fails. The suppression of the work prevented its doctrine from obtaining any influence; but it is a memorable token of the prevailing

historical opinions, and marks the channel into which public opinion had forced the history of France, at the moment when its constitution was about to receive a new existence.

'Séquestré, par prudence, durant la terreur et les troubles de la révolution, l'ouvrage promis depuis tant d'années ne vit le jour qu'en 1801, au milieu d'un monde nouveau, bien loin de l'époque et des hommes pour lesquels il avait été composé. S'il eût paru dans son temps, peut-être aurait-il partagé l'opinion et fait secte à côté du système de Mably; peut-être, comme plus complet, plus profond, et en apparence plus près des sources, aurait-il gagné le suffrage des esprits les plus sérieux. Au fond, malgré les différences qui séparent ces deux théories, leur élément intime est le même; c'est le divorce avec la tradition Romaine; il était dans le livre de Mably, il est dans celui de Madll. de Lézardière, plus fortement marqué, surtout motivé plus savamment. Telle était l'ornière où le courant de l'opinion publique avait fait entrer de force l'histoire de France, ornière qui se creusait de plus en plus. On s'attachait à un fantôme de constitution Germanique; on repudiait tout contact avec les véritables racines de notre civilisation moderne; et cela, au moment même où l'inspiration d'une grande assemblée, investie par le vœu national d'une mission pareille à celle des anciens législateurs, allait reproduire dans le droit civil de la France, dans son système de divisions territoriales, dans son administration tout entière, la puissante unité du gouvernement Romain.

'L'heure marquée arriva pour cette révolution, terme actuel, si non définitif, du grand mouvement de renaissance sociale qui commence au douzième siècle. Après cent soixante-quinze ans d'interruption, les états généraux furent convoqués pour le 5 mai 1789. L'opinion de la majorité nationale demandait, pour le tiers-état, une représentation double, et cette question traitée en sens divers, du point de vue de l'histoire et de celui du droit, donna lieu à de grandes controverses. Elle fut tranchée par un homme dont les idées fortes et neuves eurent plus d'une fois le privilége de fixer les esprits et de devenir la loi de tous parmi les incertitudes sans nombre d'un renouvellement complet de la société. *Qu'est-ce que le tiers-etat? Tout. Qu'a-t-il été jusqu'à présent dans l'ordre politique? Rien. Que demande-t-il? A être quelque chose:* tels furent les termes énergiquement concis dans lesquels l'abbé Sièyes formula ce premier problème de la révolution Française.'—(*Considérations*, i. 140, 142.)

In the remainder of his essay, professing, as it does, to trace the course of historical enquiry from the Revolution to the present time, M. Thierry becomes so completely what he deprecates—a political pamphleteer—that we shall not attempt to follow him in his enquiries. His work is very curious as a commentary upon the present spirit of parties; but we must leave these topics to others, for the purpose of examining a subject to which he repeatedly alludes, and as repeatedly glances off—namely, the

course taken in France for the promotion of historical science, by the publication of the sources from whence it is derived.

The collection of historical materials in France dates from afar. It was an old labour of love in the French nation; for such, in fact, according to the fashion of the times, are the 'Grandes 'Chroniques de la France, selon qu'elles sont Conservées en 'l'Eglise de Saint Denis;'—a book which, hitherto amongst the rarest and dearest of the black letter, is now reproduced by the care of M. Paulin Paris. With respect to this edition, we view it as a literary sign of the times—that is to say, of the zeal now prevailing in France for promoting historical literature: and we have only room to observe that it exhibits great care and little ostentation; but it would have been more satisfactory if M. Paulin Paris had given a more definite notice of the manuscripts upon which it is formed. It should seem that a manuscript, now in the Royal Library, and executed for Charles V., had been frequently 'consulted;' but we are in the dark as to the formation of the text now exhibited. This mode of editing is not satisfactory in any case; and least of all with respect to a work which has passed through many a *rifacciamento*. It may not be unimportant to mention that there is a noble volume, containing a large portion of the 'Chronique de Saint Denis,' in a repository where its existence could never be anticipated—the office of the town-clerk in the Guildhall of the city of London;* and it might yet be worth while if M. Paulin Paris were to consult it before he completes his edition, of which we have only received as far as the fifth volume.

That there was, in the earlier periods of the French monarchy, any strict and formal appropriation of the abbey of St Denis as a repository for the preservation of the national chronicles, cannot be asserted; but the monastery did gradually acquire this character. The annals of high emprise grew up, and took their 'form 'and pressure' beneath the glorious shadow of the *oriflamme*. Here the wise Abbot Suger (who died in 1151) composed his biography of Louis le Gros. Somewhat later, Rigord, a monk of St Denis, really held the office of historiographer-royal, perhaps the earliest appointment of this nature in medieval Europe. This is a definite example, and it speaks much: without doubt, there were many others holding the same office at other

* This repository also contains a most curious inedited account of the Coronation of Henry VI. at Notre-Dame, addressed by the Prevôt des Marchands and Echevins of Paris to their good compeers and fellow-subjects the Mayor and Aldermen of London. It should be added as an appendix to Monstrelet.

periods. His chronicles, when completed, were placed in the archives of the abbey. Such writings, when deposited in the monastic libraries, acquired the generic name of the Chronicles of St Denis, and are not to be confounded with the 'Grandes 'Chroniques;' or the one work in the vernacular *Romance* language into which they were melted down. So much were they respected that they were vouched as a legal authority, nor indeed always undeservedly; for the historians of the Abbey examined the parties upon oath, before they inserted the information in their Chronicles. It was thus that 'Frère Jean Chartier, Chautre 'de Saint Denis en France, et Chroniqueur de France,' historiographer-royal to Charles VII., took the depositions of the pilgrims who brought the intelligence of the capture of Belgrade, and the rout of the unbelievers.*

These chronicles were also abundantly vouched for truths and

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* The passage is highly curious, as displaying the strict judicial character of these examinations.—'Ceste conqueste ainsi rapportée, *pour estre mise ès croniques, fut affirmée sur les saincts Evangiles, et sur le vœu de prestrise,* par venerables et ecclesiastiques personnes Messire Jean Valete, Prestre, Messire Patrice Tourvalle ou Tournalle, aussi Prestre, et André Valete, homme pur laic, tous trois estans du Diocese de Dimblaim en Achaye, et fut blessé le susdit Chevalier Blanc d'une lance très-griefement en la derniere bataille, tant que nécessité le contraignit de se retirer en la cité d'Auguste sus-mentionée, en laquelle il alla de vie à trespas. Pareillement fut fort blessé le Turc, lequel se retira en la ville de Constantinople, où il fut très-fort malade durant certain temps. *Or les dessus-nommez estans interrogez de moy chroniqueur (après le serment que dit est) comment ils sçavoient les choses sus-mentionées estre vrayes; ils deposèrent* qu'ils avoient esté présens, et assisté personnellement en toutes ces batailles, estans en armes à combattre; mais que pour les grands perils de mort où ils avoient esté, ils s'estoient vouez à la visite de Sainct Denys, et à plusieurs autres pelerinages qu'ils avoient intention de faire et accomplir avant que jamais ils retournassent en leur pays.'—(*Histoire de Charles VII.*, *p.* 23.)—The delicate question of the character of Agnes Sorel, was with equal care investigated by Chartier before he would absolve her in his Chronicle. 'Ce fut une commune renomonée que le Roi la maintenoit en concubinage—car *aujourd'hui* (right! an *aujourd'hui* as long as this world will last) le peuple est plus enclin à penser et dire mal que bien. Ce que fait, que je, Chroniqueur dessus-nommé, désirant escrire le vray, n'en suis bien deuement informé, pour sans fiction descouvrir et savoir la vérité et conduite du cas. Or j'ay trouvé tant par le recit de Chevaliers, Escuyers et Conseillers, comme par le rapport d'autres de divers estats *examinez par serment comme à mon office appent*, afin d'oster et lever l'abus du peuple,' &c.: and he then proceeds to state all the facts and inferences by which the Dame de Beauté was to be justified.

fictions by the metrical writers of French history, and not less so by the pure romancers: with them the language is that of the songster of *Fierabras*:—

> 'A Saint Denis en France fut le roule trouvez
> Plus de cent cinquante anz a y esté celez.'

Yet it is curious enough that, in the first source of these fictions, an opposite course is pursued; and the veracious Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, professes to have compiled his work for the satisfaction of the Dean of Aix-la-Chapelle, who could *not* find enough concerning the deeds of his Emperor in the repository of St Denis. This, by the way, is a remarkable proof of the novelty of the romantic legends of Charlemagne when they were first promulgated; and a testimony of their absence at that period in any work having any pretensions to authenticity. But when, in the fourteenth century, the age of real chivalry had disappeared—if indeed it ever existed—the force of the fictions of Charlemagne became irresistible. A history which rejected them could not appear with any chance of success, and therefore a considerable portion of Turpin's is incorporated in the third revision of the Chronicles of St Denis, or that executed under Philip of Valois. This section of the 'Chroniques' has been annotated by M. Paulin Paris with much diligence; and he has furnished strong arguments in favour of the theory that the '*détestable légende*,' as he terms it with much ire, is of Spanish origin.

We must not, however, condemn these compilers, or censure their credulity. Scepticism, or critical accuracy, on their part, would have been at that period an injury, and not a benefit to historical literature. Imagination is often a useful guide to the intellect; and we judge the medieval writers by a false standard when we test them by the rules which history requires, in an age when, in addition to the functions of the historian as a moral teacher, we expect that he should unravel the problems offered by the advance of society. The popularity of the fictions of the Carlovingian cycle, which were circulated in the vernacular tongue, excited an appetite for real history; and to this reaction, to which the effect produced by the romances of Walter Scott furnishes not an unapt parallel, we owe the French 'Chroniques de Saint Denis,' properly or emphatically so called. The monks were right in using Turpin. Had it not been for Turpin, the book would never have been written on fine vellum, and illuminated with gold and ultramarine, to make it fit to put before the king—it never would have been asked for. The Chronicles of St Denis may be traced through four revisions. The successive *redacteurs* increased the book at their pleasure; and by their diligence, about the reign of Charles V., it assumed the autho-

ritative form by which the compilation was rendered the most favourite volume of its class and kind. What Baker's 'Chronicle' was to the English squire in the days of Queen Anne, the 'Chroniques de Saint Denis' became in the days of Henri Quatre—the great book lying on the table in the sunny oriel, spelled over by the young, and speculated upon by the old—the authority by which they swore. As it now appears, it is composed of translations and selections, not unskilfully nor negligently executed, from Aimoinus, Fredegarius, and many anonymous chroniclers, for the earlier periods; Suger, Rigord, and Nangis for the later, constitute its basis. These are intermixed with copious extracts from the legends of Dagobert, and, above all, of Charlemagne—legends which had been consecrated by general consent, and ministering to national feeling.

There was much, without doubt, in the wide-extended popularity of the 'Chroniques de Saint Denis,' which prepared the way for the political adaptation of French history. An investigation of the influence exercised by the popular notions which it diffused, especially with respect to the power of deposing the sovereign, and most markedly in the era of the League, would be an interesting enquiry. But in another aspect we may now consider these monastic productions as the precursors of those labours, which have enabled the French to attain so high and commanding a station in historical literature. It may easily be imagined that we are alluding to the works of the Benedictines, and principally to the members of the congregation of St Maur; who devoted themselves with unequalled energy to the cultivation of historical studies—following the spirit, though perhaps not the letter of the rule imposed by their legislator, the great monastic patriarch of the west.

This illustrious community was one of the results of the reaction amongst the Romanists in the seventeenth century, which Ranke has so well explained. Partaking of the general disorders of the Western Church, and which were much increased in France by the civil wars, the Benedictine order had greatly degenerated. A 'reform,' begun in the abbey of St Vannes at Verdun, had so much contributed to the restoration of piety in the monasteries by which it was received, that the French clergy, when assembled in the States-general in 1614, recommended the diffusion of the same discipline throughout the kingdom. Lorraine, though still continuing one of the churches of the Gauls, was politically independent of France. This severance did not prevent many of the French abbeys from voluntarily adopting the reform; but it was thought more expedient to erect a 'Congregation' independent of Lorraine, a measure effected by the concurrence of Royal and Papal authority—Louis XIII. by his letters patent (1618,) and

Gregory XV. by his bull (1621,) having authorized the establishment of the community. During the 'wars of religion,' many monasteries had been profaned and entirely ruined by the Huguenots: others existed only in name, the monks living dispersedly, and appropriating to their own private use the wasted resources of the monastery. The material or bodily restoration of the convents was accompanied by a restoration of the ancient discipline. But the vigorous literary spirit which henceforward formed the distinguishing characteristic of the congregation of St Maur, was due to Dom Tarisse, promoted to the office of General in 1630. Thoroughly convinced of the evils resulting from the sloth and ignorance into which the order had fallen, he rendered the monastic organization of the houses of his order, united as they were in provinces, the basis of a well-digested course of instruction. They became virtually colleges of an university. Theology was paramount; yet attracting to theological studies all those branches of human knowledge by which they could be best illustrated or diffused.

These studies were not pursued without opposition. The course of authorship, like that of true love, never runs smooth. De Rancé, the abbot of La Trappe, viewed the application of talent to profane or secular learning, as a violation of the simplicity of the gospel. He was answered by Mabillon, in his celebrated work *De Studiis Monasticis*. One reason assigned by De Rancé was the assumption of the principle, that contemplation and prayer should be the chief duties of a monk; upon which Fleury observes, when the monk is shut up in his cell with nothing to do, what security have you that he will read a good book and pray: he may, for aught you can tell, gape and go to sleep.—But the best refutation of the narrow, though sincere opinion of the Trappist, is found equally in the personal character of Mabillon and his brethren, and in the works, which, if De Rancé could, he would have crushed in the very germ. If there be any aspect under which the mind can possibly tolerate the vows of celibacy, it is that which monachism assumed amongst the fathers of St Maur. All that was good in the spirit of a literary academy, they possessed; but without its *tracasseries* and jealousies. With them, literature was not a homage to the intellect of man, but a work of obedience to God. The Benedictine did not employ his years in the patient deciphering of the manuscript, for the purpose of gratifying his own taste. He courted not the applause of society, won by the epigrammatic contrast between the grave pursuits of the *savant*, and the gay brilliancy of the *salon*. Nor did he model his volume in anxious waiting upon the public appetite, whose demand was to repay his invaluable toil. In

elf-will, in place of vanity, in place of love of gain, he,

the monk, found his impulse in the single and simple motive of employing his talent for the service of the Master by whom every good gift is bestowed. Raised up as teachers; freely dispensing the treasure freely bestowed; offering the fruits of their knowledge as a sacrifice upon the altar; fully impressed by the deepfelt importance of their stations—not given by man, and which man could not take away—performing works whose accepted worth could not be depreciated by criticism, nor enhanced by praise; they proceeded steadily and cheerfully in labours which, even humanly speaking, can never be ripened into harvest until the hand which sowed the seed is mouldering in the grave. And herein was found an enduring antidote to the evils which poison literary pursuits;—to the anxiety, the fretfulness, the envy, the anger, so often dooming the literary enquirer to vexation, sorrow, despair.

It was from the vast collections of the Benedictines that the French historical school drew their materials. M. Thierry says, and truly, that the works of solid erudition published during the reign of Louis XIV., are nearly equal to the æsthetic glories of his age. But more than mere materials was furnished by the Benedictines. They were something better than antiquaries. The inward spirit which invigorated and directed their labours, imparted a tone of gravity and sobriety, which extended itself to the whole class of literature, of which their works formed a part. When the *Académie des Inscriptions* was in a nascent state, much of the tone of the Benedictines entered into a permanent combination with it. And hence arose the acumen, the general accuracy, the good sense, and the sound critical character of the French historical school, which in these attributes yet leaves them unrivalled in continental Europe.

The study of the Fathers of the Church by the Benedictines, became the inducement to enter the fields of oriental lore and classical antiquity. Ecclesiastical history soon drew on civil history; or rather the Benedictines viewed both in their true light, as concurrent developments of the progress of the human race. Of the *patristic* labours of the 'Congregation,' and which perhaps constitute, after all, their chiefest pride, this is not the place to speak; neither can we notice their works on palæography; but we must briefly mention their contributions to French history, whether as collectors of materials or as original writers. In their latter capacity, however, the text is generally subordinate to the original instruments and authorities introduced or appended, and upon which it is usually a species of perpetual digest or commentary. The enormous miscellaneous collections—the *ouvrages de longue haleine*, as the French call them, of the Benedictines—and by which so large a proportion of the productions of the middle

ages were poured out at once upon the world—as if the monk had rushed from the library with as many manuscripts as he could carry away—may be best characterized, as to their contents, by negatives. Vernacular poetry, excepting when directly connected with historical subjects, is rigidly excluded. Equally so are the sciences—astrology, medicine, alchemy, and mathematics. But the whole range of miscellaneous literature was harvested by the Benedictines. Of such collections, the *Spicilegium* of Dom Lucas D'Achery, published in thirteen volumes quarto, (1655—1677,) was amongst the earliest. To the several volumes are added able dissertatory prefaces; which were injudiciously abridged in an otherwise improved subsequent edition. It may be noticed that in the wide sweep taken by D'Achery, he has included some curious documents relating to England; amongst others, the *modus tenendi Parliamentarium*, which, though apocryphal, forms nevertheless a remarkable passage in our constitutional history.

The *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, in nine volumes folio, by Mabillon, contains, in its biographies, materials as well for the ecclesiastical as for the civil history of every state in communion with the Western Church, during the period which it embraces; viz. from the sixth to the eleventh century. The apparatus to this inestimable work, and more particularly the prefaces, are distinguished by the most clear and searching critical knowledge. The *Analecta*, also published by Mabillon, are principally, though not exclusively, devoted to theology and ecclesiastical history. They are the choice selection, the cream of his portfolio. This work he took up as a light employment after a dangerous illness; and, as all things are light or heavy by comparison, the good father found a very pleasant recreation in the verses of Angelbert and Helduin, and the epistles of Chrodogang and Theodwulf. From Martene and Durand, whose names are united in a sort of antiquarian firm, we have (1717) the *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum*, in nine volumes folio, and the *Veterum Scriptorum et Monumentorum historicorum, dogmaticorum, et moralium Amplissima Collectio*, and most truly deserving its name, in nine volumes folio, (1724,) and valuable no less for the judgment than the diligence of the collectors. Many of the works contained in these collections are large chronicles; amongst others, Ralph Coggeshall, a most valuable authority for the reign of our John Lackland. But in these labours the Benedictines were not without many worthy rivals; amongst whom may be principally noticed the Jesuit Labbé, (1657,) and the lawyer Stephen Baluze. From the first, the literary public obtained the *Nova Bibliotheca Manuscriptorum*, principally, though not exclusively, devoted to the

history of Berri, Limoges, Maine, and Anjou. The work, also, is of importance to the English historian; for, besides much information concerning the Plantagenets, the collection contains the history of the monastery of Selby in Yorkshire, which appears to be almost unknown to our English antiquaries. The book has become exceedingly rare, and we beg leave to suggest a reprint of the Selby history to the energetic Director and Treasurer of that very useful and active association, the Camden Society. The *Miscellanea* of Baluze, in seven volumes octavo, (1678,) are, as the title promises, discursive; and Italian affairs hold a conspicuous place in the collection; in which also, for the first time, appeared the very important treatise of Lactantius, *De Mortibus Persecutorum*, from a unique manuscript in the Colbertine Collection, and which had been in a manner lost since the days of St Jerome.

Amongst the original works of the Benedictines, we may notice the *Annales Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, by Mabillon, the necessary accompaniment of the *Acta;* and the *Gallia Christiana*, (as yet unfinished,) are prominent for their weighty and accurate erudition. The *Art de Vérifier les Dates*, begun by Dom Maur d'Antin, Dom Durand, and Dom Clemencet, (1750,) in one volume quarto, and expanded into three folios by Dom Clement, though more ample with respect to France and the great fiefs of the French crown, concerns, in fact, the whole of the civilized states of the world, and is the very corner-stone of historical enquiry. The most important, however, of all the gifts we owe to Benedictine learning and diligence, is the great *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules*. The work, in its present shape, having been planned and partly executed by the venerable Dom Martin Bouquet, it is usually quoted by his name, though he lived only to complete the first eight volumes, published 1738-1752. The scheme, however, had originated, and the collections begun, long before the appearance of the first volume. The first *Corpus* of the original sources of French history, was produced by Pierre Pithou, not less eminent as a great and practical lawyer than as a man of letters. His collection formed two volumes, (1588-96.) The texts of Pithou are not always correct; but we must remember that he had to encounter all the difficulties of the explorer of an untravelled country, a seeker of ruins in a wilderness; and although all the writers whom he has published are repeated in the subsequent collections, yet the work possesses much interest and critical value. Marquard Freherus, a name so honoured as one of the hard-headed and strong-armed literary pioneers of Germany, followed Pithou by his *Corpus Historiæ Franciæ veteris et sinceræ*, (1613,) of which a large proportion, how-

ever, belongs as much to the history of the Empire as to France properly so called.

These publications, however, are of little moment when compared with the results, imperfect as they were left, of the zeal and erudition of the two 'Quercetani,' the Duchesnes. Andrew, the father, had collected, according to a plan which he set forth in 1633, the materials for twenty-four folios, of which he gives the intended particulars. The first fourteen volumes were to contain the general historians of the monarchy, and the remaining ten those of the provinces and great fiefs of the crown; a division useful, perhaps, as a matter of convenience, but null as to principle, and contributing to deepen one of the *ruts*, the *ornières*, as M. Thierry would say, which have tended to conduct the major part of the historians of France out of the right path of enquiry as to the real character of the States-general and the constitution of the French monarchy. For the only true mode of investigating the progress of the monarchy of the Capets, is to consider it a federative empire, composed of distinct states, over which the sovereign had a very unequal authority — varying from feudal dependence to nominal supremacy; but which, by a slow course of events and cautious policy, were ultimately compressed rather than amalgamated into one kingdom. Napoleon, whose wonderful penetration supplied the place of book knowledge, seized the truth at once, when he said that France, under the old government, was 'plutôt une réunion de vingt 'royaumes qu'un seul êtat;' but he did not follow up the truth by confessing that political union was not national union, and that his title of 'Empereur des Français' was as much a misnomer as if the title of 'Queen of the English' were to be assumed by the sovereign of our insular and colonial empire. Of the first part of the collections of Duchesne, five folios, under the title of *Historiæ Francorum Scriptores Coætanei*, have appeared, (1638, 1649,) the concluding volumes having been completed by his son. In the second series, Duchesne, fortunately for us, began with Normandy; his well-known volume, the *Historiæ Normannorum Scriptores Antiqui*, (1619,) being indispensable to the students of English history. The Duchesnes have given neither notes nor prolegomena. Many very competent judges are of opinion that this is the best mode of treating hitherto unedited materials, and that they should appear with the simplicity of an *editio princeps;* or, at furthest, with an indication of the manuscripts employed, and of the emendations or various readings adopted or selected by the editor. Economy of time affords a great motive in favour of such a mode of proceeding, which may counterbalance, and in our opinion sufficiently, some of the obvious arguments which can be adduced against it.

Such were the endeavours which had been made, when Colbert, in 1676, formed the design of absorbing the materials published, or proposed for publication, by Duchesne, in one grand collection, to contain all the sources of French history. Du Cange, who was one of the literary council of the minister, quarrelled with his associates, as professed antiquaries generally do—the more dull the employment, the brighter is it illuminated by the flame of discord. No progress was made, and these dissensions, followed by the death of Colbert, threw the scheme into abeyance. The plan was resumed by Le Teillier, archbishop of Rheims. Mabillon refused to undertake the work. He considered the history of his own order as having the first claim upon his exertions. Another pause ensued, and no effectual progress was made until the great Chancellor D'Aguesseau directed the resumption of an undertaking which he justly considered due to the glory of the French name. D'Aguesseau delighted in constitutional literature, and the conferences of the learned men whom he had selected to assist him, of whom Pere le Long, author of the *Bibliotheque Historique de France*, was the chief, were held under him as president. The death of Le Long again interrupted the work, when, upon the recommendation of Dom Denis de Sainte Marthe, then superior of the Congregation of St Maur, Dom Bouquet was appointed to the task, which he pursued with unremitting zeal until his death.

The corporate organization of the Congregation enabled them without difficulty to find qualified successors. The Chancellor Lamoignon and the President Malesherbes, emulating the example of D'Aguesseau, continued to encourage the compilers by their kindness, and to assist them by their patronage; and Malesherbes presided at the meetings held during the progress of the work. Haudiguier, Poirier, Housseau, and Precieux, produced vols. ix.–xi., (1757-1767); Dom Clement and his associate, Dom Brial, the two next, xii. xiii., (1781-1786); and the xivth was announced when the great storm burst forth which annihilated the monarchy. Dom Brial, expelled from his monastery, was able to preserve his materials. He had been compelled to lay aside the black garment of his order; the tyranny of revolutionary liberty relieved him from the observances of St Benedict, but no leave or license granted by man could remove the restraint of his vows from the mind. Continuing his tranquil labours, the reign of terror caused him no alarm. In the midst of crowded Paris he lived in an atmosphere of solitude. Yet, though unnoticed, he was not unknown; and in 1796 the Institute determined to continue the *Recueil*, and Dom Bouquet was invited to resume his task. In 1805, he was aggregated to the Institute. The monk, the uncompromising monk, the last depositary of the traditions of his order,

took his seat amongst the *savans* of the Revolution, as the connecting link between two eras; separated but by a small while if you look at the calendar, but by ages of moral and intellectual catastrophes. Yet, with all this disparity between the monk and his associates, there was nothing quaint or repulsive about Dom Brial; as his days were lengthened, so was more respect rendered to him; and when at length increasing infirmities prevented him from giving regular attendance at the *Séances* of the Academy, they adopted the singular and unprecedented resolution, that he should always be considered as present in the Assembly. Dom Brial died on the 24th May 1828, being then just ninety-five years of age, having completed vols. xiv.-xviii., (1806-1822); he had begun to work upon the xixth, which was finished by MM. Naudet and Daunou, 1833; and these gentlemen have just brought out the xxth volume, being, in fact, the first of a new series, intended to include the reigns from St Louis to Charles IV. The latter volumes of the *Recueil* are historical monuments themselves, indicating in their very title-pages the accelerated rapidity of the march of history —the eagle of Napoleon succeeded by the *fleur-de-lys*—and the honoured shield of ancient France, giving way in turn to the heraldic anomaly of the crowned charter.

Six volumes more will, it is calculated, complete the work, by bringing it to the reign of Louis XII.; and for which it is believed a period of twenty years will be required.

The statement of the bulk of the work will sufficiently show the treasure of materials which it contains; and they have been elaborated with the greatest care. It is almost superfluous to observe that the best manuscripts have been consulted, and the printed texts, often very defective, restored by careful and critical collation. Dissertations explanatory of curious points of policy, manners, laws, and history, are prefixed to the several volumes. Notices and notes, critical and grammatical, are added, together with chronological abstracts—giving a clear summary of the facts and matters connecting the statements of the different sources into one current or tabular narrative. Excellent historical, geographical, verbal, and glossarial indices complete the volumes, explaining and rendering the contents accessible, and leaving in these respects nothing to be desired.

Great, however, as the merit and value of this collection is, its utility as a body of historical evidence is exceedingly diminished by the mistaken plan of arrangement which its editors have pursued; and upon which we shall treat at length, in consequence of its importance to the general study of historical literature; for most truly does it exemplify the observation of M. Thierry, *Le pur temoignage des monumens historiques ne peut sortir que*

de ces monumens pris dans leur ensemble et dans leur integrité. The plan was not adopted without much consideration; but it is now all but universally considered to be a failure, and will, we trust, never find a follower. The great historical collectors before and since Dom Bouquet—such as Duchesne, Pistorius, Menkenius, Meibomius, Struvius, Leibnitz, Reuber, Freher, Bongarsius, Muratori, Lindenbrog, Langebeck, Petz, Pertz, Oeffelius, in short, all exeept Dom Bouquet, have adopted the simple and natural plan of publishing the texts of their authors as they found them—giving each writer a place as nearly as possible in chronological order, according either to the era when he flourished, or the period to which his work relates, perhaps also classing those belonging to different regions or provinces—thus forming one consecutive series, through which the enquirer works his way. In so doing, he will certainly not pursue the path without care and labour. It is well known that the ancient chronicler frequently copies or *conveys* from other authors. Many do the like: But, as Sterne (who borrowed the simile from Old Burton) says, 'It's only pouring out of one bottle into another.' It must be admitted, however, that in some cases the medieval chroniclers do more than merely appropriate the liquor; they spare themselves even the trouble of decanting, and bring the bottle itself into their own bin. Some of them are verbose and declamatory, committing the same sins in bad Latin which parliamentary orators do in good English. Some, especially the writers of the 'Biographies of the Saints,' tell very strange stories, and broach very alarming and uncouth opinions. Others make manifest and open mistakes. And, lastly, a great many of these chronicles extend over a long succession of years. And to those who wish to attain knowledge by a *rail-road*, (a royal road is now out of the question,) and to perform the operation of making books with the smallest extent of head and hand work—to make the greatest show of quotations, and to have the information placed within their reach all ready cut and dry—it is most convenient to have the matter of each period strained, clarified, and brought together in a volume. The convenience of such an arrangement is obvious. The repetitions and prolixities of the chroniclers, often occasion much waste of time to those who have to pore over their pages. To select the information requires judgment; and there is much labour in consulting tome after tome—often of enormous size. Therefore Dom Bouquet and his successors adopted the plan of endeavouring to concentrate their materials, by expunging all supposed irrelevant matter; and then dividing such matter into eras or periods, according to the scheme which he describes (though not completely) in the preface to his first volume:—

'Nous *coupons* nos chroniques: nous prenons d'abord tout ce 'qui regarde la première race; ensuite ce qui concerne la seconde. 'Pour ce qui est de la troisième, nous fixerons des époques 'auxquelles nous couperons les chroniques: par example, depuis 'Hugues Capet jusqu' à la fin du règne de Louis VII, c'est à 'dire, depuis l'an 987 jusqu' en 1180. . . . Il serait inutile 'de nous objecter que les chroniques ainsi découpées, perdent 'beaucoup de leur force: *on ne cherche dans les chroniques que 'les faits*; et le plus souvent ces faits n'ont aucune connexion 'les uns avec les autres. D'ailleurs nous sommes souvent obligés 'de retrancher de ces chroniques bien des choses qui nous sont 'étrangères: *si* on peut en retrancher, on peut aussi diviser.'

Never were the various powers of the great peacemaker better exemplified than in this passage. The whole argument is grounded upon the assumption which the *si* involves, that the premises have been granted; for the proposition that nothing but *acts* are sought for in the Chronicles, could only emanate from those who had formed an erroneous opinion concerning the nature of historical documents, and the mode of conducting the investigations of history. Thus pursued, the collection of historical materials loses its integrity, and becomes, whatever may be its bulk, not a judicious selection of authorities—for an editor must always *select* his muniments—but a mere collection of quotations. Whenever Bouquet and his continuators have been able to carry out his plan to its full and desired extent, a process is performed, which, if it could be ascertained that the departed retain any affection for their literary productions—any sympathy for the sufferings of the progeny of the brain—would furnish a new chapter in the calamities of authors. All matter which the editor considers as fabulous or irrelevant, or which has been told any where else, is struck out: sometimes a book is expunged, sometimes a chapter—sometimes a section—sometimes a paragraph—sometimes a line—sometimes a few words. The text, or rather its shreds so castigated, is then dissected into larger or smaller portions, or excerpts, which are arranged chronologically according to the periods or eras to which they belong; so that the reader has to hunt after the fragments through three or four volumes, and in some instances, (*e. g.* the Chronicle of St Denis,) nearly through the whole collection. Well, therefore, has Sismondi remarked, in a passage which is of so much importance in forming a right judgment upon this subject, that we shall transcribe it entire:—

'Malgré tous les défauts de la narration du moine Ordericus Vitalis, son extrême prolixité, son désordre, ses continuels retours en arrière, et son goût pour le merveilleux le plus absurde, nous ne nous séparons pas

sans regrets d'un écrivain qui nous initioit dans tous les prejujés et toutes les passions populaires de son époque, et qui, à propos de ce que nous ne désirions point savoir, nous aprenoit souvent ce que nous aurions cherché partout ailleurs en vain. L'auteur declare que, parvenu à l'âge de soixante-sept ans, et fatigué par la vieillesse et par les infirmités, il désire finir une histoire qui ne lui présente plus d'altrait, au milieu des calamités dont l'Europe est affligée. De longs extraits d'Orderic Vitalis ont été imprimés dans le tome xii. des *Historiens de France*, et dans les précédens; mais ils ont été morcelés, d'après le malheureux système adopté pour cette collection, de manière à *rendre impossible de compendre le plan de cet auteur, de le lire avec intérêt, ou de juger de la croyance qu'il mérite.* Il est bien fâcheux que les savans laborieux qui ont formé ce recueil national, mettent si souvent celui qui vent juger par soi même, dans la nécessité de recourir aux originaux *qu'ils devaient reproduire, et qu'ils n'ont fait qu'extraire.*—(SISMONDI, *Hist. de Fran.*, v. 258.)

Such is the opinion of a most competent judge, when speaking incidentally of the *Recueil;* and were he called upon to pass a direct judgment, we have good grounds for asserting that he would pronounce a more decided condemnation of the plan. And no one who has practically worked upon the *Recueil des Historiens*, not as a mere book of reference, but in regular study, can avoid agreeing with Sismondi, in entirely disapproving a plan which has arisen from the thorough misconception of the duty belonging to an editor, as a reporter and examiner of historical evidence, for the use of the historical student or the historical enquirer. Think but about it, and there is no difficulty in determining what the editor ought to do. The editor's province is simply that of collecting the materials, and doing somewhat in a helping way towards laying the foundations; but not to hew and fashion the brick and stone, or to raise the walls. Let the editor carefully investigate and point out the sources of the annals. Let him give his judgment upon the authenticity of the manuscript. Let him add all the information which can tend to elucidate the text, or identify the author; but, having done all this, his task is ended. It must be left to the reader to judge of the value and application of the evidence thus brought before him. He is the architect who is to sift, test, and try the materials thus collected for his use;—to employ what he considers as sound, and to cast away, if he thinks fit, whatever, according to his judgment, may injure the edifice's solidity. But Dom Bouquet does not give you leave to do so. He only furnishes you with the information which, in *his opinion*, ought to be known; and hence, as M. Thierry observes with respect to the selections of Mademoiselle de la Lézardière, he is always in danger of deluding you into a one-sided theory, though without any intention of deceiving you. From what Dom Bouquet expunges, you are inexorably and irrevocably ex-

cluded; and believing himself that *facts* only are sought for in the Chronicle, he bounds your capacity by the measure of his own. Dom Bouquet, and those who advocate his plan—for he has some few adherents in this country—forget, as it seems to us, that the productions of the medieval writers are to be viewed in a double capacity—not only as records of facts, or what are supposed to be such, but also as monuments of literature.

We want to do more than hear the story. We want to become acquainted with the narrator. Facts only form a part of history. History is not to be gathered merely from the dry narrative of events, from dates and names, but from all the accompaniments which show the intellectual character of the times. Matthew of Westminster, and Godfrey of Viterbo preface their histories of England and the Empire with the annals of the world, deduced from age to age, until the narration passes into the states of medieval Christendom. Expunge these encumbrances, says the critic—needless, in our advanced state of historical knowledge, the crude and capricious extracts of the ignorant inmate of the monastery. Follow the advice of such a critic—strike out the monkish narrative, founded upon the Holy Scriptures and yet mixed with the fond traditions of the Jewish rabbi and the Greek hagiologist—omit the compilations from Orosius and Justin, from Josephus and Eusebius—and you obliterate the whole memorial of the spirit of ancient historical study, that from which its life was derived—the spirit which taught the great and important doctrine of the Church, that the true mode of appreciating history, is to consider the fate of each race and nation as a branch of the great stream by which Almighty Providence carries on the destinies of mankind.

A monkish chronicler may abound with biblical texts, which the critic views as impertinencies: are these excluded? You lose all the proofs of the extent of the knowledge prevailing of Holy Scripture during the middle ages—a knowledge so inadequately appreciated by those who erroneously represent that period as one in which the sacred writings were cast away. You lose also the evidence of the spirit which led the learned to place all knowledge in subordination to the Divine word. Nay, even to seek the most familiar illustrations of daily events in Scripture language, not irreverently, but upon the conviction that the language of the Holy Spirit is universal. The critic proceeds in his precepts for mutilation, and descants upon the defective redundancy of the chronicler, and the necessity of trimming him down, so as to please our ears polite. The monk sermonizes—dully, without doubt; but he instructs you according to the moral standard of his age, and you will be none the worse for the lessons you receive. His quotations from the classics are trite, and fit only

for the schoolboy.—Granted; but they reveal the extent of his classical knowledge. His turgid eloquence is fatiguing.—Be it so; he will not tire you long; listen to him with profit, as displaying the tone of his cultivation. The Latin is barbarous, the phrase vague and empty of reasoning.—May be so; but you have to learn his monkish dialect; and, except by comparison of text with text, whence are to be collected the materials for the glossary? He deals in signs and portents, firedrakes, fighting armies, and bloody banners in the welkin, and stars showering from the sky.—True; but let them be studied by the meteorologist as the only recorded traces of the cyclical recurrences of the electric stream, or of the shower of the aerolithe.—He abounds with fabulous legends. They are the relics of national traditions, the slight and yet certain proofs of the connexion existing between races now spread over the globe.—If he borrows largely from other chronicles, you ascertain to what extent the writers so copied were diffused or received as standard authorities—points of very great importance in fixing the value of historical evidence. Thus, for example, the absence of quotations from *Ingulphus* in our English chronicles, goes very far to confirm the opinion of those who have pronounced the work so called, to be a late fabrication. And if facts, accurately told by others, are by your chronicler related with slovenliness, or error, or distortion, you are furnished with a test by which you can estimate his judgment, accuracy, and credibility. Just as look, dress, manner, even tone, are watched by the judge during the examination of the witness, and assist him as a perpetual commentary upon the spoken words of the evidence—so do all the minuter, nay the minutest, peculiarities of the text, equally aid the judgment of the critical enquirer.

A few examples taken from a medieval writer, here given entire, but in which the passages, expunged by Bouquet, are distinguished by italics, will, however, better enable the reader to appreciate the practical working of the scheme. We have seen that Dom Bouquet considered that the reader of a chronicler sought nothing but facts; and that whatever matter was irrelevant or strange to the history of France, should be removed. And some examples shall be given from the mutilated Ordericus, to which Sismondi refers:—

"Porro Burgenses, quia Regi fideles erant, nec illum aliquatenus offendere volebant, ut Julianæ adventum pluribus nociturum intellexerunt, protinus Regi ut Britolium properanter venerit mandaverunt. Providus Rex [*illud recolens, ab audaci Curione, Cæsari dictum, in belli negotiis,*

Tolle moras, semper nocuit differre paratis,] auditis Bur-

gensium legationibus, Britolium concitus venit et portis ei gratulanter apertis in villam intravit. Deinde fidelibus incolis pro fidei devotione gratias egit, et ne sui milites aliquid ibi raperent prohibuit: municipiumve, in quo procax filia ejus se occluserat, obsedit. Tunc illa undique anxia fuit, et quid ageret nescivit: pro certo cognoscens patrem suum sibi nimis iratum illuc advenisse, et obsidionem circa castellum positam sine trophœo non dimissurum fore. [*Tandem, sicut Solomon ait, non est malitia super malitiam mulieris, manum suam in Christum Domini mittere præcogitavit,*] unde loqui cum patre fraudulenter petivit. Rex autem tantæ fraudis feminæ nescius ad colloquium venit, quem infausta soboles interficere voluit. Nam balistam tetendit, et sagittam ad patrem traxit; sed protegente Deo, non læsit.'—(Ordericus Vitalis, p. 848.)

Of course, the mere *fact* of Juliana's treason against her father, would have been sufficiently recorded without the verse of Lucan and the text from Proverbs; but it is this quaint erudition of the chronicler, by which we realize, so to speak, the personality of the writer. It identifies Ordericus, and gives you a recollection of the living man, instead of an abstract idea; and, besides, do not the words expunged really contain facts which no historian would wish to neglect? We are brought into the library of the monastery of Ouches in Normandy, as it existed in the twelfth century, and you may behold the Roman poet and St Jerome's Vulgate on the shelves. We learn how the classics were searched for ornament, and the Scriptures for illustrations of human nature. We are reminded that Henry was an anointed king, and we learn how much the royal priesthood, according to public opinion, (for Ordericus is a faithful organ of that opinion,) added to the respect commanded by the sovereign.

As another specimen of the result of this supposed adherence to *facts*, take the following description of the monastery of Bec, and of the course of study which was pursued there:—

'Defuncto Herluino, qui fundator et primus Abbas Beccensis monasterii extitit, [*et multis carismatibus florens, Ecclesiæ filiis in vita sua sine dolo profuit:*] venerabilis Anselmus multiplici litterarum scientia pleniter imbutus successit, et præfatum Cœnobium doctis ac devotis fratribus, donante Deo, laudabiliter replevit. [*Dein aucto servorum Dei numero, copia rerum non defuit, sed confluentibus amicis nobilibus ac necessariis fratribus necessaria ubertas honorificè provenit.*] Ad concilium probatissimi sophistæ clerici et laici concurrebant, et dulcia veritatis verba, quæ de ore ejus fluebant, fautoribus justitiæ quasi sermones Angeli Dei placebant. [*Hic natione Italus, Lanfrancum secutus Becum expetiit, et instar Israëlitarum auro divitiisque Ægyptiorum, id est seculari eruditione Philosophorum onustus, terram repromissionis desideranter adiit. Monachus autem factus, cœlestis theoriæ omnimodis inhæsit, et de uberrimo fonte sophiæ melliflua doctrinæ fluenta copiosè profudit. Obscuras sacræ Scripturæ sententias solerter indagavit, strenuè verbis aut scriptis dilucidavit, et perplexa Prophetarum dicta sa-*

lubriter enodavit.] Omnia verba ejus utilia erant, et benevolos auditores ædificabant. Dociles discipuli epistolas typicosque sermones ejus, scripto retinuerunt: quibus affatim * debriati non solum sibi, sed et aliis multis non mediocriter profecerunt. Hoc Gullielmus et Boso successores ejus multipliciter senserunt, qui tanti Doctoris syntagmata insigniter sibi hauserunt, et sitientibus inde desiderabilem potum largiter propinaverunt. [*Anselmus affabilis et mansuetus erat, et cunctis simpliciter interrogantibus charitativè respondebat. Inquirentibus amicis piè libros edidit miræ subtilitatis ac profunditatis de Trinitate, de Veritate, de Libero arbitrio, de Casu diaboli, et Cur Deus homo factus est. Fama sapientiæ hujus didascali per totam Latinitatem divulgata est; et nectare bonæ opinionis ejus, Occidentalis Ecclesia nobiliter * debriata est.*] Ingens in Ecclesia Beccensi liberalium artium et sacræ lectionis sedimen per Lanfrancum cœpit, et per Anselmum magnificè crevit: ut inde plures procederent egregii Doctores, et providi nautæ, ac spirituales aurigæ, quibus ad regendum in hujus seculi stadio divinitùs habenæ commissæ sunt Ecclesiæ. [*Si ex bono usu in tantum Beccenses Cœnobitæ studiis litterarum sunt dediti, et in quæstione seu prolatione sacrorum ænigmatum utiliumve sermonum insistunt seduli, ut penè omnes videantur Philosophi: et ex collocatione eorum etiam qui videntur inter eos illiterati, et vocantur rustici, possint ediscere sibi commoda spumantes Grammatici. Affabilitate mutua, et caritatis dulcedine in Domini cultu gaudent, et infatigabili religione, ut vera docet eos sapientia, pollent. De hospitalitate Beccensium sufficienter eloqui nequeo. Interrogati Burgundiones et Hispani, aliique de longe seu de prope adventantes respondeant: et quanta benignitate ab eis suscepti fuerint, sine fraude proferant, eosque in similibus imitare sine fictione satagant. Janua Beccensium patet omni viatori, eorumque panis nulli denegatur charitativè petenti. Et quid plura de eisdem loquar? Ipsos in bonis perseverantes custodiat, et ad portum salutis incolumes perducat, qui gratis cœpit, peragitque bonum quod in eis coruscat.*']—(Ordericus Vitalis, pp. 529, 530.)

It will be seen from the italics that five passages are expunged from the text, in order to furnish the historical reader with a more useful and manageable volume. And now—let us examine what is gained by the curtailment. The literary history of a country would, by most enquirers, be considered as constituting an integral portion of its general history. Dom Bouquet's theory compels the editors to think not; and consequently, as far as they are concerned, they expunge the passages relating to Bec; and thus compel the student of French history to remain in ignorance of the merits possessed by the most flourishing and influential seminary of the age—holding a conspicuous place in that genealogy of intellect in which France may justly find her chiefest pride.

But besides the information thus suppressed with respect to the general history, the expunged passages afford other points of

* *i. e. Inebriati, Inebriata.*

information of considerable value. Lanfranc has very generally enjoyed the credit of being the restorer of the Latin language throughout Europe. 'A l'égard de la langue Latine en particulier, 'on convenait dès le même temps que Lanfranc avait réussi à 'l'épurer et la polir ; on allait même jusqu'à prétendre que ses 'leçons lui avaient rendu toute son ancienne splendeur.'* From this source, probably, the opinion has been generally propagated amongst modern writers. The foundation, however, for this opinion must be ascribed to an expression employed by his biographer, Milo Crispinus: 'Fuit quidam vir magnus, Italiâ ortus, 'quem Latinitas in antiquum scientiæ statum ab eo restituta tota, 'supremum debito cum amore et honore agnoscit magistrum, 'nomine Lanfrancus. Ipsa quoque in liberalibus studiis magistra 'gentium Græcia, discipulos illius libenter audiebat et admira-'batur.'—To this passage Dom D'Achery has added an explanatory note or gloss, by which his followers have been deceived. 'Lanfrancus *Latinæ linguæ* restitutor, et Græcæ non ignarus.' Now, it is rather singular that some suspicion as to this construction of the phrase was not awakened by the known fact, that great as were the merits of this deeply learned and holy prelate, he could scarcely possess the merits so ascribed to him—the grammatical knowledge of the Latin language, accompanied by no inconsiderable degree of scholarship and elegance, being already widely diffused. But the real sense is made sufficiently clear by the words of Ordericus Vitalis, relating to Anselm, which the editors have expunged. 'Fama sapientiæ hujus didascali 'per totam *Latinitatem* divulgata est; et nectare bonæ opinioni 'ejus, occidentalis ecclesia nobiliter debriata est.' What, therefore, is the meaning of the passage of Milo Crispinus? With Ordericus as a commentator, it becomes sufficiently clear. The suppressed text is the best interpreter. Lanfranc was acknowledged as the chief professor throughout *Latinity;* that is, throughout the Roman or Western Church, or Western Christendom. Even upon the assumption that the question had been of no interest, this example proves the importance of ancient unmutilated texts for philological purposes. In the case of Ordericus, we can fortunately turn to the unmutilated original in the edition of Duchesne. But had the chronicler continued in manuscript, he would have received the same treatment from his unmerciful editor; and then, how could the reader in Great Britain, at Edinburgh, or Oxford, or Cambridge, or London, where not a single manuscript of Ordericus exists, have supplied the deficiency? As far as we are concerned, the passage would have been wholly lost.

* *Hist. Lit. de la France,* vol. vii. p. 77.

Our limits forbid us from pursuing this examination to the extent which is desirable; but one example more must be allowed. It is taken from the Life of St Bernard of Clairvaux, of which the following is the first or opening chapter:—

'Bernardus Burgundiæ partibus, Fontanis, oppido patris sui, oriundus fuit, parentibus claris secundum dignitatem sæculi, sed dignioribus ac nobilioribus secundum Christianæ religionis pietatem. Pater ejus Tecelinus, vir antiquæ et legitimæ militiæ fuit, cultor Dei, justiciæ tenax. Evangelicam namque secundum instituta Præcursoris Domini militiam agens, neminem concutiebat, nemini faciebat calumniam, contentus stipendiis suis, quibus ad omne opus bonum abundabat. Sic consilio et armis serviebat temporalibus dominis suis, ut etiam Domino Deo suo non negligeret reddere quoad debebat. Mater Aleth, ex castro cui nomen Mons-Barus; et ipsa in ordine suo, apostolicam regulam tenens, subdita viro, sub eo secundum timorem Dei domum suam regebat, operibus misericordiæ insistens, filios enutriens in omni disciplina. Septem quippe liberos genuit non tam viro suo quam Deo, sex mares, feminam unam: mares omnes monachos futuros, feminam sanctimonialem. Deo namque (ut dictum est) non sæculo generans, singulos mox ut partu ediderat, ipsa manibus propriis Domino offerebat. Propter quod etiam alienis uberibus nutriendos committere illustris femina refugiebat, quasi cum lacte materno materni quodammodo boni infundens eis naturam. Cum autem crevissent, quamdiu sub manu ejus erant, eremo magis quam curiæ nutriebat, non patiens delicatioribus assuescere cibis, sed grossioribus et communibus pascens; et sic eos præparans et instituens, Domino inspirante, quasi continuo ad eremum transmittendos.'

This brief view of the state of feeling prevailing in a noble, knightly family—the absence of the pride of birth—the humble moderation of principle—the simplicity of the faith of the parents—the separation of their children from the world—presents surely an invaluable picture for the historian. But Dom Brial, strictly adhering to the pattern of his predecessors, expunges the passage as a superfluity. And with the same desire to lessen the labours of his readers, by not distracting them with irrelevant matter, he draws his pen through the whole narrative of Bernard's preaching the crusade in Germany; which, as Sismondi truly observes, is the most important portion of the saint's political history.

After such examples of the manner in which the lively value of ancient evidence is frittered away and extinguished by this process of comminution, who can doubt but that such a collection does in itself offer impediments and discouragements to historical enquiry?—As the matter now stands, the *Recueil* doubles the expense and trouble of historical investigation. No one who wishes to study the history of France from its sources, can possibly dispense with this work. The correctness of the texts, the notes, and, above all, the admirable indexes, render the col-

lection an indispensable portion of the historical library. But it must also contain all the several works from which the *Recueil* is formed. The student must possess both; he must have Dom Bouquet, and all Dom Bouquet's materials besides. These must be consulted whenever the fearful asterisks shine upon a hiatus. If we seek to pass beyond the letter into the spirit, the unmutilated text must be opened; and, if the reader be unwilling to perform this labour, he will incur the perpetual risk of losing some important passage, or, what is much worse, of missing the sense, strength, and bearing of the materials which he employs. Let it be recollected that the editors, who, by adopting this artificial but erroneous plan, have so signally failed, were not half-read and half-witted fastidious literati;—men who would sneer at a legend—take offence at a barbarism—sneak away from a difficulty—or shrink from toil. No; they were hard-headed, faithful, learned—broken into the calling, and imbued with reverence for the past. If they failed in the execution of the task, who can be expected to succeed?

The process, indeed, of mutilation, amputation, and excision, as projected by Dom Bouquet, would require not merely an unattainable delicacy in taste, but a superhuman prescience in the hand of the operator. Historical science is advancing as fast as all other branches of human knowledge. No editor, however much tact or cleverness he may possess, can possibly tell what precious metal may be hereafter extracted, by new methods of analysis, from the ore which he casts away. The indications by which the existence of the municipal government of the Romans is traced through the middle ages, have only become apparent since Savigny, led by Dubos, recovered the true theory of medieval history. The traditions, wild and romantic, which mark the origin and migrations of the different races, are now only beginning to be deciphered. We are just discovering the key; and a curious example may be given of the manner in which such knowledge now avails us. Lord Lyttelton plainly and accurately follows his original, in describing the arms given to Geoffrey Plantagenet, when he received the order of knighthood: 'they brought him a lance 'of ash armed with the steel of Poitou, and a sword from the 'royal treasury, where it had been laid up from old times, being 'the workmanship of *Galan, the most excellent of all sword-* 'smiths, who had exerted in forging it his utmost art and labour. 'A skilful swordsmith was then so necessary to a warrior, that 'it is no wonder the name of one who excelled in his profession 'should be thus recorded in history, and a sword of his making 'deposited in the treasury of a king.'* In his comment, this

* Lord Lyttelton's *Life of Henry II.*, vol. ii. p. 159.

careful and accurate writer displays all the knowledge which the world then possessed; but where the peer only read the praise of *Galan*, an able workman, we now recognise the magic skill of the cunning smith, *Vellent*, and hear the voices of the Teutonic heroes soaring in the earliest cycles of their mythic history. We may be called upon to reprobate the 'miracles,' because, as some would express themselves, 'in addition to their 'almost constitutional absurdity, they are frequently devoid of 'all interest; merely relating in a multitude of words the supposed 'miraculous cures of sickness or infirmities, unattended by any 'peculiar or characteristic circumstance.' Such reasoning exhibits a very clear and correct apprehension of one side of the question, and nothing more. The name of a 'Mansus' or 'Pagus' occurring in some legend, which the editor suppresses on account of its puerility, may furnish the geographical landmark of a kingdom. The medieval medical writers will give you ample quotations from Hippocrates and Avicenna;—much upon complexions and temperaments, plenteous instructions for phlebotomy, and copious receipts for gargarisms and electuaries; but the patient never appears. For the history of diseases, they are valueless. But if this important, and as yet imperfectly attempted enquiry, be prosecuted, the cases are to be sought in the narratives of the hagiographist. The miracles which the careful critical editor would reject, are the medieval annals of medicine. The reader may not appreciate or acknowledge the sanctity of the enshrined relic; but the Saint must be accepted as the only professor or practitioner who can give you a clinical lecture—who can lead you to the bedside, open the ward of the hospital. Grant even that the whole be a delusion, a fancy, a dream; still the historical worth of the biographies of individuals, who possessed such power over the opinions of society, is not impaired. They are contributions to the morbid anatomy of the human mind.

Such, then, is the mode by which the excerpting plan of editorship reduces history to a *caput mortuum*. Under pretence of assisting the judgment, it deprives you of the means of forming a judgment. Connected, as this plan is, by Dom Bouquet, with the system of cutting up the materials into fagots, and distributing these fagots into periods, it does not even fulfil the promise of so condensing the matter as to afford any real convenience to the reader. In the *Recueil*, the materials for the reigns of Philip I., Louis VI., and Louis VII., constitute one period, and fill five huge folio volumes, xii., xiii., xiv., xv., and xvi., in which the sections, segments, and excerpts are disposed. Vol. xii. contains excerpts from one hundred and twenty-four different writers; xiii. from sixty-four; xiv. from one hundred and eighty, some not filling

more than half a page. All these volumes must be opened and consulted consecutively, with quite as much labour as if the materials had continued unmutilated, and been arranged in their natural order; but to read the contents with interest or profit, (except in the case of Abbot Suger, who, by a lucky oversight, has escaped mutilation,) is entirely out of the question. Dates may be verified and facts ascertained; but no powers of attention can grasp the continuity of the narrative in the spirit of the writer. It is a landscape seen in a broken mirror, lost and frittered away. There is no mental pleasure in receiving the information collected from such scraps and tatters, and consequently no mental pleasure in imparting it. That which is learned as a task is repeated as a drudgery; and the weariness of the writer exhales from the page, and infects the reader with its contagion.

It is, indeed, not the least of the evils of such a mode of publication, that it helps to support and countenance a mischievous error of our times—the notion that authorities upon any given subject are to be used as 'books of reference.' He who dips into a book will never dive into the healthy stream; and it is not one reading, no, nor half a dozen, which will enable the student to enter into the feeling of the most meagre annalist. Those who have departed into another state of existence, and whom we know through their history, are now to us even as a living foreign people. It is not by slight occasional visits, by morning calls or evening parties, that a stranger can in the least come to a true understanding of the opinions, nay, even of the conversational language—the hits, the hints, the allusions, of such a people: he must dwell amongst them to do so. He must cultivate the friendship of those with whom he converses—he must adopt their feelings, become as one of themselves. Unsettled reading, reading for quotations, reading for curiosities, reading for quaintnesses, reading for anecdotes, reading for insulated points, is strongly opposed to the development of human intellect, and the advance of knowledge. Such a course may afford materials for what, in the ordinary but degrading phrase, is termed 'literary labour.' A supply for the demand of the periodical, the club, or the circulating library, may be be thus derived; but there is a higher object in literature than the product; there is the cultivation of the mind in producing and receiving it—a cultivation which bookmaking destroys.—Here we must pause, and reserve for a future occasion our remarks upon the school of historical research, founded by the eminent statesman now at the head of affairs in France, and who has given such a practical application of the wisdom of the past to the exigencies of the present day.

ART. VI—*Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria in* 1839. By Mrs HAMILTON GRAY. London: 1840.

We do not know whether there are any among our readers who will acknowledge, in common with ourselves, the consciousness of a kind of reluctance to admit the evidence of the grandeur and civilization of those extinct nations which flourished before Grecian art or Roman arms began to culminate. Accustomed from childhood to fix our regards exclusively on the two classical nations, we are vaguely impressed with the feeling that they arose, as it were, out of nothing; and that their annals portray at once the cradle and the grave of ancient greatness. We admit, it is true, some ill-defined notions of the majesty of Egypt and Assyria, because this is attested by the classical writers themselves, as well as by the most ancient of written monuments, the Jewish Scriptures. But we suspect that the zealous classical student seldom realizes even these ideas; while the existence of mighty empires and commonwealths, wealthy in arts, arms, commerce, and literature, altogether foreign to Greece and Rome, and liable to be classed as 'barbarian,' is almost neglected. And those who have generally passed for the ablest men and acutest enquirers, have, for the most part, piqued themselves on their incredulity respecting the high-flown speculations of more enthusiastic thinkers as to the mysteries of remote antiquity. Sceptical believers, such as Johnson, or sceptical infidels, such as Voltaire, placed their pride in rejecting, with equal contempt, the tales of travellers and the theories of antiquarians. Yet if their criticism has, here and there, been justified by the result, in how many instances have faith and enthusiasm proved, in the long run, the safer guides! How often have the discoveries of after times verified the boldest conjectures in which constructive fancy could indulge! A century ago, probably none of the *doctissimi* and *illustrissimi* of the day conceived, that any thing beyond baseless fable and tradition remained of those ages which had elapsed before Fortune took her station on the immovable rock of the Capitol. Few, probably, attached any definite meaning, or vouchsafed any belief to the significant expressions of Cicero and St Augustine, that Romulus did not flourish in a barbarous age, but in one of intelligence and civilization, *jam inveteratis literis*. These expressions are now borne out by irrefragable evidence. A buried empire has been revealed to us, the shadow of that which once existed above ground—the empire of a people whose palmiest days were contem-

poraneous with the foundation of Rome—who flourished for ages before Rome was in existence—and whose origin is faintly traceable in the very earliest dawn and twilight of antiquity.

By the very uncertain light which history affords, we discover the Etruscans occupying, from an unknown period, the tract now called Tuscany, and great part of the modern Papal states; a region extending from the Apennines north of Florence to the Tiber—the finest part of Italy—from which tradition reported them to have expelled a still older nation, the Umbrians. We find that they sent out conquering colonies, which spread over the plains of Lombardy as far as Mantua and Adria, (for the site of Venice was as yet open sea;) and even into the defiles of the Rhœtian mountains; while in the south they subdued and colonized the beautiful region of Campania. Conflicting notions prevailed among the ancients as to the country of their origin; but common opinion regarded it as oriental; while the most definite tradition was that which represented them as descendants of the Syrians of Asia Minor. Among the moderns, some, with their fellow-citizen Micali, call them 'indigenous;' which means, that they cannot be traced to any seats earlier than those which they held in Italy. Others maintain the oriental theory of the ancients; some derive them from Greece through the enigmatical Pelasgians; others, adopting the adventurous conjecture of Niebuhr, bring one race from the north through the passes of the Alps, to meet with another from the east on the shores of the Tyrrhene Sea, and form, by their amalgamation, the Etruscan people.

They were early expelled from their conquests, both in the north and south of Italy; but they maintained their great federation in the central part of the peninsula, or Etruria Proper, for many ages more; until it fell at last under the arms of Rome, having been weakened by long civil dissensions, and by the devastations of the Gauls. In this, their earliest and principal seat, they attained to a degree of power and proficiency in all the mechanical branches of civilization which no ancient people ever surpassed. Twelve principal cities, the original number of the commonwealth, occupied each its eminence—heaped in solid masses on the summit—precisely according to the picturesque description of Virgil—

'Congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis.'

Veii, the rival of Rome; Cære, the ancient Agylla, the seat of a people even older than the Etruscans, and whom they dispossessed; Tarquinii, the religious and political metropolis of the federation;—these were among the principal cities of the league;

and all these are utterly destroyed. Of two of them, the very site was unknown until ascertained by modern scholars. Others, less renowned in history, have been more fortunate. Perugia, Cortona, Bolsena, and some others, stand to this day on the very foundations which the Etruscans laid, and occupy the exact surface of the ancient cities. Surrounded with solid walls—exactly covering the crest of the hill on which they rise, with close packed houses, and tortuous declivitous streets—they present the same appearance which they doubtless exhibited in ages long anterior to the Roman conquest. None of the Etruscan cities covered a large surface within the walls. Veii and Tarquinii were from four to six miles in circuit; few of the others exceeded two. But they must doubtless have extended much further in their suburbs, in the flourishing days of the republic, to accommodate the vast population which must have thronged them. For there is abundant evidence that the whole territory between the Tiber, the Arno, and the sea, swarmed with the habitations of men; and that the plains and valleys were cultivated like one vast garden; while the higher ranges were covered with lofty woods, which have long since disappeared. All the tract of undulating plain which borders the Mediterranean, the Campagna of Rome itself, and the dreaded Maremme; the sandy downs, now only clad with scattered cork-trees, and the marshy thickets, haunts of the wild boar; were then crowded with towns, and must have supported a vast multitude of inhabitants. Tarquinii, for instance, stood on the desolate border of the modern Tuscan Maremme; at the very edge of

> 'Quelle fiere selvagge, che in odio hanno
> Fra Cecina e Cornetoi luoghi colti;'

now even wilder and more solitary than in the age of Dante. Yet the Necropolis, or cemetery of that city, as Mrs Gray was informed by Signor Avolta, 'was computed to extend over sixteen square miles; and that, judging from the two thousand 'tombs which had of late years been opened, their number in 'all could not be less than two millions!' That is, it contains as many occupants as would be furnished, under average conditions of mortality, by a population of 100,000 in more than six centuries. And yet this vast city of the dead 'is surrounded on 'all sides by cemeteries scarcely inferior in extent to itself—Tus-'cania, and Vulci, and Montalto, without naming Castel d'Asso, 'which we shall afterwards describe as having probably been the 'Westminster Abbey of Central Etruria.' What an idea does this description give at once of the vast population and resources of Etruria, and the duration of her prosperity!

Corn, wine, oil, and cattle were then, as now, the staple products of the land; and the constant occurrence of the emblematic olive-branch in Etruscan paintings, ought to serve as an answer to some speculations of recent writers, in which Dr Arnold has allowed himself to join, respecting the improvement of the Italian climate since the early ages of Rome. But the Etrurians were a commercial, even more than an agricultural people. They traded with the East, and imported from Egypt many a strange mystery, which conjecture has not yet approached; and many a process of art, which modern ingenuity has never revived. They were evidently in constant and intimate connexion with Greece. Their commerce extended to the far south; for their artists were well acquainted with the colour and physiognomy of the negro race. They brought from the west those precious metals, of which they made so lavish a use for purposes of ornament. They gave name to the sea which bathed their shores, and contested its supremacy with the Phœnicians; perhaps ages before Queen Dido had conducted her successful emigration. And, together with their wealth, they possessed a fixed, durable system of society, in which civil and religious institutions were more intimately interwoven than in any other state of antiquity; scarcely excepting Egypt herself, the mother of ancient polity. They had a language and a literature of their own; arts of war and of peace, of which a part are transferred into the usages of Rome, but the greater and more valuable portions perished with them; they had all the magnificence, all the refinements of ancient life—the games and shows of Greece, the domestic and personal comforts, and more than the luxuries of Egypt; the family worship and family institutions of early Rome: and all with a national type and character peculiarly their own.

All these facts have been brought to light by modern research; but the picture, though it seems almost to live and breathe, is absolutely mute. The power and state of old Etruria lie before us like a vision which no man is found to interpret. Its literature was nearly all destroyed in the Roman conquest, though the Emperor Claudius (that rare mixture of learning, stupidity, dulness, sense, and folly, as Mrs Gray calls him, whose soul certainly migrated in after ages into King James I.) collected enough out of what remained to publish twenty books of Etruscan antiquities. But whatever has become of the work of the imperial antiquary, abundant remains of this ancient language exist in inscriptions. They are easily read: the alphabet is merely one of the oldest forms of Greek, read from right to left; but to decipher them defies the powers of learned conjecture, astonishing as the scope of that faculty sometimes is. They pre-

sent not the slightest similarity to the Latin, or any of its cognate dialects. This might have been conjectured beforehand, from the manner in which the Romans uniformly speak of it as an entirely foreign speech: *Quasi nescio quis Tuscé aut Gallicé dixisset*, says Aulus Gellius. Yet writers of the school of Lanzi, which prevailed when Eustace wrote his 'Classical Tour,' persisted that they knew better than the Romans, and connected the Etruscan with Latin and Greek. Further research has altogether disproved the supposition; but it has furnished no materials for a new one. The antiquarian adept has been wrestling, this many a day, with the Genius who dwells in the sepulchral caverns of Etruria, for the key to that mystic tongue,—

> 'An hundred years are past and gone,
> And scarce three letters hath he won.'

RIL AVRIL, *vixit annos*—these are the only two words, except proper names, to which a meaning has yet been assigned, and these were ascertained long ago. Here and there, fancy succeeds in disentangling from the misty mass a glimpse of something which looks like Egyptian, or Phœnician, or Celtic, or Teutonic; which

> 'Even with a thought
> The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
> As water is in water.'

In the absence of a known language, the history of this people must be sought in their sepulchres; which we will proceed to search, in company of our enthusiastic guide, Mrs Gray—sometimes, we must own, a little too enthusiastic; for much as we have been interested with her narrative of what she has seen, and almost more of what she has heard, from the Italian friends into whose pursuits she has entered with such singular zest and zeal, we cannot but think the simple narrative would have read a better lesson than all the comments—sentimental and devout—with which it is her pleasure to intersperse it.

No better idea can be given of the general style of the Etruscan tombs, than from the description of the Necropolis of Tarquinii, already noticed. It occupied a long hill, parallel in direction to which the city was built, and lying between it and the coast; and most or all Etruscan cities seem to have had their cemetery placed in the same manner on the nearest height. The tombs of the higher class were generally huge low cylinders of masonry, surmounted by conical mounds of earth, the interior being sunk some depth in the ground; the whole cemetery (according to the imaginary restoration, given at p. 158 of Mrs Gray's work) looking something like an assemblage of enormous

ice-houses. Sometimes the architect availed himself of a natural elevation in the ground, which was pared and trimmed into the conical shape, and surrounded with the low cylindrical wall at the base. The principal occupant of the tomb generally reposes in a vault within the cone; the lower parts of the construction being filled with tombs of inferior dimensions, perhaps those of his family and dependents. 'Every Etruscan unviolated tomb, as 'yet discovered, is most artificially closed by one or two immense 'stone leaves. Each leaf is a single stone, curiously jointed and 'hinged, and so very exactly closed, that it is difficult to open 'without breaking.' The following description of a tomb restored by Campanari, one of the great explorers, according to the exact model of one discovered by himself, which appeared by the inscriptions to have belonged to a noble family of the name of Velthuri, may serve to give a general idea of what is encountered within:—

'On opening the door, the torches illuminated a chamber nineteen or twenty feet square, with a ledge all round it, on which were laid with great regularity ten or a dozen sarcophagi. They were covered with their lids, each having a well-executed figure of nenfrite or terra cotta as large as life, and sometimes of a size almost colossal, representing either men of grave and substantial appearance, with torques round the neck, and ring on the finger, holding in their hand a patera for libations; or of elegant and richly dressed ladies, their heads adorned with ivy and myrtle wreaths, their ears with graceful pendants, their necks encircled with chains, and their arms with bracelets. Behind each figure was a number of vases piled up in irregular heaps, and some of them hanging above them by bronze nails in the wall.... A larger sarcophagus than any of the others stood in the middle of the chamber. It was uncovered, and contained what remained of the skeleton and armour of the head of the family of Velthuri. There he lay, with his helmet, his greaves, and his two spears, after the fashion of classical antiquity; and all around him in the coffin, there was the strangest assemblage of little odds and ends that I ever saw. If we may be permitted to judge of the old warrior's tastes by the things which were buried with him, he must, in his day and generation, have been a passionate lover of *rococo*, with very little discrimination; in short, a collector of trash.... There were quantities of little pieces of enamel, and transparent-coloured pastas; clear stones or compositions, some like topaz, and others like amethyst; balls of perfume; utensils of bronze, of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, and all manner of uselessness. And lastly, I pulled out what gave me rather an unpleasant insight in Signor Velthuri's character, and a bad idea of the employment of his lighter hours—a pair of dice, which, if my memory fails me not, were *loaded*.... Another and more awful consideration was forced upon us by a closer inspection of this large sarcophagus. On both sides of it there is unequivocally represented a human sacrifice. Whether this relates to any act of old Velthuri's life, I will not undertake to decide.... But the subjects of the

bassi relievi of sarcophagi have often no relation to the individual, but are national and historical.'

This, however, is not the only representation of this horrible subject; and it is known that the religion of Etruria sanctioned human sacrifices in some rare occasions. At Clusium, the sarcophagi are recumbent painted statues, of which the head unscrews, and the ashes of the deceased are sometimes discovered within.

Still more unaccountable objects are sometimes discovered in the tombs than old Velthuri's collection of curiosities. In the tomb called 'General Galassi's,' in the ruins of the ancient Cære, along with an immense and delicately-wrought breastplate, and many other ornaments of gold, arms, wheels of a car, and other insignia of warlike power and rank, was discovered an inkstand of terra cotta, with what may be termed an Etruscan horn-book, an arrangement of letters and syllables, painted on the outside, which have been 'deciphered by Dr Lepsius.' Was this a 'king, 'priest, and historian all in one?' or had he promoted Mechanics' Institutes, and Societies for diffusion of useful Knowledge? Sometimes, though very rarely, the adventurous explorer has been gratified with a strangely near glimpse of the mysteries of this sepulchral world. The Gonfaloniere Avolta of Corneto, discovered in Tarquinia the body itself of an Etruscan chief, though he was only permitted one rapid glance before the appearance was mingled with its mother earth, from which it had been so strangely kept apart for thousands of years. 'He saw 'him crowned with gold, covered with armour, with a shield, 'spear, and arrows by his side, and extended on his stone bier. 'But a change soon came over the figure; it trembled, it crum-'bled, and vanished away, and, by the time an entrance was 'effected, all that remained was the golden crown and a handful 'of dust, with some fragments of the arms.'

This extraordinary collection of objects of curiosity and art is never found in Roman sepulchres; and this is one of the points in which the personal customs of two nations so nearly allied in some of their usages, most remarkably differ. 'From the oldest 'to the most recent of the Roman sepulchres, we never find in-'terred in them any of the painted vases of Sicily, or Greece, 'or Etruria; nor yet dresses of war, ceremony, nor war-chariots, 'perfumes, biers, nor armour, the lance excepted. These things 'were carried with the body to the pile or grave, but were then 'taken home again or burned, but not interred. Merely the 'ashes of the deceased, or his bones, were laid in his grave, and 'perhaps some treasure of coins, with clay or glass lachryma-'tories, and glass or enamelled vases, the latter being most rare.

'In the tombs of old Etruria, on the contrary, but few coins are 'found.' The Etrurians, in early ages, buried their dead, as we have seen, although the custom of burning was afterwards introduced: the Romans seem always to have burned theirs. Fresco paintings, never found in *old* Roman tombs, are rare in *later* ones; they present fancy pieces, arabesques, single figures, and so forth; the mysterious emblematic forms and storied groups of old Etruria are nowhere to be seen. 'There is no ledge, pro-'jecting from the rock, in the inside of the Scipio's tomb,' (the oldest Roman tomb hitherto discovered,) 'as in the rudest of 'the Etruscan, and no preparation made for ornamental furni-'ture.' The contrast is so striking, that an antiquary of very moderate experience can rarely be deceived in pronouncing to which of these nations a tomb belongs. And nothing more strongly proves the total want of connexion between this mysterious people, the Etruscans, and the widely-spread Latin race; though the Romans 'took from them, and acknowledged that 'they took, their laws and religion, their ceremonies and games, 'their arts and arms.' Here and there, but very rarely, the ashes of a Roman have been discovered in the sepulchral chamber of some great Etruscan house—'like a Norman condottiere 'invading the vaults of a long line of Saxon earls, or a Moorish 'chief mingling his dust with that of pure grandees of the seed 'of Pelayo.'

The eagerness of antiquarian curiosity has rendered the soil of estates in which these tombs are found, a very profitable possession. Localities which seem to promise well, are let to explorers at a very high rent. Much curious gossip on the subject of these contracts, and the mode in which the excavations are conducted, is to be found in Mrs Gray's book. Lucian Bonaparte, the Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duchess of Sermoneta, who owns Monte Nerone and the ancient Pyrgi, and several religious houses, are mentioned among the chief proprietors of these fortunate sites; but many spots have been purchased by rich antiquarians from pure love of science. The 'Scavatore' proceeds to work with a party of labourers; the foreman, usually accustomed to the business, strikes the ground with his pickaxe as he proceeds along the side of some green hill; where it sounds hollow, there an excavation is pretty sure to exist. But whether valuable or not, is quite another matter; for, when the diggers find nothing worth exploring, they merely fill up the entrance again, and leave it to disappoint the next enquirer who may happen to go over the same ground. And, besides these classical spoilers, the hands of less scientific examiners have generally been at work. 'Of the tombs opened at

'Tarquinii, not one-tenth, or perhaps not one-twentieth, are 'virgin.' By far the greater part have been robbed of every thing valuable in ages long since past; yet there are still others worth searching, as the robbers have often carried off only the gold and silver ornaments, and left the earthenware.

It would seem almost a vain enquiry to examine into the period of this general disturbance of the tombs, in a country so wasted, spoiled, and trodden under foot as Italy has been; yet antiquaries have busied themselves about it. Some have fancied that the architects reserved secret passages, and robbed the tombs which themselves had raised, like the well-known story in Herodotus. The Roman conquerors are not thought to have had much hand in the work. Their reverence for the dead, and their intimate connexion in matters of religious belief with the Etruscans, would probably withhold them from such sacrilege; and the rarity of objects of Etruscan art at Rome, the state of ignorance in which the Romans were as to the very site of some of the Etruscan cities (such as Veii), where these subterranean treasures were collected in the greatest abundance, seem to bear testimony to the same effect. Indeed, the Romans, who robbed every thing else, were not habitually violators of the tombs; notwithstanding the proceedings of Augustus's colony of vagabonds and dispersed soldiers at Corinth, which will be noticed presently. The spirit of antiquity was very adverse to such sacrilege. These spoliations are commonly referred, says Mrs Gray, to the days of Theodosius and Justinian, when a notion went abroad amongst the degenerate Italians of the vast wealth entombed in the graves of their ancestors, which caused them to be generally ransacked.

There is something very melancholy in the reflection, that the primitive sentiment of respect for the dead seems steadily and progressively to decay among the modern civilized races of men—peculiarly, we fear we must add, in Christian countries; and most peculiarly among Roman Catholics. The further back we carry our researches, the deeper, the purer, the more engrossing we find it become. Among the Egyptians and Etruscans, it seems to have amounted to a passion. No sacrifice was thought too costly, no profusion of wealth too lavish, in fitting the last repository for the reception of its loved and honoured tenant. The most delicate specimens of art, the most gorgeous objects of wealth, were collected there. The city of the dead stood facing that of the living, cut in chambers out of the living rock, or bristling with castellated cones and pyramids;—the more extensive, the more durable, the more richly furnished of the two. No extremity of distress seems ever to have provoked a thought

of 'appropriating' this truly sacred portion of the national property; for we know that Etruscan cities, such as Tarquinii and Veii, were reduced to the utmost straits long before their subjugation, and yet the deposit remained inviolate. All this was, of course, extremely absurd, and the very reverse of *utilitarian:* the silver and gold thus devoted to the greedy deities of the lower regions, were utterly lost to the circulation; but why is not the decent expenditure of an English funeral just as unreasonable? why should the unproductive fraternity of undertakers consume so large a portion as they still do of the national revenue? Such appears to be the popular reasoning among some of the Italians, who are still better economists than ourselves; and it is humiliating to think, that the magnificent sepulchres of Etruria and Campania still exist, as if to testify against the men of this generation, in close neighbourhood to the hideous and disgusting charnel-vaults of modern Naples. Some think that the neglect and contempt of the body, and things pertaining to it, which Christian doctrines have engendered, has powerfully contributed to this result; that it appears indecorous and inconsistent to rear stately piles, and prepare costly chambers, for that which we emphatically call 'vile,' and commit as ashes to ashes, and dust to dust. We cannot stop here to consider the bearing of this strange argument; otherwise it might be easy to show, how nearly a recklessness of human life, and bestial habits of living, are connected with want of respect for the rites and accessaries of death. To us there is something revolting, even in the idea of antiquaries—however pure their love of science—up to their knees in the *débris* of mummies, fractured *sarcophagi*, vases, *tazze*, and *specchi*, stripping the swathed Egyptian corpse of its cerements of three thousand years with habitual dexterity; or poking into funeral urns, still redolent with the sacred perfumes of the grave, for the chance of finding a poor pinch of genuine Roman ashes. But, since these things must be endured for the sake of learning, let us examine more in detail, with Mrs Gray, the ordinary treasures of the Etruscan tombs.

Their commonest, and in some respects their most remarkable contents, are the so-called Etruscan vases. Often as these are met with in the antiquarian collections of all countries, we doubt whether many of our readers possess any very clear notion, either where they come from, or what is their value and character as historical monuments. We shall devote a very few words to this interesting subject; and they will be chiefly taken from the volume now before us, in which the authoress has collected the most recent information upon it. The great repositories of vases which had been ransacked by modern enquirers, up to a recent

period, were the cities of Magna Græcia—Pæstum, Nola, and others. But Campania, as we know, was an Etruscan colony; and it is said that these vases are rarely, if ever, found in that part of Italy, 'excepting in the tombs of such towns as were of 'Etruscan origin, though afterwards peopled by the Greeks.' But Middle Etruria itself has been of late years the great source of discovery. The numbers that have been, and are almost daily disinterred, are prodigious; and their value in the market has fallen proportionally.* Five thousand have been taken out of the tombs of Tarquinii alone in the last five-and-twenty years; during which time, the whole surface of Etruria, between the Tiber and the sea, has been absolutely burrowed by scientific excavators.

Next, as to the more puzzling question of their real origin and history. The fact of their great antiquity rests on two or three presumptive proofs which cannot be controverted. Pliny, the great chronicler of ancient art, speaks of them as curiosities, and not objects of modern manufacture. And, which is still more striking, they are not found in Pompeii or Herculaneum. Filled as these cities are with the objects of popular art and workmanship which existed when they were overwhelmed, no vases of the Etruscan kind have yet been discovered, although *unpainted* vases of terra cotta are found in abundance; while the old *Etruscan* towns of Campania have furnished quantities. Therefore it must be concluded, that in the early period of the Roman empire, the fashion had altogether passed away. And the same result is to be collected from the well-known narrative of Strabo, that the Grecian vases, styled Necro-Corinthian, because discovered in the tombs of old Corinth by the Roman colonists in the time of Augustus, were imported in great numbers as 'curious antiqui-'ties;' to which Suetonius adds the fact, that some of those which passed by the same name *came from the tombs of Capua*. So that these vases were undoubtedly of the same kind with the Etruscan, whatever the enigmatical connexion between Corinth and Etruria may really have been.

Thus this vast subterranean population of vases, and other specimens of the *Tuscum fictile*, which modern industry is gradually drawing to light, was accumulated as early, at least, as the republican age of Rome. According to all probability, therefore, the accumulation must have begun at a far more an-

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* More than half. Indeed, the famous vase found at Pæstum, of which the subject is the Last Night of Troy, for which the king of Naples gave 10,000 crowns not many years ago, would now hardly be valued at more than 2000.

cient epoch. A school of antiquaries, of whom Lanzi was at the head, maintained that the Etrurians borrowed the art from Greece; some, that the vases themselves were imported. Modern researches, according to Mrs Gray, have placed both suppositions out of the question. But it must be remembered that she follows Micali, Campanari, and the general opinion of Italy, which is now adverse to Lanzi's theory: the high authority of Sir W. Gell is ranged on the other side. But, as it is impossible for us to enter on this debated ground, we shall content ourselves with following the lady in her classification of these curious relics, which is borrowed from her Italian friends. Whether it be altogether beyond cavil or no, it will serve as a sort of guide to our readers, if they should chance to light on a collection where these relics, as usual, are altogether unarranged;—as in the so-called 'Etruscan room' of the British Museum.

'The *most ancient* vases are those called of the Egyptian style, and of which the manner and subjects are totally dissimilar from any others. They represent rows of sphinxes, chimeras, griffins, harpies, lions, cocks, &c., and are parti-coloured of red and black, upon a pale yellow ground. I have heard it disputed among the learned, whether these were not actually made in Egypt, and imported into Etruria; but the prevailing opinion among antiquaries is, that they were native manufacture copied from Egypt. *Black* vases, with pieces of animals and ornaments in basso relievo, are also of very high antiquity, and were the staple manufacture of Volterra. Those with *black* figures on a *red* ground come next in order, while the most modern are *black* with *red* figures—such of them, at least, as depart from the old stiff Etruscan style, and have the more natural shapes of Greek art; for example, those of Magna Græcia in general, and of Nola in particular. . . . . As the era of the foundation of Rome was that of the chief grandeur of Etruria, when her luxury and magnificence were at the highest pitch, we may assign that period for the finest vases; while those called Egyptian bear a much earlier date. The finest vases, to which we have thus assigned the age of 2600 years, a few years, or even centuries, more or less, are in general black, containing a large red ground with black figures, in the draperies of which are also introduced fawn-colour, white, and purple: the white also invariably marking the uncovered parts of the female figures. Some of these vases are red, and have figures entirely black, with a stiffness and peculiarity in the forms and proportions, which denote a high antiquity and an Etruscan origin; and sometimes the most thoroughly primitive, which the Roman antiquaries used to puzzle my brain by calling "Archaic" exclusively, are of the finest material and most exquisite finish. . . . .

'Among many more minute subdivisions, I will merely note here *three* grand differences of style in the vases. First, the Egyptian, with its harpies and sphinxes, in total defiance of nature, and its disregard of Greek mythology or heroic tradition. Secondly, the black figures: quaint, stiff, and peculiar, of the most beautiful workmanship, but with-

out ease or grace in the human outline: with splendid processions of warriors, groups of divinities, and mysterious allegories. Thirdly, the red figures, with the most spirited and elegant forms of men and women, true to nature, and sometimes absolutely lovely, representing stories of gods and heroes, as well as incidents of domestic life. You will rarely see a *black* figure easy, natural, or graceful, however exquisite may be the beauty of its workmanship; and you will seldom be able to trace in a *red* figure that peculiar stiff and rigid quaintness, which is characteristic of the most ancient Etruscan art. Those black figures which *have* a sketchy and flowing ease, are on vases of very inferior material and execution, and belong to the period of the decay of art, like the roughly drawn red figures, which are so common. . . . . These are the usual heads with which the guides class them as a mass; but, as I before said, four and not three styles always appeared to me most distinctly marked upon every Etruscan class of objects which I examined; viz. the Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, and Decadence, or, as I might perhaps call it, the Romaic.'

The classification according to colours is, however, subject to this difficulty, that local fashions seem to have influenced it: thus, red vases with bassi relievi are common at Arezzo, black figures in the cities round Civita Vecchia, and so forth. However, omitting the mysterious connexion with Egypt, it is plain that Etruscan art went through two stages very analogous to those which mark the history of the modern art of painting. In the first, the execution was laborious, minute, and beautiful; but the forms were stiff and ungraceful. In the second, the forms reached the highest standard of classical beauty; the execution became more and more slight and sketchy; and it is also plain that the second *style* was not indigenous, even if the *workmanship* was, but borrowed from Greece, the mother of the beautiful; for with the introduction of the new style came the introduction of Grecian subjects. The Etruscans had an ancient and solemn religion of their own, full of rites and mysteries; they had also a well-preserved civil history of remote antiquity. But, such was the disposition of the people, or such the consequence of the sacerdotal character of their civil and religious system; they seem to have had no romantic mythology, no popular chiefs and heroes. The graceful inventions of early Greece were transplanted among them. The fall of Troy, the judgment of Paris, the labours of Hercules, such are the favourite subjects on the vases and tazze of later date: later, relatively speaking, but, doubtless, often many ages older than the introduction of Greek literature at Rome.

It is rather difficult to account for this early intermixture; for although the commerce of the Etruscans was very extensive, yet no one would conjecture, from what we possess of early Greek

history—the books of Herodotus, for example—that the connexion between the two nations was close. So, again, the alphabet of old Etruria is the same with that of very early Greece, while the languages are radically different. Did the Etruscans derive it from Greece, or both from Phœnicia? The names of gods and heroes, inserted over their heads in the paintings, are sometimes Greek, and sometimes indigenous. The Tuscan Minerva (Menrfa) was the Greek Pallas; but Tina (Jupiter) and Erkle (Hercules) are called by their Grecian names.* All this is but a vestibule to the abyss of misty speculation which the history of old Etruria opens upon us.

Tradition helps us a little way, and but a little, in sounding it. The *myth* of the settlement in Etruria of the Corinthian Demaratus, with his comrades, Eucheir and Eugrammos—Able workman and Able draughtsman—seems to indicate the establishment of a school of Grecian art in that country, not long after the foundation of Rome. If so, we may fairly attribute to that period the commencement of the change in the national style. And it is a curious fact, that painted vases of the Etruscan fashion have been also found in Greece, but neither in great numbers nor of superior workmanship; while, according to the story quoted from Strabo, they were used by the Corinthians to adorn their tombs, just as the Etrurians used them. Perhaps the conclusion to which the evidence points is, that while the Etruscans borrowed from Greece this later style of ornament, the Greeks in their turn borrowed from Etruria the art itself;—extensively in Magna Græcia, partially in old Greece, but peculiarly at Corinth, the metropolis of art, and the birthplace of the legendary Eucheir and Eugrammos.

We have said that the passage from the earlier to the later style of art in Etruria, (which may be traced in statues as well as vases,) reminded us of that which took place in the painting of modern Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But it must not be supposed that a comparison between the early Etruscan styles, and that which appears in the paintings and illuminations of the middle ages, would be just to the former. There is a grace and truth about ancient art, even the most

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* Our authoress has been misled by the reveries of her friends, the Italian antiquaries, about the Oriental origin of the great god Tina or Tinai. He is, unquestionably, Ζευς, Ζηνος. At the same time, both *may* have come, without intercommunity, from some Phœnician root, such as Adonai. Müller, who seems to have a lingering fondness for the Teutonic theory, suggests Odin.

ancient, which moderns seem never to have attained without severe labour and close imitation. Look at the oldest figures on Etruscan vases; they are what Micali describes them—'Le 'figure, collocate di profilo, han quella durezza e secchezza di 'forma che porge la natura non ancora ben diretta dall'arte; i 'volti sono esaggerati; i capelli ora increspati, ora lunghi e 'prolissi alle spalle; le vesti non hanno pieghe, o minute e 'rettilinee nei vestimenti femminili; non v'ha gruppo alcuno, nè 'varietà di sembianze'—figures with wasplike waists, prodigious hips, inordinate length of limb and extremities: yet, distorted as they are, is there not constantly an indefinite air of natural freedom, and firmness of outline, such as the eye searches for in vain in the feeble and spiritless drawing of old illuminations, for instance, or other relics of the middle ages? Might we not almost add, in the school of Hemling and Van Eyck? Compare the works of parallel ages in ancient and modern history; the sculptures of Ægina with those of Gothic cathedrals; the finished classical style of drawing, such as it is seen in the popular workmanship of the best ages, in the later Etruscan vases, or in the frescoes of Pompeii, with the vulgar efforts of modern taste, which we are only able to preserve from utter degeneracy by an assiduous study of the antique. Surely art was something more divine and ethereal when the world was younger, and has but degenerated in the hands of modern refinement.

Next to the vases in interest are the tazze of the same material; indeed, they bear a higher value with connoisseurs, owing to their rarity. These tazze are round, wide, and shallow vessels, generally with short stems, and a pair of ears or handles. They were employed both in religious ceremonies and domestic uses. The specimen which Mrs Gray describes and delineates (at page 180) from her own collection, must be extremely beautiful. The outside of the bowl represents six figures feasting—reclined on couches after the classical fashion, in long robes, and attitudes of the most spirited ease. The scene is called a funeral banquet: why, we do not know. One is playing on the eternal *tibia;* the others are in earnest conversation. Can we conjecture the subject? Politics, no doubt; for there are no women present, although both sexes met round an Etruscan dinner-table; for their habits differed widely in this respect from those of the 'classical' ancients. Politics must have been the favourite topic, in these active aristocratic communities, as soon as the ladies had retired, and the more serious toping had commenced. Perhaps they are discussing the troublesome exploits of that horde of convicts, outlawed shepherds, and runaway slaves, who

have lately encamped on seven hills on the Latin bank of the Tiber. Or rather, as the style seems later, and there is a Greek inscription, their conversation turns on events of more momentous and painful import;—the last inauspicious days of Etruscan independence, the rout at the Vadimonian Lake, the bloody fall of Tarquinia, the civil wars of Volsinii. But 'the thing 'which gives a peculiar value to this tazza is the extraordinary 'collection of drinking cups displayed on the table, around which 'they are reclining, and which show the giver of the feast to have 'been a man curious in goblets, and an amateur of odd shapes.' Some are common tazze, some goblet-shaped, some horn-shaped, and two in the exact form of a pair of top-boots—a form which, our authoress says, she has actually seen in museums.

Besides these common relics, the tombs of Etruria contain, as we have seen, splendid ornaments of gold and bronze, numberless little indescribable objects of stone and earthenware, statues, and sarcophagi. But by far the most curious and beautiful—unhappily the least durable of all the existing monuments of the nation—are the fresco paintings, which in some situations, particularly at Tarquinii, cover the walls of these chambers of the dead. These are rapidly perishing from damp and decay in the excavated sepulchres; and modern art seems as inadequate to preserve as it would be to restore them. Antiquaries who were present at the first discovery of some of the finest tombs, are shocked at the difference which a few years have made in the vividness of the colour, and even of the outlines. The taste for archæological research is so strong at Rome and at Florence, that there is no doubt the monumental value of all these paintings will be preserved by means of accurate copies; but the original beauty is doomed to perish. They exhibit all the styles of art which have been mentioned when speaking of the vases; but the most beautiful, those at Tarquinii, chiefly belong to the later. Their subjects are inconceivably various: the mysterious and pregnant symbols of Egypt, and those still less known, which seem proper to Etruria, are intermingled with arabesques and fanciful ornaments;—with gorgons, sphinxes, chimeras, hippocampi, and other monsters, which the ancients, who were not *always* mystical, as one of Mrs Gray's learned ciceroni truly observes, probably meant for monsters, and nothing more—with representations of feasts, games, dances, religious processions—scenes of heroic or domestic life—many of unknown import—some telling their own story with wonderful truth and effect. The following is Mrs Gray's description of the 'Camera di 'Triclinio, e del Ballo,' chamber of feasting and dancing, in the necropolis of Tarquinii.

'Here is a full display of Etruscan magnificence in dress, furniture, and all the accessories of sumptuous living. The roof is vaulted, and ornamented with divers colours, and divided in the midst by a beam which is gracefully twined with branches of trellised ivy. By the side of the door, two men are carelessly reclining, their elbows supported on large double cushions; while, on the wall opposite them, are two panthers, the usual guardians of the tomb, and also two youthful horsemen seated gracefully on their steeds, with lance in hand. In the picture in the middle wall are three couches, each containing a man and a woman; and in front of two of these, are tables covered with vases, while in front of the other is a large vessel, out of which wine is poured into smaller vessels, to be handed round to the guests. There is a sort of *buffet* at the side filled with tazze and vessels of various forms. The richness and beauty of the parti-coloured coverings of the tables and of the couches are remarkable, as well as the splendid festal dresses of the guests, and their crowns of ivy and olive. An attendant, richly dressed, plays on the flute, while a naked boy serves the tables, having in one hand a small vase, and in the other an instrument, with which he is studiously sprinkling the guests with salt, or some other condiment. The guests are turning towards each other in various attitudes, and with lively gestures, and seem much more occupied with the pleasures of society than of the table. But the feast is already begun; for one of the ladies is in the act of eating an egg, while the gentleman next her is emptying a tazza to her health. The ladies are adorned with rich necklaces and bracelets. Ointments and perfumes also, so essential to the luxurious habits of the ancients, are not wanting to this banquet. The clatter of the dishes, and the smell of the meats, have attracted to the feast a tame cat, a partridge, and a cock, which are assiduously picking up the crumbs of good things. Above the couches hang crowns or chaplets, with which the guests at the end of the entertainment used to adorn their heads, necks, and arms, when they took their luxurious siesta, or further indulged in the pleasures of the goblet. The funereal feast being concluded, the dance commences. The ballet consists of eight persons, and the musicians are two, a player on the lyre, and one on the double flute; but even they take a part in the dance. The prima danzatrice moves her hands as if she had castanets, while the last holds a wreath of ivy, with which most of them are crowned. They are all handsomely buskined, and accompany the dance with a lively movement of the head and arms, which reminded me of the tarantella. Signor Avolta, however, claimed it as the original of a dance which had been handed down in this part of the country even to the days of his youth, but which has now fallen into disuse: he told me he had danced in this manner when a boy, but complained that now French dances and French fashions were obliterating all their national customs. The dresses of the dancers are of the most splendid material, embroidered with minute stars, and adorned with parti-coloured garnitures; their necks are ornamented with costly collars, their ears with pendants, and their arms with bracelets. The youths are divided from the dancing-girls by olive and myrtle trees, covered with chaplets, in the branches of which are perched various birds; while hares, wolves,

deer, and other animals, are jumping up the stems, or gamboling below in evident enjoyment of the feast.'—(Pp. 177, 179.)

Surely these people must have thought, unlike poor Charles Lamb, that a ghost *can* 'laugh, and shake his gaunt sides, when 'you are merry with him.' This animated description will remind the most of some of the Egyptian painted tombs, as delineated by Mr Wilkinson; but the workmanship of Etruscan art seems at once more spirited and more elaborate. The love of personal display, and magnificence of dress, so characteristic of the Etruscans, is here remarkably exhibited. 'A few winters 'ago,' says our authoress, 'the Princess of Canino appeared at 'some of the ambassador's *fêtes* in Rome with a *parure* of Etrus-'can jewellery,' (taken from the tombs,) 'which was the envy 'of the society, and excelled the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Paris and 'Vienna,'—a striking contrast to the generally simple and unornamented dress of the Greeks, and the severe prohibitions against the display of personal finery among the Romans; and this contrast extends to minute particulars. The *chaussure* is the most universally ornamented part of the Etruscan dress, as represented in these paintings, and the most various in fashion; being precisely that which the Greeks most neglected, and commonly dispensed with altogether. There are figures, male and female, with richly decorated heads, and buskins of the most delicate workmanship; while the rest of their persons is left most primitively unadorned, reminding us of the customs of the negroes of the Gold Coast, among whom an English wig and pair of top-boots are esteemed sufficient, without the aid of any other attire, to constitute an imposing dress for state occasions.

But none of these delineations are half so interesting as that class, the most numerous of all, which take their subjects from the old Etruscan belief respecting the state of departed spirits, and the immaterial world. We know little, after all, of the positive religious belief of old Etruria; nor is modern discovery likely to impart to us much more. What we do know, with any certainty, is that portion which passed into the state creed of Rome. The twelve Etruscan gods are all admitted, *ad eundem*, if we may use the expression, into the mythology of Greece and Egypt, according to the puzzling fashion of ancient theologians; that is, there is an Etruscan Jupiter, Juno, and so forth, corresponding to their relatives in the Greek Pantheon. They had their proper temples, rites, and sacrifices. But of the hidden meaning which lay beneath all this outward and popular semblance of a religion, nothing is known: the hereditary priests and augurs kept the key to these mysteries, and it was lost with the independence of the people. As far as visible monuments

explain it, Micali has probably represented it aright, as consisting primarily of two elements—simple legends, plain and superficial allegories, such as the stories of Tages, Janus, Saturn, and the like; and mysterious importations from Egypt. But whether these last were engrafted on the rude doctrines of an indigenous pastoral people, as Micali believes; or whether they are in fact the foundation of the whole fabric, to which only a few popular additions were afterwards made—this is a question which no archæological society will solve for us. To these was added in time, a third element, that of Grecian mythology. The introduction of the worship of Bacchus into Etruria, is an historical event. And it is very likely that the old religion grew unpopular, in later and more luxurious times; precisely because the priests kept it so carefully corked up, and dispensed it only in infinitesimal doses to the plebeian multitude. These latter wanted 'revivals,' as multitudes similarly circumstanced always will; and flocked from the temples into the woods, to listen to popular Bacchanalian preachers, and enroll themselves in anti-temperance societies.

But the more singular and national part of the Etruscan creed was the strong persuasion of the existence and close proximity, if we may so express ourselves, of the world of spirits; revealing itself to mortals in every direction, and pressing its evidence on the senses—in lightnings and winds, in the flights and voice of birds, in the hundred modes of augury which retained so strong a hold over the imagination even of imperial and sceptical Rome—which did not all perish with Paganism, but lived on through the night of ages as Christian superstitions. There was something peculiarly personal and domestic in the oldest Etruscan belief; nay, it approached, in the gross and popular shape, as near to Fetichism as the genius of a wise and thoughtful race, influenced, too, by remnants of patriarchal tradition, could well admit. Each immortal human soul had its correlatives, its protectors, companions, and influencing agents, in the innumerable host of spirits: this world and the other were full of genii.

What was, in reality, the Genius, that peculiarly indigenous creature of Etruscan fancy? The remnants of Roman literature give us only a very dim and perplexing insight into his character. In fact, nothing so intangible as the notion of the Genius, is found in the works of classical Latinity, or, it may be added, in the remains of classical art, strictly so called; the gems and statues of the imperial age. We are told that he was the inseparable companion of every mortal from his birth. Perhaps he was himself as mortal as his earthly comrade. He shared intimately in the pleasures and pains of life; he rejoiced in the warmth of the household hearth; the cheerfulness of the festive board; exulted

in good fortune; mourned in calamities; interfered sometimes as a gentle and confidential adviser on an uncertain road. Yet, again, he is decribed as a controlling and directing influence; governing the star of each man's nativity. Sometimes he is changeable in aspect, with his countenance dark or bright, according as he appears in warning or approving guise. Sometimes, again, each man seems to have his *pair* of genii, black and white. And not only each man, but each city, house, fountain, hill, nay, each god, seems at other times to have an appropriated genius. This mysterious agent is male or female, (as in Egypt also,) or both; a beautiful child; a winged youth; a helmeted old man; a skeleton.

Such is the Genius of Roman literature and art;—a dreamy, fugitive, unsubstantial creation, yet strangely poetical. The Genius of the old Etruscan paintings (if they are rightly interpreted) seems, in truth, a mere material and intelligible being. According to Mrs Gray's authorities, and indeed according to strong presumptive evidence, apparent on the very face of the Tarquinian frescoes, the good and bad genii were the very counterparts of the angels and devils of the middle ages; so precisely their counterparts, that some of these scenes would serve equally well as illustrations of many a monastic legend. They are generally winged—a circumstance peculiar to Etruria; their chief peculiarity in costume is a peaked hat, which antiquaries say is appropriate to them. Their headdress is sometimes a wreath of serpents, the emblem of immortality. They are distinguished by their stature, and also, we are told, by the superior distinctness of their colouring, from the disembodied human souls whom they accompany; these latter being faintly traced on a white ground—mere Lucretian spectra, or Homeric idols. The evil genii are sometimes frightful fiends; sometimes they are only distinguished by their black colour—dark, Miltonic figures, of imposing aspect. There is one very remarkable tomb at Tarquinii, called by the excavators the *Camera de Morti*, which is said to have contained a complete Etruscan Dance of death—a vast procession of dead mortals of all ages and conditions, with attendant genii, on their way to final judgment. Most of this painting is now effaced. A sketch of one of the remaining portions is given (at p. 186) of Mrs Gray's work. The evil genii stand or sit, in singularly spirited attitudes, at the gate of hell, leaning on their hammers—an Etruscan symbol of those demons, which carries the imagination to the phantoms of a distant age and region—Monkir and Nakir, the Mahometan angels of judgment, who bruise the souls which falter in their answers at the last examination with maces of red-hot iron. There is a

struggle between a good and an evil Genius for the possession of a soul, the one pushing back, the other pulling forward the wheeled bier or car on which the deceased is sitting, enveloped in drapery; like the 'black cherubim' of Dante, contending with the messengers of heaven for the property in deceased sinners. Nor is this resemblance a solitary instance; the conceptions of the great Tuscan poet of the dead, recur to the mind again and again in contemplating these relics of his ancestors, of which the very existence was unsuspected by him. Another Tarquinian fresco is represented, and very well represented, in Mrs Gray's frontispiece. It is also a procession of departed souls. The party is led by a good Genius in a pink robe, wreathed with serpents, and lifting others in his hand; his pileus, or conical hat, terminating in a lighted torch. Most of the human figures appear to be under his protection; but two—a youth and a female, both of surpassing beauty—have each a hideous fiend at their side, with brutish, negro features, (for the old Etruscans, like the vulgar in modern times, gave their devils the likeness of the unhappy children of Ham,) claws, fiery eyes, strange costumes, and serpent-fillets. Such is the power of art displayed in this fragment, to judge of it only by the copy, that we can readily believe Mrs Gray when she says that the most intense anguish—an expression of unutterable woe—is depicted in the majestic brow and eyes of the female figure. Our authoress's own imagination immediately suggested to her the remembrance of Paolo and Francesca. We fancy ourselves placed again in company of the grotesque fiends of Malebolge, Calcabrina, Barbariccia, and their fellows; or of the graceful visiters who traverse the circles of purgatory on celestial wings—

> 'Verdi, come fogliette primo nate:
> ..... nella faccia, quale
> Pur, tremolando, matutina stella.'

But the resemblance lies much deeper than the surface of these curious pictorial remains. The same national character of imagination which coined the dramatic frescoes of the Etruscan sepulchres reappears, scarcely modified by the lapse of centuries, to guide the pen of Dante and the pencil of Michael Angelo. The thought of death, says Micali, was, in ancient Etruria, the most powerful impression on the mind of the living. So with the Tuscans of the middle ages; and in both the same turn of mind generated a very peculiar character of art, with conceptions rather strongly than elegantly embodied; less graceful, less delicately imaginative than the Greek; definite and substantial in its attributes; by turns sublime and grotesque. And

the good and evil genii became readily metamorphosed into good and evil angels. The peculiar ideas of the middle ages respecting these, were nowhere so vividly expressed, or in forms so popular, as in Tuscany. The imagination of the young Dante was first excited by witnessing a public pageant of the day of judgment, enacted by the Florentine townsfolk in boats on the Arno—treated, no doubt, in the same national style in which the old Etruscan artists had treated it, whose works were then peacefully resting beneath the soil;—the very same which again displayed itself in the daring, yet earthly, conceptions of Michael Angelo, and the ghastly dreams of Luca Signorelli.*

It would be a curious speculation to trace the history of the old Etruscan superstitions, through the period of their degeneracy and perversion in imperial times, to their connexion with the demonology and cognate sciences of the dark and middle ages. All nations, rude or civilized, have been superstitious; but the lordly Romans were perhaps more grossly and miserably enslaved by this weakness than any other people that ever existed. They dabbled in the supernatural arts of all countries with which they had any thing to do; but those of Etruria were the earliest introduced, and retained their hold among the latest. The art of the augur was honoured at Rome, as well as in Etruria itself; it was considered a legitimate business, while that of other pretenders was contraband; but in time the reiterated prohibitions of the emperors against magical practices reacted also on this ancient usage, and stamped it with a character of dubious lawfulness. It has not, we think, been sufficiently shown how much the character of magic in pagan Rome, as a black and prohibited art, influenced the notions of the early Christians. We sometimes call the superstitions of modern demonology Gothic, and sometimes Oriental; but, both among the Gothic and Oriental nations, magic was in honour rather than discredit: it was, in fact, the remnant of Roman notions, which materially contributed to form the modern idea of diabolical

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* In the frescoes of the cathedral of Orvieto, "Luca Signorelli has imagined that, according to a person's good or bad deeds in this world, would be his perfection or deformity at the last day. Some, therefore, are grinning skulls, and naked bones, hideously feeling about for their remaining members; . . . . others are represented as half clothed, but not daring to look up to their heavenly judge; . . . . others are rising from the tomb with clasped hands, and the agonies of despair depicted in their countenances."—Mrs Gray, p. 450. Raphael, and his master Ghirlandajo, "are said to have spent hours and days in studying them."

agency. The Tuscan art of divination lived through all these revolutions. The same fastnesses of the Apennine which had sheltered the solitary augur of enslaved and dispeopled Etruria—who was ever and anon called by the senate to imperial Rome, to comfort the citizens under the visitation of a comet, or a flood, or a shower of stones, or a calf with eight legs—sheltered in the twelfth century the solitary necromancer—

> 'Che ne' monti di Luna, dove ronca
> Lo Carrarese, che di sotto alberga,
> Ebbe tra bianchi marmi la spelonca
> Per sua dimora: onde a veder le stelle
> E 'l mar non gli era la veduta tronca.'

The very national type of the Tuscan countenance in these ancient paintings, is said by Micali, and by Mrs Gray, to correspond with the common character of face at the present day—handsome and classical, but rounder and less regular than the Greek, and less strongly marked than the Roman. 'The vertical diameter of the head is short, the ears somewhat high, the forehead broad and low, the nose aquiline, and the chin rounded.' On the other hand, the historian of the old Etruscans, Muller, gives no very favourable portraiture of their personal charms. He says the figures on the sarcophagi represent 'men of low stature, with large heads, short fat arms, and of an awkward unwieldy make;' the *obesi et pingues Etrusci*. But this is rather a loose species of argument: style of art has more to do than nature with the form and proportions of figures in paintings: the sculptures of Ægina, exquisite as they often are in their correct adherence to nature, yet seem also to exhibit a short stout race of mankind, which the Greeks were not; and it would be just as fair to seek for the types of the old Etruscans in the scraggy elongated shapes on the old vases. The classical epithets are to be taken rather satirically than literally—like those of 'pock-puddings' and 'porkers,' bestowed on the Southrons by the Caledonians.

The national disposition and humour of the people, say these enthusiastic antiquaries, have been equally durable. But they are not quite agreed in the portraiture which they draw of it. They were a sober and melancholy people, says Micali, both by temperament and through the force of education—their minds filled with omens and auguries, and ever dwelling on death and things pertaining to it. They were a jovial, merry race, with more of comfort and luxury than of refinement, says Mrs Gary: witness the favourite subjects of their art, their feasts and drinking matches, their games, horse-races, boar-hunts, dances, and

music. They used to knead their bread and whip their slaves to the sound of the flute, according to Aristotle; and one of the paintings described by Mrs Gray, represents a boxing-match to the tune of that universal instrument. There may be truth in both these characters, which were certainly united in the ancient Egyptians also. Again, Micali remarks, (but the observation is controverted,) that no original work of Etruscan art has yet been discovered containing indecent representations; and he points to the acknowledged importance of women in their society, as a proof of their civilization and domestic morality. But what is to be done with the testimonies of ancient authors on this subject? Micali rejects, with infinite contempt, the insinuations of the lying Greek traveller, Theopompus, against the virtue of his fair ancestresses; but he cannot dispose so easily of the general voice of antiquity. Perhaps, however, the proverbial profligacy of the Tuscans may have been the vice of their fallen state only; and may have been greatly exaggerated by the Romans, who were ready to impute crime as well as effeminacy to all societies too refined for their own rude and ferocious habits.

It is curious, at all events, to trace the resemblance between the two great periods of Etruscan independence. The second republican era of Tuscany, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century after Christ, seems almost the counterpart of the first. In both, the same activity, industry, abundant wealth, commercial spirit, and mixture of the civic with the warlike character: in both, the same vices and errors—the same unquiet turbulence of disposition, the same divisions between patricians and commonalty in every city—the same want of compact and united strength, the same apathy or jealousies in periods when union was most needed—the same eventual corruption, decay, and subjugation. But the old republics had the advantage of the newer in the more durable principles of their civil polity, and in its intimate connexion with religion. It seems as if the inhabitants of old Etruria, in Muller's forcible phraseology, both gods and men, were united in one commonwealth, and the former were placed in permanent commerce with the latter, guiding and warning them by omens; while they, the gods, might sometimes be induced to bend the strong will of man. This alludes to the strange Etruscan notion, that fate might be averted for a certain number of years by strong acts of devotion. But the class which could alone interpret, propitiate, and delay the resolutions of the gods, was necessarily omnipotent. The hereditary Priesthood and Nobility were united in the same families. Etruria was, it may be said, the very birthplace of nobility in the Roman and modern sense of the word. The little

states of Greece had also their Eupatridæ, or families of noble origin; but there was nothing fixed or stable in the power of these houses, or in the respect claimed by them. The distinctions between them and the rest of the citizens were liable to be overturned at every political revolution; the tendencies of all things were towards democracy; and accordingly, in the flourishing days of Republican Greece, though we often meet with individuals distinguished by their good or illustrious descent, we seldom or never read of *families* transmitting the same estates, name, and honours, from generation to generation, fixed in the soil of their native state, and identified with its prosperity or decline. On the other hand, all the remains of ancient Etruria speak to us of an aristocracy as definite and durable as that of feudal Europe. We read in Roman history, that many of the illustrious families of the Commonwealth were of Etruscan origin. Such were the Cilnii and the Mæcenates from Arretium, whose blood was united in the minister of Augustus; the Cæcinas from Volterra; the Ælii from Volsinii; the Salvii from Ferentinum; and the most distinguished of all, the Licinii, who were driven away from Arretium, in A.V.C. 454, for tyranny. It is peculiarly interesting to find these very names, in their true Etruscan shapes of Celne, Ceicne, Œle, Salfe, Lecne, recurring over and over again in the tombs and other monuments of their respective cities, designating the owners of the mightiest sepulchres; and repeated in such a manner, and with such variations, as to enable antiquaries to trace out the titles and connexions, nay, the very descents, through several generations, of some of the oldest houses of Etruria, not less distinctly, and perhaps much more accurately, than the early portions of the pedigree of our Talbots and Cliffords.

The nomenclature of the old Etruscan families was peculiar and artificial. Mrs Gray, following Müller, explains it in the following manner. There were no gentilitian names, she says; that is, names of *clans*, as in ancient Rome, comprehending many families who might or might not be connected in blood. In mortuary inscriptions, it is common to find *four* names. First, what Mrs Gray calls the prænomen of the deceased, but which is perhaps more properly his *title*. Lars is the most common prænomen or title of nobility among men, (Lord, according to the Teutonic antiquaries; certainly connected with Lar, the Roman name for the domestic deities.) Thus we read in Roman history of Lars Porsena and Lars Tolumnius. The feminine of Lars is Larthia, the common prefix of noble ladies. But Aruns, Aule, (Aulus,) Fele, (Velius,) and other prefixes, occur among men: Thana or Thancufil, (Tanaquil,) Felia, Sethra, Titia, Phastia,

Ane, and Ramta, among women. Next came the paternal family name. Then the prænomen of the father, with the affix 'al,' (perhaps son.) Lastly, the family name of the mother, with the same affix 'al.' Thus LARS TETINA LARISAL SPVRINAL, is Lars or Lord Tetina, the son of another Lars Tetina, by a lady of the house of Spurina; just as in Geneva, and other places, the son adds the maternal to the paternal family name, by way of distinguishing the branches. On the other hand, the lady sometimes puts first her own prænomen; second, her paternal family name; thirdly, her mother's family name; fourthly, that of her husband: thus, TANCHFIL PHRELNEI TEBATNA LLECNESA—Tanaquil, daughter of a Phrelne by a Tebatne, wife of a Licinius. The sepulchral urns of the Licinian house, found not far from Sienna, have furnished Mrs Gray with eight inscriptions of this sort, which she contrives to connect together, as we have mentioned, into a very respectable fragment of a family tree. Some Cambro-British or Highland antiquary, enamoured of the Celtic theory, will, it is to be hoped, graft it on to the magnificent stems of his native mountains. It would have been a taste worthy of the ingenuity of that gallant officer and historian who begins a certain period in his annals with the assertion, that 'about this time the Gael 'sent out two branches to the south, who became famous in his-'tory under the name of Greeks and Romans.'

These singular records show, among other things, the honour in which the female sex were held in Etruria. There are no traces, in the pictured relics of the nation, of Oriental or Grecian seclusion, any more than of Roman licentiousness. The matrons of high Etruscan lineage have their tombs as highly ornamented, and decorated with insignia apparently indicating as high a dignity, as the priests and rulers of the nation. The tomb of the 'Larthia' of Cœre, (described at p. 336,) was constructed, in the opinion of the architect Canina, 'many years previous to the 'Trojan war.' But we have considerable doubts as to the value of the chronological tests of recent architectural antiquaries, on which we have not space now to dilate: they rest on certain suppositions respecting the date of the use of the arch, and of different substitutes for it. Another feminine monument is thus described by Mrs Gray in her most sentimental manner. It was discovered at Clusium.

'In the midst of all these sarcophagi, upon the ground, and in front by itself, like the presiding genius of the place, sat a white-robed figure, of grave and solemn appearance, in a curule chair. It made me start when I first saw it; for it looked like life, and as if it were going to rise and demand from us why we intruded there. I am sure, had I seen it in the tomb, so pure and still, I could never have drawn it forth. I could never

have laid rude hands upon it. It was, to my mind, the most beautiful and solemn manner of embellishing death that ever entered a mortal's head. . . . It was the portrait and figure of the deceased. But what increased my wonder was, to perceive that it was a woman! The Larthia of Chiusi. She sat in queenly dignity, in her robes of ceremony, and in her chair of state; and the inscription which told of what she had been was placed beneath her feet, as if, when she entered the grave, the things of earth were to her all levelled with the dust. The figure was of fetid limestone, in a beautiful style of art; and such was its effect, that I could hardly refrain from tears. It has been raised to soothe some bleeding heart, and it is the gem of Chiusi.'

As far as modern historians have rather conjectured than discovered, the oldest government of the Etruscan cities was purely aristocratic; and it was not until comparatively recent times that individual Lucumones and Lartes, out of the governing houses, were raised to the royal dignity. Such were Lars Tolumnius of Clusium, and the conqueror of Rome, Lars Porsenna. But such royalty does not seem to have been durable. The same family which had furnished kings to the state for a season, remained great and flourishing as a patrician house, after the commonwealth had returned to its former condition. It is not until the very last days of Etruscan independence that we hear of popular insurrections; but these served in their time to weaken the remaining force of the mighty confederacy, and to aid the sword of the Gaul and the Roman in the work of subjugation.

Niebuhr, in his usual bold and dashing style of historical criticism, pronounced the Etruscan people to have been composed of two distinct nations—a conquering body of patricians, and a subjugated and helotized class. This notion he adopted from the cut and dried *formula* of Vico, which the latter applied pretty indiscriminately to the primordia of nations. And he connected it with certain theories of his own respecting the descent of the Rasenæ from beyond the Alps, *via* Rhætia and Lombardy; and their collision with a tribe of Tusci, arrived from eastern parts beyond sea, on the coast of Etruria. And we observe that Dr Arnold has rather hastily adopted the language of the eminent German respecting the social system of the Etruscans. It can only be ranked as a bold conjecture. Micali most patriotically defends his ancestors from the imputation thus cast on their institutions. He denies that any proof can be given that the body of the Etruscan nation were of a distinct and subject race, or that they were in the state of serfs to the governing class. One of Niebuhr's arguments is, that in this way only can we account for the enormous public works of the old Etruscans. Of this argument Micali disposes very happily. There are no such works. Etruria had no pyramids, no tower of Belus; the walls

of its old cities exhibit no gigantic mass or solidity; its temples were rather remarkable for singularity of construction than magnificence. They were far more remarkable for their domestic, and, above all, their sepulchral architecture. In fact, the ruling habits of the Etruscan race seem to have been very different from that which Horace attributes to the old Romans—

> 'Privatus illis census erat brevis,
> Commune magnum.'

They were, as we have seen, a people fond of comfort, luxury, and ostentation, in private life. Their houses were filled with objects of art; their persons adorned with almost effeminate love of show, in an age when the old Roman sternness absolutely forbade the display of either. But all this seems more consistent with the manners of a wealthy commercial people, than of a nation of lords and serfs. The custom already mentioned, of surrounding the principal tomb appropriated to a great family, with several little tombs, to all appearance the resting-places of the humble friends and dependents of the house, militates also against the supposition of distinct races. No difference of features or appearance seems observable in the sepulchral representations. On the contrary, in the great 'Dance of Death' already alluded to, high and low are mingled together on terms of perfect equality; there is no distinction, no respect of persons, where they are hastening;—the Lucumo in his chariot, the mechanic and countryman with the symbols of their respective crafts, must all follow alike the compulsion of their good or evil Genius; and all appear as children of the same family. Lastly, during the period in which history throws some light, however faint, on the condition of the Etruscan commonwealth; that is, the period of its relations with Rome—there were plainly *three* classes, as in other ancient states; nobles, freemen, slaves. The bloody civil wars of Volsinii, to which Dr Arnold refers as exemplifying the iron rule of the Tuscan patricians, were, according to the historians, raised by slaves against their masters; and may have been just like other servile wars recorded in ancient history. And we are expressly told, that in the last war of Etruria against Rome, when the country had been almost exhausted of freemen, the *slaves* were armed, and formed a considerable host. These, at all events, must have been slaves in the proper sense, not *serfs*, composing the mass of the population.

The evidence seems therefore to preponderate in favour of the supposition, that the Etruscan nobles were not a caste, exercising an odious domination over a multitude of trembling bondsmen; but an honoured and national peerage of burgher nobles, although

no doubt often too tenacious of their privileges, and vindictive in maintaining them. Some of them continued to dwell in their own land, under Roman government, as provincials of weight and dignity. 'So late as the reign of the Emperor Honorius, 'Cæcina Decius Albinus lived in a good old Etruscan style, in 'a villa on the banks of his native river, in the neighbourhood of 'Volterra.' And Mrs Gray informs us, that a family of the same name exists at Volterra to this day; could it but prove its descent, the most ancient house in Europe. But the greater part of these noble races, which escaped extermination in the long agony of the commonwealth, were absorbed into the huge vortex of Rome. The Romans, having no real antiquities of their own, felt the utmost respect for those of other nations, which they endeavoured to mask under abundance of conceited vapouring about the dignity of their republic. As many of their noblest citizens could boast no higher descent than from some caitiff whom a merciful Lars or Lucumo had allowed to escape unhanged; so they could not help reverencing, in spite of themselves, the stainless genealogy of names which seemed coeval with the very rudiments of the world. This feeling peeps out in many passages of Horace, where the most refined compliment which can be paid to some high Roman, the lord of provinces or minister of Cæsar himself, is to introduce allusions to his descent from some chieftain of hoar antiquity, who held sway in an Etruscan or Campanian hill-fort before Rome was born.

But though the Romans made the Etruscans their pattern in the concerns of religious worship, and borrowed from them no trifling part of their civil institutions, they did not use the chance of war against the falling commonwealth with less unsparing ferocity. Our memorials of the conquest of Etruria are few, but terribly significant: Already enfeebled by Gaulish invasions and by civil wars, twice routed with terrible slaughter at the Vadimonian lake, the nation gave up the conflict; single cities carried it on to their own destruction. Three hundred and sixty-eight noble citizens of Tarquinii scourged to death in the forum, and the foundation of a Roman colony on its site—these are all the records that remain of the downfall of that most curious metropolis of ancient art, and head of the Tuscan federation. 'The site of one of the mightiest cities of ancient Europe can 'scarcely be discovered; her works of piety and ornaments, her 'solemn temples, her solid aqueducts, her magnificent theatres 'and forum, the trophies of her glory, her triumphal arches and 'stately colonnades, all crumbled in the dust, and not even ap-'pearing above the rocks which supported them: the form of

'her government, and the vicissitudes of her history being a curious question of antiquarian doubt and speculation, and the story of her downfall wrapped in mystery.'

And the fate of Tarquinia is but a type of that of the illustrious people to which it served for a time as a central point of union. The Etruscan soothsayers held, among their other recondite doctrines, that the earth was destined to be the inheritance of several nations or races of men in succession; that to each nation its own allotted period, or Great Year, was measured out by Fate; that this Great Year consisted of a certain number of *sæcula*, or ages. Their own fated number was ten; that of the Romans, twelve. The *sæculum*, or age, was not a generation or a century; but it lasted as long as the life of the last survivor of those who were in being at its commencement. When death had gathered in the entire harvest of the *sæculum*, its end arrived. This period, undiscoverable by human sagacity, was announced to those who could interpret the will of the gods, by unerring tokens in the heavens and the earth. Such prodigies did occur in the days of Sylla, and the augurs announced that a new generation of mankind was begun. Such at least is the doctrine of the *sæculum*, as far as it can be collected from Censorinus and the other scanty and contradictory authorities which we possess; for we do not profess to follow exactly the calculations of the learned Müller, who makes out, with true German earnestness and simplicity, that the Etruscan nation ought to have come to an end about A.D. 850, if its prophetic books spoke the truth. But whenever the predestined cycle may have been completed, never, in the historical period, has there been so utter an extinction of a civilized people, with its arts, institutions, language, and refinement. Its monuments are riddles, partaking so strangely of a national and an exotic character, that they lead the mind a zigzag *ignis fatuus* dance, passing perpetually from one extreme of conjecture to another: its tongue, possibly the great key to all these mysteries, is the very despair and reproach of modern ingenuity. But the more abstruse the enigma, the more profound and impressive is the language in which these vast sepulchral cities address the imagination—and much, doubtless, remains that may be deciphered. 'Late years,' Mrs Gray truly says, 'have brought such things 'to light, that it is difficult to say, with respect to the nations 'prior to Rome, what may or may not have been. No one of 'understanding can look upon these graves, and think lightly 'either of their knowledge or their power.'

We should apologize to Mrs Gray for having brought this long

article to a close with so little notice of the manner in which she has executed her very curious work; but the long extracts we have made, and the mode in which we have employed her researches, will show, we trust, that we do not undervalue them. Some things we could have wished otherwise in point of taste, and have taken here and there the liberty of remarking on them; but the attractiveness of her book is best evinced by its success, and the unusual interest which it has excited.

ART. VII.—*Schiller's Leben, Geistesentwickelung, und Werke in zusammenhang.* (*Schiller's Life, Mental Development, and Works in connexion.*) By DR KARL HOFFMEISTER. 8vo. Stuttgart: 1838–9.

THE numerous biographies and criticisms which, since the death of Goethe, have appeared in Germany on the subject of Schiller, indicate, we think, a return to a sounder state both of feeling and taste. We are far from undervaluing the great services of Goethe to German literature. So far as regards the intellectual culture of its literary men, and the art of composition, they have been great indeed; but we could not but regret that, for a time, there appeared a disposition to claim for him too exclusive a supremacy, and to depreciate the powers of that writer, whom, after all, we are disposed to regard as the most favourable *European* representative of the literature of Germany. That error has of late been corrected. Much light has been thrown on portions of Schiller's life by the publications of his early friends; his poems have been commented upon by men of ability and poetical taste; while the whole substance of these existing materials has been condensed into an able biography by Dr Hoffmeister, exhibiting a singularly full and satisfactory account both of the incidents of his life, and of the development of his mind.

Of this biography we propose to present an outline. At all times, the study of a character so simply great as that of Schiller would be a useful one; but the union of genius and high principle which it exhibits, the lessons of self-reliance and self-respect which it impresses upon us, are of peculiar value in a period like the present, when talent and principle are so often found dissociated; when literature, like every thing else, has assumed so much of a mechanical aspect; and genius is so frequently regarded simply as

so much exchangeable value, to be bartered for fame and fortune. Schiller was one who invested the literary character with its highest dignity; he entered on it as a vocation, not a profession: like our own Milton, he prepared himself for it 'as for the service of a 'sanctuary;' and through a life of stern exertion, much suffering, and some temptation, he never compromised those high principles which formed his creed. His life and writings are throughout in graceful harmony.

Frederick Schiller was born at Marbach, on the 10th of November 1759. From his father few of his characteristics, physical or moral, seem to have been derived, except, perhaps, that unwearied activity of mind which distinguished his life even amidst sickness and pain. His mother, on the contrary, he closely resembled. He appears to have inherited from her his pious, earnest, enthusiastic temperament, his mild and loving disposition, and his early taste for poetry. Even in face and form the likeness was conspicuous;—in the tall and slender figure, the light hair, weak eyes, broad forehead, and somewhat melancholy expression which was habitual to him. His naturally devotional feeling was increased by his intercourse with his first instructor, Moser, whom he has afterwards represented as the ideal of a clergyman in his 'Robbers.' The boy of seven determined to be a preacher. Some of his childish exhibitions in this character appear to rest on undoubted evidence. He would not unfrequently mount upon a chair, and deliver extemporary harangues, on religious subjects, to his mother and sister, with great fluency and unction at least, if not with much solidity or method. Any appearance of inattention on the part of his limited audience, he never failed to visit with the severest church censures, *ex cathedra*. With these clerical day-dreams, which lasted for several years, his poetical tendencies went hand in hand, though their first public display certainly had no very exalted origin. While residing at Ludwigsburg, the young poet, along with a friend, had proposed to invest the sum of four kreutzers, their whole pocket-money, in the purchase of a dish of curds and cream at the neighbouring village of Harteneck; but, after a tiresome walk, they were disappointed in the object of their search. What they missed at Harteneck, however, they found at Neckarweihingen, with the addition of a bunch of grapes into the bargain; exhilirated by which 'purple cheer,' Schiller, mounting an eminence which commanded a Pisgah prospect of both villages, solemnly pronounced a poetical malediction against the curdless land, and bestowed his blessing on the hamlet in which such varied luxuries had been obtained for four kreutzers.

In Ludwigsburg he first became acquainted with the theatre;

and though the performances appear to have been mainly of the melodramatic and *menagérie* school of the drama, they made a deep, and indeed indelible, impression on his mind. Frequently he would shut himself up in his room and rehearse long scenes, in which paper-puppets were the performers. Plans of tragedies began to float across his mind, sanguinary and terrific as 'The 'amusements of Muley Bugentuf.' Yet his theatrical *penchant* does not seem to have interfered with his plan of devoting himself to the clerical profession; the bent of his mind was still earnestly religious. The first of his written poems in German, was composed the day before his confirmation. It does not exist; but it appears to have been inspired by the sacred rite in which he was about to be engaged; and to have expressed the feeling of awe and solemnity with which he contemplated it.

In the Ludwigsburg academy, his progress in Latin appears to have been simply—respectable. He is generally characterized as *puer bonæ spei*;—indicating, probably, an average proficiency. The truth appears to be, that notwithstanding Schiller's natural quickness, Virgil and Horace found formidable rivals in the ideal glories of the Ludwigsburg stage, and in those boyish freaks and school delinquencies in which, at that time, he seems to have been a ringleader.

In 1772, Schiller had finished his Latin course, and was about to enter upon the *nine* years' study requisite to qualify him for the Church. All at once, and happily for the world if not for himself, his plans were changed by the intervention of the Duke of Wirtemberg, in whose service his father was; and who, having recently established an educational institution at one of his country residences near Stuttgard, for which he was anxious to obtain recruits among young men of talent, strongly advised that Schiller should abandon his clerical views, and enter the newly-formed academy as a student of law. The advice of the Duke, on whose patronage the prospects both of father and son were felt to depend, was, of course, too influential to be resisted; and in 1773, Schiller with reluctant heart became a member of this ducal institution.

The domestic economy of the establishment was arranged on principles of military discipline which would have merited the approbation of 'Uncle Toby.' Students of law, mathematics, natural philosophy, architecture, or music, were all placed under the same superintendence of captains and majors; they were arranged in classes of fifty, according to their stature; they marched to dinner and to bed; ate, drank, prayed, studied, amused themselves, at the word of command; wore uniforms, curls, stiff collars, long queues of false hair, and other strange

attire, which, upon the gaunt figure of Schiller, are described by his companions as producing an irresistibly comic effect. The restraints thus laid on the outward man were a type of the bondage imposed upon the mind. One precise course was marked out for each class of students, to which inflexible application was required: all reading beyond that sphere was prohibited; all amusements placed on the most reduced footing: intercourse between the students was discouraged; every indication of independence of opinion vigorously repressed;—in short, a mechanical uniformity of thought and action, reducing all talents and dispositions to a dead level, seemed to be the perfection of the system which the Duke, a well-meaning but short-sighted military pedant, laboured to introduce in this his new and favourite plaything.

The study of law, to which Schiller had been averse from the first, became doubly distasteful to him with such accompaniments. He made an effort at first to conform himself to what appeared to be his destiny. He read mechanically—he attended the usual lectures; but he made no progress. At last he ventured to state to the Duke his persuasion, that his true vocation was that which he had originally proposed to himself—the Church. This, he was told, was out of the question; but when the academy was transplanted to Stuttgard, the Duke was pleased to accord to him the permission to exchange the study of law for the somewhat less obnoxious study of medicine.

If his efforts in this new department of study were not much more successful, it was at least more in harmony with the speculative tendencies which his mind had gradually imbibed. The poets and philosophers, whose works, notwithstanding the strict discipline of the academy, he had read in secret, had made him a thinker, and in some respects a sceptic. The pious and trustful tone of thought which marked his boyish years, was at an end. The influence of Klopstock, which had at one time been all-powerful, was superseded by that of Wieland and Lessing; a projected epic on the subject of Moses, had been exchanged for the scheme of a tragedy on the subject of the suicide of a 'student of Nassau.' Rousseau and Voltaire had filled his mind with doubts, and launched it into a career of dark and brooding speculation. The search into the structure of the living body, now seemed to him calculated to throw light on the mysteries of mind; and he plunged into the study of his new profession, accordingly, with a real, though intermitting ardour. He chose for his public thesis, 'The connexion of the animal nature 'of man with the spiritual;'—a theme which he has treated in a gloomy and material spirit, yet not without originality, imagina-

tion, and vigour of expression. The germ of some passages in the 'Robbers,' may be detected in this his first prose production.

The state of Schiller's mind at this period, he afterwards depicted in his 'Letters of Julius and Raphael.' It was comfortless in the highest degree: the sense of iron restraint without, conflict within; feeling giving way to cold reason; faith yielding to doubt; an irksome present, a future clouded with uncertainty;—all seem to have preyed upon his mind, and to have reduced his sensitive spirit at times almost to madness and despair;—to have made his temper, once remarkable for mildness, irritable, overbearing, and rebellious; and to have inspired him with that indignation against established forms of discipline, and that sympathy with every volcanic movement within the bosom of society, which characterize his earlier plays. One source of consolation only remained open to him, which even the rigid discipline of the Stuttgard academy could not extinguish. In poetical creation he could for a time forget realities; he could vent his own struggling emotions through the mouth of ideal characters, and shadow out in rude colossal outlines those wild visions of fellow-men and of society with which his fancy laboured, as in a feverish sleep.

His first attempts were lyrical; and, we may add—worthless. They are imitative, pompous, and harsh in diction; often false in feeling; dealing with generalities and abstractions; without natural flow, without individuality; almost without promise of improvement. The drama fortunately presented to him something more positive: it repressed in some measure that tendency to the vague, which was the natural result of his secluded existence and education, and the bane of his lyric poetry. It compelled him to deal with a section of human nature placed within a limited field, pursuing a definite aim, and acting under the influence of real passions, instead of fictitious and sentimental impulses. His necessary ignorance of real life and of his fellows, no doubt left him exposed to a thousand distortions of drawing, and extravagances of colouring, in his portraits of society; but his own mind, at all events, he had thoroughly studied:—he felt that he could transfer to some ideal representation his own generous emotions and rebellious energies—his indignation against the vices and miseries of that vast prison-house, the world—his crudely magnificent projects for its improvement; that portrait would at least be true—vivid, deeply interesting to many a kindred spirit, groaning like his own under fancied oppression, and beating with bruised wing and useless effort against the bars which confined it. His other personages, he probably felt, would have but slender resemblance to humanity. Amelia might form

a fair but cloudy abstraction—the unsubstantial vision of one to whom the gentler portion of the creation was as yet all but unknown; Francis, a mere *simulacrum* of villany, a metaphysical abortion, without that mixture of human passion which alone could give to his villany motive or consistency. The tyrants by whom the social despotism of the world is supposed to be maintained, the wild outlaws who rise up in arms against it, might be equally unnatural—exaggerated as the sprawling figures of Goltzius, or the nightmare dreams of Fuseli; but in Charles de Moor at least, human lineaments and human feelings would be preserved, startling as these traits might seem under the ghastly light in which they were here presented. For those wild bursts of affection, pity, vengeance, enthusiasm, and remorse;—those relentings, those remembrances of other days, when sleep was impossible if the evening prayer was forgotten; those relapses into doubt and despair; that Promethean struggle against a superior power, with the certainty of being crushed at last; all these had already haunted one lonely human heart in this military prison. In painting his Robber Chief, Schiller only drew from himself. He has imparted to him even some of his own physical peculiarities and literary tastes; for he makes him long-necked, and an admirer of Plutarch.

'Werther,' however, probably furnished the key-note to which Schiller's earliest drama was adapted. 'Götz of Berlichingen,' he had long known and read with admiration; it had arrayed the past before him in colours of captivating simplicity and truth: but his present position and tone of thought led him first to assail the present; and for this end, Werther, in which the dissonances of modern life had been brought out with such a mournful and gloomy strength, furnished a most appropriate model.

The play of the 'Robbers' was written chiefly in the year 1780; it grew into shape under obstacles of every kind; being composed secretly, at such hours as Schiller could steal from sleep or the studies of the academy. Sometimes he would feign illness, in order to obtain a light in his bedroom; but this device was soon detected by the teachers, who forthwith sent him long tasks to be performed, until he should again be able to attend the usual courses. Once he had a narrow escape from one of the domiciliary visits of the Duke, who, in making his rounds at night, entered the room so hastily, that Schiller had scarcely time to throw the manuscript under the table, and to replace it by some medical work. To enable him to bear these nightly labours, he had recourse to wine; sometimes, it is insinuated, not without detriment to the steadiness of his step next morning. At last, however, the play was finished, much about the time when Schiller left

the academy (in the end of the year 1780); being presented to the situation of regimental surgeon in Stuttgard, with a munificent salary of eighteen florins a month.

His academical friend Scharfenstein, (afterwards General Scharfenstein,) has furnished us with a picture of Schiller's first appearance on parade, more graphic than flattering. 'How comic 'was his look! swaddled in regimentals, made after the old Prus-'sian cut, which was particularly awkward and tasteless in the case 'of the surgeon's uniform; with three stiff, pomatumed rolls of 'curls on each side of his head, a little military hat perched upon 'his crown, from which a long thick queue dangled behind; his 'long neck imprisoned in a tight horse-hair stock; his legs and 'thighs like cylinders of a uniform periphery; close fitting pan-'taloons, sorely bespotted with shoe-blacking, and in which he 'moved, being unable to bend his knees, like a stork.' He lodged in the house of Professor Haug; and now, freed from the trammels of the military academy, he found time both for study and the enjoyment of the society of a few friends; most of whom, such as Scharfenstein, Conz, and Streicher, have left memorials of this early period of their intercourse. Here the 'Robbers' received the finishing touch; history and philosophy occupied his attention in earnest; while an occasional poem in the Swabian Magazine, obtained for him the remuneration of a ducat, and enabled him to assemble his friends round a board, at which 'spare fast that 'with the gods doth diet,' generally presided. 'Wine,' adds Scharfenstein, 'was an article of rarity; and I can still recollect 'poor Schiller's triumph, when he could add this luxury to the 'feast, by a few hard-earned shillings from the proceeds of his 'poems.'

The possibility of earning a few ducats additional by the publication of his play, seemed to have combined with the natural anxiety of a young author to present the first-fruits of his imagination to the judgment of the world. After many deliberations in conclave with his friend, the step was determined on; Schiller wisely resolving to be his own publisher and bookseller. The first edition of the work appeared anonymously; it was wretchedly printed, on paper such as is usually graced with last speeches and popular ballads: a lion with uplifted paw, (engraved gratis by a friend,) grinned horribly from a vignette on the title-page; and it bore the motto, *In Tyrannos*. At first, the bales which littered Schiller's apartment, and which he used to contemplate with a comic expression of anxiety, moved off very slowly. Gradually, however, the demand increased; Baron Dalberg, who then superintended the direction of the Mannhemi theatre, suggested to him to recast the piece, and prepare it for

the stage—a difficult task, which all the zeal of the poet, combined with the experience of the stage-manager, have but imperfectly accomplished. The work, in fact, changed its character. Dalberg objected, perhaps with some justice, that the idea of such a band of robbers could not accord with the well-regulated police of the period of the Seven Years' War; and insisted that the scene should be carried back to the days of Maximilian. 'Thus,' says Schiller, 'the time was altered, while the plot and characters re-'mained; a many-coloured patchwork was the result, like the 'dress of a harlequin; all the personages talk in too studied a 'way, and allusions are found to things which only took place two 'centuries after.' The fate of the villain Francis, the strange scene between Moor and Amelia in the garden, and the death of Amelia by the hands of the robber chief, were entirely altered: suicide being substituted in the last case as more consistent with the traditional laws of stage effect. Against this last change Schiller strongly protested. He felt that, wild and terrible as the scene was in its original form, it was in harmony with the colossal character he had drawn; and he could not help expressing his disgust at this 'common-place resource of bad poets, who 'make quick conveyance with their heroes, lest the spectators' 'supper cool.'

Changed as it was, however, the performance of the 'Rob-'bers,' in 1782, justified the full expectation of Dalberg. It excited general enthusiasm: a tumult of admiration in some, terror and aversion in others. Neither feeling need surprize us. The plan was most original. Those indignant and eloquent protests against the conventional institutions of men, and the evils of society which it embodied, were then new: they are now hackneyed and outworn. We read them with the light which the experience of the opposite evils have reflected upon them, and their querulous exaggerations cease to move us; their eulogies and their invectives seem to us alike hollow and unreal. In 1782, when the practical commentary of the French Revolution, on delusive theories of social or political improvement, had not yet been furnished, very different must have been the effect which such a picture as the 'Robbers'—distorted, no doubt, but most impressive in its outlines, and painted with the savage lights and deep shadows of Spagnoletto—was calculated to produce. Its Titanic strength of conception; 'its whirlwind force 'of passion and will, which catches our hearts, and puts the 'scruples of criticism to silence;' its wild energy of dialogue; the skill, too, with which the background of this agitated scene was arranged, and the calm aspects of nature opposed to the tempestuous impulses of the personages in the foreground—that

sunset by the hills of the Danube, where the Robber chief, torn by remorse, remembers the innocent days of childhood, the castle and green valleys of his fathers; the dark dungeon in the forest, from which, in the still beauty of moonlight, issues—

'That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry;'

even yet sink deep into the memory, and make the perusal of the 'Robbers' an era in our reading; and must, at the time when it appeared, have possessed, especially for the young and enthusiastic, an irresistible captivation.

In proportion to the tumultuous popularity of the 'Robbers' with the one class, was the feeling of dislike and fear with which it was regarded by the other. A shell thrown into the heart of a peaceful city, could scarcely have caused greater consternation than did this democratic drama in the quiet little duchies of Germany, accustomed only to the gentle strains of Gellert and Hagedorn, and regarding the works of Bürger and Wieland as the *ne plus ultra* of modern innovation. 'If I had had the 'power of creating a world,' said a Prince afterwards to Goethe, 'and had foreseen that Schillers' "Robbers" would appear in it, I 'would not have created it.' * Accustomed as we now are to startling productions, and hardened by a Mithridatic course of reading, both in matters of morality and taste, the Prince's exclamation seems somewhat overcharged; but at the time, it probably expressed a feeling very generally entertained; nor can we deny that bolder spirits than the Prince's might have stood aghast at the sight of this ominous meteor, which had so suddenly arisen in the literary horizon. Now-a-days, we are more impressed with the delirious absurdity of Moor's enterprize than with its grandeur, and look with contempt on schemes of moral regeneration, in which the first step towards the solution of the problem is highway robbery. It is difficult to suppress our feeling of disgust at the physical coarseness of some of the pictures, or a smile at the melodramatic exaggerations of the Robber band, swallowing bottles of brandy at a draught, dancing like children in the exuberance of joy, and defeating with eighty men a force of eight hundred soldiers, with only the loss of a single man. Nor can we shut our eyes to the general ignorance of the world which the whole piece betrays; the natural consequence, as the poet himself candidly admits, of his having attempted to paint men two years before he had met with one.

Schiller himself was by no means unprepared for the sensation which his work was likely to produce. 'I shall write a

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* Eckerman's *Conversations with Goethe.* Part i. p. 296.

'book,' said he to Scharfenstein, 'likely to be burned by the 'hands of the hangman.' He gained his end; the 'Robbers' was denounced as a desperate assault on religion, morals, and government. Tales probably as veracious as those which have been told of the influence of our own 'Beggars' Opera,' were related of the practical effects which its perverted pictures of a bandit life had produced. A young nobleman, it was said, 'of the fairest 'gifts and prospects,' in imitation of Moor, had betaken himself to the highway, and terminated his career by a shameful death. Unfortunately for the romance of this last affecting incident, 'the German nobleman of the fairest gifts and prospects, turns 'out, on investigation, to have been a German blackguard, 'whom debauchery and riotous extravagance had reduced to 'want; who took to the highway when he could take to nothing 'else; not allured by an ebullient enthusiasm, or any heroical 'and misdirected appetite for sublime actions, but driven by the 'more palpable stimulus of importunate duns, an empty purse, 'and craving senses. Perhaps, in his later days, this philoso-'pher may have referred to Schiller's tragedy as the source 'from which he drew his theory of life; but if so, we believe he 'was mistaken. For characters like him, the great attraction 'was the charms of revelry, and the great restraint the gallows, 'before the period of Karl Von Moor, just as they have been 'since, and will be to the end of time.'*

Schiller ventured to repair to Mannheim, to witness the first representation of his play in January 1782. The first acts were rather languidly received, but the two last redeemed the comparative failure. Beck as Charles, and the great Iffland as Franz Moor, surpassed their previous reputation, and equalled even the high-raised expectations of the author; who, in a retired box, sat enjoying, though at first with a beating heart, the most welcome triumph of the dramatic poet, the sight of his own conceptions realized by congenial spirits, his own feelings reflected in the eyes of sympathizing spectators; and the consciousness that, by the magic of his genius, this rapt audience could at will be excited or subdued.

The visit to Mannheim brought matters between Schiller and the Duke of Wirtemberg to a crisis. The Duke had watched, but with no agreeable interest, the poetical progress of his protegé: the 'Robbers' equally revolted against his French taste and his German sentiment; and advisers were not wanting to represent the young poet as a factious and dangerous spirit. An unlucky allusion in the 'Robbers' to one of the Swiss cantons,

* Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, p. 34.

which he had styled the 'Athens of thieves,' brought upon him the indignation of the worthy citizens of the Grisons. The poet received from the Duke a peremptory order to confine himself to medicine, and the representation of the play was prohibited.

The interdict against poetry, as may be supposed, was hopeless. The voice of the Duke, potential as it was, could not overmaster the inborn and irresistible impulses of Schiller's nature. He contributed largely to a poetical 'Anthology for the year '1782,' with no improvement to his finances, and little to his fame, for though his contributions to this work, unlike his rude efforts at the academy, now sparkle with the ore of solid thought, they are yet full of harshness, obscurities, and shortcomings. Bright forms flash upon us, but their lineaments suddenly become dim; sublime images rise up before us, but they soar away into a region of clouds. In his love poems, in particular, the want of truth and feeling is obvious: he deals mainly with platonic fantasms, or with the transient intoxication of the senses; that serene and abiding affection, in which reverence and passion are blended in a mysterious union—that sober certainty of waking bliss, which is the life of true love—experience had not yet taught him to comprehend.

But another tragedy now occupied his attention. The idea of the 'Conspiracy of Fiesco' had occurred to him while under arrest at Stuttgard, by the orders of the Duke, for his stolen visit to Mannheim. He had hesitated, for a time, between this subject and that of Conradin of Swabia; but ultimately, and judiciously as we think, he adopted the former. Having once formed his resolution, he began his labours with characteristic ardour—studying every thing which the Stuttgard library afforded as to the Italian history of the time, and endeavouring to seize not only the truth of particular character, but the outward form and manners of the period. On the whole, he has succeeded in imparting not a little of a southern glow and Italian temperament to his play; though it does not possess that finished truth of keeping which he afterwards attained in his portrait of the gloomy etiquette of the Spanish court in his 'Don Carlos,' or of the rough and healthful atmosphere of Swiss freedom in his 'William Tell;' in the manly verses of which, we seem to be surrounded with all the influences of the clime, to hear the tinkling of the pastoral bell, or to catch the notes of the hunter's horn re-echoed from the majestic Alps.

Even the absorbing interest of poetical invention, however, could not exclude the feeling of the increasing irksomeness of his position. Conscious as he was that he had lost the favour, if not the good opinion of his sovereign; debarred from that vocation to

which he felt himself impelled by the strong summons of nature; censured for neglect of his medical studies, to which, after tasting the sweets of a popular triumph, he felt his mind daily becoming more averse; threatened with more energetic measures should his visits to Mannheim be repeated—a hint on which the eight years' imprisonment of Schubart in the fortress of Hohenasperg (for some writings apparently innocent enough, but in which prying eyes discovered a seditious tendency) formed an instructive commentary;—no wonder if Schiller began to feel at last that his life at Stuttgard was unbearable. After several vain attempts either to prevail on Dalberg to use the influence of his court to have him transferred to Mannheim as stage poet, or at least to obtain the sanction of the Baron to his retirement from Stuttgard, he resolved, at all hazards, to leave that capital, and to escape from the feeling of imprisonment under which he laboured. He wrote to Dalberg; he waited a fortnight in deep anxiety for an answer; he received no encouragement. During this period, his feelings were so wrought up that even 'Fiesco' was abandoned. At last his resolution was taken to fly from Stuttgard. Once beyond the boundaries of Wirtemberg, he thought he might negotiate with more advantage for a relaxation of the Duke's interdict against poetry. He found a companion for his flight in his acquaintance, Streicher, a student of music, about to complete his education under Bach of Hamburg. And now, with his mind made up, and waiting only for a favourable opportunity to execute his design, which the excitement arising from the approaching arrival of a Russian Prince, connected by marriage with the Wirtemberg family, promised to afford, his calmness of mind and power of application to literary labour returned. He would complete his 'Fiesco' before leaving Stuttgard;—he would enter Mannheim with something which he might, with modest confidence, submit to Dalberg as his title to the situation of stage poet. He laboured at his task with his whole heart—with that intensity of exertion, and carelessness of physical exhaustion, which characterized his course of study through life. 'What a delight it was to him,' says Streicher, who is the minutest historian of this painful period of Schiller's life, 'to be 'able to recite a monologue, or some scenes which he had com-'posed the night before, to talk of alterations, or further expan-'sion of them! How his eyes, inflamed by want of sleep, would 'brighten when he told what progress he had made, and how 'much nearer than he had ventured to anticipate, he was to the 'completion of his tragedy!' It was completed at last. A hasty and anxious visit was paid to father, mother, and sisters. His father, from his situation in the Grand Duke's service, was

purposely left in ignorance of his intended flight; his mother and his eldest sister were only too well aware of the doubtful nature of the intended step, and of the consequences which it was likely to involve. Under cover of the festive confusion attending a royal hunt and an evening illumination, on the 17th September 1782, Schiller, now in his twenty-third year, escaped by stealth, and in darkness—with some twenty florins, raised by the sale of his whole earthly goods, in his pocket—from that city, which now prides itself upon the possession of his monument;—a trembling fugitive before that Duke whose name, like Sir Thomas Lucy's in the case of our great dramatist, is now only remembered by its luckless association with that of the poet whom his misjudging, though perhaps well-meant rigour, banished from his domains.

He reached Mannheim, and presented himself to the stage director, Meier, who was astonished and alarmed at the step he had taken. By his advice he wrote to the Duke, soliciting an alteration of the sentence which doomed him to the study of medicine. The answer, received through the general of his regiment, was ambiguous. The Duke was disposed to *overlook his fault* if he returned. No further promise could be obtained; and on this Schiller felt he could not rely. To Stuttgard he resolved, at all hazards, he would not return.

Streicher had, immediately on their arrival, made Meier aware of the existence of Schiller's new play, which he represented as in many things superior to the 'Robbers.' A day was fixed for the reading of 'Fiesco,' in presence of some of the more distinguished of the performers, Iffland, Beil, Beck, and others; who vied with each other in proofs of respectful admiration for the successful author of the 'Robbers.' Expectation was raised to the utmost height; and Streicher already enjoyed, in anticipation, the triumph of his companion. Deep silence prevailed during the first act, but without the least symptom of approbation. At its close, Beil walked quietly away. At the end of the second, the whole party dispersed, except Iffland. Meier took Streicher aside, and asked him gravely whether Schiller was really the author of the 'Robbers'—assuring him that in that case he must have expended his whole genius upon his first production; and might, for all dramatic purposes, be henceforth considered as poetically bankrupt. Such an opinion from so good a judge overwhelmed Streicher; Schiller, who saw that the reading of his play had acted as a *nunc dimittis* upon his auditory, was equally disconcerted: he made a hasty retreat, leaving the unlucky drama in the hands of Meier, who promised to read it through. He told Streicher, when they reached their own apartment, after a pause of

mortified and gloomy silence, that if his play were not accepted, through the ignorance or ill-will of the actors, he was determined to turn player himself, *as he felt confident no one could declaim so well as himself.* He had forgotten, apparently, the shouts of laughter with which his early performance of Clavigo had been received by his companions at the academy. Fortunately he was spared this exposure of weakness. When Streicher went next morning, with an anxious heart, to reclaim the manuscript, Meier scarcely allowed him to enter ere he exclaimed, 'Fiesco 'is a masterpiece, and better adapted to the stage than the '"Robbers." But do you know whose blame it was that we all 'took it for such a miserable failure? It was owing to Schiller's 'Swabian accent, and the cursed way in which he *declaims*— 'chanting out every thing in precisely the same pompous tone, 'whether it be "shut the door," or some crack speech of his 'hero.' He promised to do his best to bring the piece upon the stage.

Meantime, however, dark hints reached Schiller from Stuttgard, that even in Mannheim he was not safe from the displeasure of the duke; Dalberg, on whose intercession with his own government he had some reliance, was absent, and he resolved to seek a temporary shelter in Frankfort. The journey must be performed on foot, for the trifle which he had brought to Mannheim could not last above ten days longer, and to his father he could not apply, since any communication with the fugitive might involve him in his fate. The faithful Streicher would not forsake his companion; he procured about thirty florins from his mother, and, with this scanty exchequer, the friends started. The journey was long, and to Schiller, unused to such excursions, exhausting. Reaching Darmstadt after a twelve hours' walk, his sleep had been unpleasantly broken by the *reveillé* of the drums—a sound which, after his recollections of his own position in a military capacity in the Wirtemberg service, he could not help associating with danger. The following picture given by Hoffmeister is interesting:—'It was a bright, cheer-'ful morning, when the travellers, wearied with their yester-'day's walk, resumed their journey. They moved forward 'slowly, stopping, after a league, to refresh themselves with 'a little kirschenwasser in a draught of water. At noon they 'entered a small inn, less for the sake of food than to allow 'Schiller, who had been ill before starting, and was very tired, 'the refreshment of a little repose; but the inn was so noisy, 'and the people so rude, that they left it in a quarter of an 'hour. Again they started for Frankfort, Schiller walking 'more feebly, and the paleness of his countenance visibly

'increasing. When they reached a little wood by the road-'side, he declared he was unable to proceed further, but would 'try if, by means of a few hours' rest, he could still reach 'Frankfort that night. He lay down to sleep on the grass under 'a shadowy thicket, Streicher sitting near him on the trunk of a 'felled tree, and watching with anxiety his unfortunate friend. 'There lay one of the noblest of poets, who was soon to be the 'glory of his country, poor, helpless, exhausted, without home, 'without prospects. Sleep took pity on him—his rest was un-'disturbed for two hours—his strength partially recruited, and, 'with nightfall, the wanderers reached Frankfort.'

Schiller's first care was to write to Dalberg. His letter is deeply touching. He implores the baron to assist him in discharging the debt of two hundred florins he had left behind in Stuttgard, and for which his creditor had now become clamorous. Till that weight is removed from his mind, he says he can enter on no literary labour: once freed from the incubus of debt, he will undertake to prepare 'Fiesco' for the stage in three weeks, in a shape worthy of Dalberg and himself;—would Dalberg but advance him a hundred florins on the credit of the representation of his play, or purchase it at what he thought its value, it would set his mind at rest. He blushes, he says, to make such confessions—such requests—but he feels that they can reflect upon him no dishonour.

The despatch of this letter seemed to remove a load from his heart. How, indeed, could he doubt that the rich and powerful Baron, to whom the loan of a few hundred florins was as nothing, who knew and professed to pity his situation, with whom he had long corresponded as to his 'Robbers,' would grant the required aid!—the more so, as the possession of the manuscript of 'Fiesco,' of which Meier had expressed so favourable an opinion, seemed to place the risk of ultimate loss by the advance out of the question. Hopeful, almost confident, as to the result, his cheerfulness revived, his health improved, his powers of literary exertion returned. His active mind was almost instantly at work with new creations. He walked during the mornings, passing through the crowded streets of Frankfort as in a dream; in the evening he shut himself up in his apartment, walking up and down, as was his custom, while engaged in composition—now and then pausing to commit some lines to paper, apparently even unconscious of the presence of his humble friend, who, during these moments of inspiration, was careful to preserve a religious silence. Schiller was brooding over his civic tragedy of 'Court Intrigue and 'Love,' of which the idea had occurred to him during his arrest in Stuttgard.

The long-expected answer from Mannheim came at last—but not from Dalberg. It was from Meier, addressed to Doctor Ritter, the name which Schiller had assumed since his flight from Stuttgard. Schiller read it, sank into thought, looked anxiously from the window towards the river, and remained profoundly silent. From his silence and his abstraction, Streicher conjectured the truth. Dalberg had declined to advance the money; 'Fiesco' must be completely recast and prepared for the stage *before the Baron could venture to give any further answer.*

This cold negative was hard to bear; but Schiller was not of that order of spirits who are to be crushed by coldness. He felt his resources increase as he was thrown back upon himself. 'Fiesco' *might* be prepared for the stage; the new tragedy, which was already forming itself into shape, *might* be completed; and, after all, the pecuniary aid of patrons, which he had with such difficulty descended to solicit, dispensed with. The small supply for which Streicher had written to his mother, came in time to prevent the extremity of want in Frankfort. Schiller met Meier by appointment at Oggersheim, when the latter endeavoured to place Dalberg's cautious declinature in its least offensive light, and to encourage the poet to set about the task of remodelling his 'Fiesco' without delay. Oggersheim itself, their place of meeting, was pointed out as a quiet spot in which this irksome task might be completed; and here, under the name of Doctor Schmidt, (for new rumours of an intended apprehension from Stuttgard had arrived, and suggested the necessity of another incognito,) Schiller established himself with his kind adherent, to undertake the task of preparing 'Fiesco' for the stage, according to the views of the Mannheim direction.

His imagination, however, was so filled with the new creations with which it laboured, that he found he could not set himself to the work of altering his former play till the general plan and leading scenes, at least, of his 'Court Intrigue and Love' had been reduced into shape. So earnest was his application, that for the next eight days he never quitted his room: towards evening, while the bright harvest moon shone into the apartment, he would walk up and down, listening to the music of his friend upon the harpsichord, which seemed to quicken the pulse of his imagination, and then hurry to commit his thick-coming fancies to paper. This time he had the prudence to write the parts with a view to the performers; a precaution which, if attended to sooner, might have saved him much anxiety and labour in the case of 'Fiesco;' and which has to a considerable extent influenced the character of the later play. That done, he turned to 'Fiesco;' completed his alterations, which appear to have cost him at least

as much toil as the original composition of the play; and, in the commencement of November, had the satisfaction of handing the manuscript to Meier, to be transmitted to Dalberg.

But while he awaited the great man's answer, new anxieties arose. His threatened apprehension, at the instance of the Grand Duke, now assumed the appearance of immediate danger. An officer—a stranger—made his appearance in Mannheim, enquiring, under suspicious circumstances, after Schiller. He turned out afterwards to have been an academical friend; but his appearance at the time, filled the poet and his kind friends with vague terrors. Mannheim or its neighbourhood seemed no longer to afford him a shelter from the power of the Duke. Again, under the influence of his evil destiny, his place of residence must be shifted. From this difficulty he was relieved by the kindness of Madame Wollzogen, with whose sons he had made acquaintance at the academy of Stuttgard; and whose eldest, William, full of admiration for the poet of the 'Robbers,' had introduced him to his mother during her occasional residences in Stuttgard. She now offered to the persecuted poet a home at her seat of Bauerbach, near Meiningen, where he arrived in November 1782. Ere he departed, the long-looked for answer from Dalberg arrived. It was short and decisive. 'Fiesco,' after all the alterations made on it, was declared to be still unfit for the stage.

Nothing remained but to offer the rejected drama for the press. Honest Schwan, the bookseller, with whom Schiller was afterwards on the point of being nearly connected, became the purchaser of the manuscript, lamenting that the certainty of its being pirated, (the curse of German publication,) prevented his offering for it more than a *louis d'or* per printed sheet. There was no time, however, for hesitation; the last farthing of the small supply which Streicher had furnished was nearly expended; Schiller had already parted with his watch to supply the wants of himself and his friend; their bill at the *table-d'hote*, still unpaid, frowned in fearful black and white against them from the wall; and some necessary articles of clothing were indispensable for the winter, ere he could present himself at Bauerbach. The bargain was forthwith concluded; and, for eleven *louis d'ors*, Fiesco was transferred to the publisher.

His debts at Oggersheim discharged, and his slender wardrobe and few books packed up, Schiller set out for the residence of his protectress. Streicher, Meier, Iffland, and a few Mannheim friends, were to accompany him as far as Worms: there he was to part with them, and with the faithful companion of his flight and his dangers, who, through good report and bad, had clung to his side. Both were overpowered by their feelings when the

moment of separation arrived; they could not speak, nor even embrace each other;—a long and fervent pressure of the hand, alone attested the depth of their emotions at parting. It was late at night before the fugitive caught the glimpse of the lights from the cottage windows of the village, which announced his arrival at Bauerbach. Deep snow lay on the ground; Schiller, sitting without a great-coat, in a vehicle through which the winds of heaven circulated all too freely, and destitute of the light heart which forms the proverbial antidote to thin covering, was almost frozen to death during the tedious journey; for even escape from apprehended danger could not obliterate from the thoughts of the traveller the conviction, that he had left behind him almost every human being who had evinced a disinterested and active sympathy in his fate; and that, whatever temporary asylum the kindness of Madame Wollzogen might afford, the darkest cloud of uncertainty, at that moment scarcely tinged even by a distant ray of hope, rested upon all his prospects of the future—*Post equitem sedet atra cura.*

The quiet of Bauerbach at first tranquillized him; and here his third tragedy was completed. But the dreary winter, and the solitude of the place, appear to have soon affected his spirits. In addition to these came an unfortunate romantic attachment to the daughter of his patroness, Charlotte Von Wollzogen, which threatened to disturb the kindly relations subsisting between the poet and the family. At this moment of indecision, an unexpected overture from Dalberg determined him for a time to return to Mannheim. The Baron had ascertained that the Duke of Wirtemberg had forgotten or forgiven Schiller's flight; that the risk of giving offence by protecting the fugitive was now at an end; and, tranquillized on this head, he resumed his negotiations with Schiller for the performance of his 'Fiesco' and 'Court Intrigue and Love,' at the Mannheim theatre. The prospect of independence thus held out to him was not to be resisted; but his answer to the Baron's invitation was in a style of the coldest politeness.

In September 1783, he concluded an engagement for a year as dramatic poet at Mannheim, undertaking to furnish the theatre with three pieces, viz.:—'Fiesco,' 'Court Intrigue and Love,' and 'Don Carlos.' A salary of 300 florins a-year, and one night's receipts of each play, was to be allowed to him; the copyright of the plays to remain with himself.

Scarcely, however, was the arrangement concluded, when an epidemic fever, then raging in the town, assailed him. He recovered, but only after several relapses; nervousness, depression of spirits, a sense of confusion in the brain, continued long after,

and rendered all continuous exertion impracticable. He would have sought change of scene at Bauerbach, but there he had reason to believe that a nobleman from Stuttgard, who had previously paid his addresses to Charlotte Von Wollzogen, was daily expected. From a visit under such auspices, no improvement either in health or spirits was to be expected. Occasional excursions, however, into the country, partially restored his strength and power of exertion; though he himself writes to Madame Wollzogen, that the necessity of literary labour, in order to complete his engagement, and the constant use of tea, which he found necessary as a stimulus to the task, had probably given a permanent shock to his constitution.

At last 'Fiesco,' and 'Cabal and Love,' were finally prepared for the stage. We do not pause to criticise pieces in regard to which opinion is nearly uniform. The advance which Schiller had made in knowledge of men and in dramatic address, was obvious in both. 'Fiesco,' from its stir and magnificence—from the prodigality with which it lavishes what Coleridge calls the 'material 'sublime,'—the sublimity, that is to say, of fire, conspiracy, the stillness of night, and the roar of contest—from the variety and contrast of character which it displayed—exhibited to great advantage the resources of Schiller, and his skill in theatrical exposition; but the catastrophe satisfied no one;—the accidental death of Leonora by her husband's hand, contradicted the very principle which led Schiller to violate historical truth in the fall of Fiesco; and the poetical interest of the play addressed itself more to the head than the heart. 'Court Intrigue and Love' is a cabinet picture on a smaller canvass, in which the same hostility to rank, power, and artificial civilization—the same attempt to identify virtue and nobleness with humility of station and simplicity of manners, that are conspicuous in the 'Robbers,'—are again made unpleasingly prominent. The dark side of the picture, we have no hesitation in saying, is false, distorted, unworthy of Schiller. Such characters, as Kalb, Wurm, Bök, the meaner agents and villains of the piece, are simply vulgar caricatures: in these Schiller has in no wise risen above the Iffiands and Kotzebues of the German sentimental drama: the plot is deformed by some improbabilities, to which no art can reconcile us; and the catastrophe, surpassing the limits of pity, trenches upon the province of horror. But the pathos of the scenes between Ferdinand and Louisa, is even now irresistible; in the audience of Mannheim, on the first representation of the play, they appear to have awakened a tumult of enthusiasm. Schiller was present during the play. He sat with his eyes riveted upon the stage;—the compression of his lips and the knitting of his eyebrows indicating when any thing

in the acting went amiss; while the sparkling of his eye expressing his delight when some favourite passage produced its effect. 'Not 'a word escaped him during the whole of the first act; and only 'at its close he seemed to relieve himself by the words, "That 'goes well." The second act, particularly towards its close, 'was played with such captivating warmth and truth, that when 'the curtain fell the audience rose and broke forth into a gene-'ral shout of approbation and applause. Schiller was so over-'powered, that he rose in return and bowed to the public, his 'face and bearing expressive at once of just self-estimation, gra-'titude, and satisfaction.' Such a moment seemed to repay him for the annoyances of many a weary year. He felt he could now present himself without a feeling of shame to his family; but Stuttgard itself he could not bring himself to re-enter. He fixed a meeting with them at Bretten, near the frontier of Wirtemberg; and here the long separated family were once more united for a few hours, to part with prospects far more cheerful than those which had saddened the hasty visit that preceded his flight.

The German society now conferred upon him admission to their body; and the Duke of Weimar bestowed upon him the honorary title of Councillor, in itself of no pecuniary value, but conferring a *status* in society, and holding forth the promise of more substantial preferment. As his prospects brightened, and his health and hopes improved, the wish to share the joys and sorrows of life with a wife, took a stronger hold of his mind. In the last letter (7th June 1784) addressed by him to Madame Wollzogen, which has been preserved, he mentions that he had long been thinking of marriage; that his heart longed for the sympathy of a companion; that the joys of domestic life could alone bestow upon him that tranquillity which was requisite to the free working of his imagination; and that he is convinced he could make a wife happy, if love and kindness could do so. The conclusion is remarkable. 'Could I but take you at your word, 'and be indeed *your son!* your Charlotte would not indeed be 'rich, but assuredly she would be happy.' Two days afterwards he seems to have re-opened the letter, and adds—'I read over 'what I have written, and tremble at my foolish hope; but you, 'my friend, who have borne with so many of my follies, will 'pardon this also.'

No notice, as might be expected, was taken of the hint: Madame Wollzogen was content to consider it, as it was called—a folly—a poet's day-dream. Gradually the feeling, on the part of Schiller himself, seems to have declined;—a consummation probably accelerated by his increasing acquaintance with the interesting and accomplished daughter of the bookseller Schwan

the fair one whom he has idealized as the 'Laura' of his poems. Why this second passion also came to a premature conclusion, we own we do not clearly understand—probably *vetuere patres*. Schwan esteemed and admired Schiller; but his daughter's union with one as yet without any secure establishment in life—still struggling with former debts, which his recent illness had increased, and absolutely destitute of the principle of order in all his domestic arrangements—might well appear to him too hazardous a venture. All that appears distinctly is, that the parties seem to have been sincerely attached; and that, though they did not marry, they did not cease to be friends.

In March 1785, Schiller removed to Leipzig. Latterly, indeed, his connexion with the theatre at Mannheim had been of no very agreeable nature. Conscious of his own position and powers, he had ventured to take a higher tone in his dramatic criticisms in a periodical work, 'The Thalia,' which he had projected and mainly executed himself; and to express his opinions as to some of the Mannheim performers, in language more just than complimentary. This liberty these spoiled children of the public could not bear; they retorted with a truly theatrical energy. Strife and collision were the consequence; and Schiller, to whose nature these petty contests were most adverse—who had now been disabused of some of his visionary notions of the dignity of the stage and its professors—and who had learned, by sad experience, that even unwearied literary activity would not afford the means of subsistence without other aid—determined to resign his post of dramatic poet, and to try, in Saxony, whether the *Councillor* might not be more fortunate than the dramatist or the *Theatrical Critic*. He spent his last evening in Mannheim with his old friend Streicher, discussing his plans in every point of view. With all the fiery and exuberant confidence of his nature, he anticipated that a year's earnest study would enable him to master the science of law; that a few years must place him in some honourable employment in one of the smaller Saxon courts; nay, so completely had the friends abandoned themselves, at parting, to an Almaschar-like vein of speculation on the future, that they separated, declaring they would not write to each other again till Schiller should be a Minister, and Streicher a *Maestro di Capella!*

The accounts of Schiller's residence in Leipzig are extremely meagre. At Dresden, whither he followed his friends Körner and Huber in summer 1785, and where he remained till June 1787, he completed his 'Don Carlos;' detached portions of which, afterwards, however, completely recast, had appeared from time to time in the 'Thalia.'

Every thing in this beautiful play—for such, with all it faults,

it is—indicates the growth of a sounder tone of spirit, and a purer taste, in Schiller's mind. We perceive in it the dawn of that temperance in sentiment and expression, which the knowledge of life, the study of history, and the pursuit of critical and philosophical enquiries, had forced upon him. For the rough and somewhat tumid prose of his earlier plays, iambics are substituted;—not, indeed, managed as yet with that skill and harmony which he afterwards attained, but, even in this first attempt, graceful as well as vigorous. The bitterly caustic and polemic spirit of the 'Robbers,' and 'Cabal and Love,' is softened; the poet's burning love of freedom is tempered by a mild and generous humanity. The destructive principle makes way for the constructive; hatred of the present for a warm, affectionate, visionary brooding over the future. From the ruins in which he had laid society prostrate, he would rebuild the edifice fairer, firmer, more extensive, and more enduring. True, the foundation on which he builds may be as hollow, the glories in which he arrays his new creation as unsubstantial, as the dark colours with which he had invested the old:—his golden age rather resembles the dreams of those illuminati and freemasons who heralded in Germany the appearance of the French Revolution, than the sober views of an enlightened observer; but the effect produced on the mind by these pictures, however visionary, is at least soothing and elevating, not, as in the case of his earlier plays, agitating and oppressive. In the 'Robbers,' and its companions, we breathe heavily as in a thunder-laden atmosphere; but in 'Don Carlos' we emerge into a region of purer air, and genial bursts of sunshine break in about us, though the tempest may still be seen lingering on the outskirts of the horizon.

It is not, however, in character that the strength of 'Don Carlos' lies. The outward form and ceremony of the gloomy and despotic Spanish Court, have indeed been caught with an address which could have only been the result of very elaborate study; but with one exception the characters want natural truth. If Schiller's original intention was to make his 'Don Carlos' 'a family picture from a royal house,' that plan was soon abandoned. The interest of the piece soon became political—cosmopolitan; and Carlos, the original hero of the play, was cast into shade by the more imposing figure of Posa. The loves, jealousies, and intrigues of the court of Madrid, widened into a grand scenic representation of the great contest between the stationary spirit of despotism and the advancing spirit of freedom, as represented by Catholicism and Protestantism; and here, we may observe, in the virulence, and almost hatred, with which Schiller speaks of the Catholic religion and the Monastic Orders, may that

original spirit of general hostility which pervaded the 'Robbers' still be traced. Where abstractions of this kind mingled so much with the spirit of the composition, the characters naturally lost much of their individuality, and became rather types of the general ideas they expressed. Posa, for instance, by his eloquence, his purity and magnanimity of sentiment, his enthusiasm, at once soft and impetuous, carries our deepest interest and sensibilities with him; for such conceptions, clothed in such words, fortunately for human nature, have an irresistible fascination: but it is impossible to disguise from ourselves, that such a being could never be the birth of such a country and such a time; and that it is a true German heart that beats beneath that Spanish mantle. As in Charles, and Fiesco, and Ferdinand, we recognized the Schiller of boyhood and early youth; so in Posa we trace the shadow of the same Schiller grown calmer, wiser, more enlightened, more philosophical, but still retaining his deep sensibility and cordial sympathies—still kindling into warmth, and awakening others to enthusiasm, on every great argument affecting the hopes and happiness of his fellow-men; and as Posa himself says, in his dying message to Carlos, never ceasing to reverence in the maturity of manhood the dreams of his youth.

One character, however, is drawn with firm, and (though that has been questioned) we think with natural strokes—that of Philip himself. Schiller's Philip is no vulgar stage tyrant, destitute of human lineaments, but the natural and noxious growth resulting from limited intellect—a saturnine and melancholy temperament, a cold heart, superstitious devotion, boundless pride, and unlimited power; not destitute of conscience, for he has his own theory of *right*, on which he acts with an iron consistency; not wilfully disposed to inflict suffering, though he shrinks from nothing that may advance those objects which, in his eyes, are sacred—his own power, and the ascendancy of the Inquisition; lonely amidst his grandeur—for difference of years, as well as of natures, separate him both from wife and son—and his strong insight into character has taught him to distrust the selfish and hardened beings by whom he is surrounded. On such a being, we may conceive that a momentary impression would be produced, not so much by the impetuous eloquence of Posa, as by the thought that, in this generous and unsophisticated enthusiast, he had found a prop on which he might lean—some faithful being, unlike the Albas, Domingos, and Lermas, to whom his suspicions, his restlessness, and his desolation of heart might be confided. Posa approaches him, too, on the side of his pride; it is something that the first disclosure of the great schemes with which the mind of the orator is pregnant, should be reserved for

him; that the representative of an enlightened principle of freedom should address himself to him, the despot, as to one swayed by conscience and a sense of right. That no sympathy could long exist between minds, each cast in so different a mould, is obvious enough; but that a temporary ascendancy might be exercised over Philip by Posa, seems nowise inconsistent with the principles of human nature; and further than this Schiller has not gone.

On the beauty of individual portions of the play we do not pause. Probably, from no work of the last century, with the exception of 'Wallenstein,' could two such impressive scenes be produced, as the interview between Posa and Philip; and that, in the fifth act, with the grand Inquisitor—blind, bent with age, rising among living men like a spectre from the grave, and yet in whose presence assembled nobles tremble, and the arbiter of Europe bends as before the shadow of fate.

'Don Carlos' marks the turning point in the history of Schiller's mind, from poetry to history and philosophy; while it forms the connecting link between that first wild effervescence of the poetry of nature which distinguished his earlier plays, and the more artful structure, more classic and meditative spirit, that characterizes the latter. But, for a time after the publication of the 'Don Carlos,' dramatic composition had lost its charm for Schiller. The poet seemed to feel as if the cycle of his poetical ideas had been, for the present, run through—his mission fulfilled. As passion and sentiment, with the advance of years, retired into the background of his mind, reflection, criticism, the tendency to metaphysical enquiry—to illustrations of religious fraud and human credulity—came more prominently forward. From the completion of 'Don Carlos' in 1786, to the formation of the first idea of the 'Wallenstein' about 1791, the whole turn of Schiller's mind was critical, sceptical, or historical.

One only of the productions of this period combines the philosophical tendencies of the author with the attractions of fiction; we mean the 'Geister Seher,' (*spirit seer.*) It is a fragment, but a most interesting and powerful one—so interesting, indeed, even in its present shape, that we doubt whether it would have gained by completion; for to furnish a plausible solution, by natural means, of such a web of apparently inexplicable contingencies, is a task which few have successfully accomplished. Schiller's plan had been apparently so well considered, that his winding up of the scheme of fraud, here developed, would probably have been no failure, but in close and artful psychological harmony with its impressive commencement. But we own we do not regret that the romance remains incomplete;

that the mind of the reader is left to fill up the unfinished sketch with its own fancies; and that that masked and omnipresent Russian-Armenian, whose stonelike aspect petrifies Venetian Sbirri and Sicilian impostors—whose secret agency sets in motion cardinals, inquisitors, noblemen, members of the Decentauro, and *valets-de-chambre*—who haunts St Mark's Place, to convey, at the distance of a thousand miles, the messages of death, and whose recollection Byron could not help associating with the City of the Sea—may yet, by dint of a warm imagination and trusting faith, be believed to have been a true wonder-working descendant of Hermes Trismegistus; and no mere prototype of Count Cagliostro, or the paid agent, at so many sequins a-day, of the Catholic Church, in a deep-laid scheme of Protestant conversion. In judging of the 'Geister-Seher,' let us remember that it was the first, and remains the best—indeed, the only readable work of its class; the first and last in which the superstitious tendencies of man are made to serve at once an imaginative and philosophical purpose. Of mysterious Armenians, Rosicrucians, necromantic juggleries, and conspiracies of all kinds, we have since had enough and to spare, and mainly from the same quarter; but let not these puerile mummeries blind us to the real power and liveliness of description—the knowledge of the weakness of mere human reason, without a basis of religion or native strength of character—and the artful relation of means and ends, which this fragment of Schiller exhibits. Nothing is abrupt—nothing startling in the convergence of the seemingly supernatural machinery by which the Prince is surrounded;—invisibly, insensibly, the web closes around him;—he is even allowed to break through it at times, only that its meshes may envelope him more firmly at last: the partial glimpses of imposture which are afforded to him, and which his penetration detects, while they seem to place him beyond the reach of danger on the side of superstition—operating on the peculiar temperament ascribed to him in the outset—lead only by the most natural progression from belief to doubt, and from doubt to blindest credulity; when the meaner agents of the piece retire and make way for the more finished performers in this elaborate scheme of mystification—the Greek lady and the Armenian. In style, too, this fragment is a masterpiece; its simplicity, contrasting with the dark and fateful character of the events described; its straightforwardness, its absence of mere reflection, its apparent artlessness, combined with the real art with which the scheme of the whole narrative and the garb in which it is invested have been contrived, induce us deeply to regret that Schiller did not further work out the

vein of romance, for which his variety of talent—in which the reflective and the passionate were latterly so finely combined—and that superabundance of ideas which was pre-eminently his characteristic, seem to have so eminently qualified him.

The sceptical tendencies, and the aversion to the dogmas of established religions, which speaks with sufficient plainness in the 'Geister-Seher,' is still more prominently and offensively displayed in his 'Letters of Julius and Raphael'—to us the most painful of his productions. Sometimes the feeling manifests itself in a poetical lament over the departed glories of the classic mythology, as in the 'Gods of Greece'—one of the most beautiful lyrics of the second period of his life.

The 'Geister-Seher,' like most of Schiller's imaginative compositions, is not without its relations to his own personal history. In the almost insane passion of the Prince for the Greek lady, who is made an innocent accomplice in the scheme of fraud, Hoffmeister traces an evident connexion with a love passage in Schiller's own life in Dresden—an attachment, as vehement as it seems to have been sudden and brief, to a Fraulin A——, whose intriguing mother seemed to have played off the poet against other more acceptable suitors.

From Dresden, Schiller removed to Weimar, where he had long felt anxious to become acquainted with Herder, Goethe, and Wieland. He soon became a constant and valuable contributor to the 'Deutsche Mecur' of the latter. The 'Revolt 'of the Netherlands,' begun at Dresden on that magnificent and epic breadth of plan in which he delighted to conceive history, moved steadily forward; and, to enable him to complete his self-prescribed tasks, (for he remained through life a slow composer,) he secluded himself far more from society than he had done at Dresden. There, he might generally be seen rambling about the romantic environs of the town, or pushing a boat against the stream of the Elbe, particularly in stormy weather, or joining in the evening some of the numerous parties, to which his genius and his amiable disposition procured him ready access. In Weimar, however, he confined himself chiefly to his apartment, which he seldom quitted except to enjoy a solitary walk in some of the most secluded avenues of the extensive and shadowy park. With Wieland he was soon on terms of friendship; but his first introduction to Goëthe disappointed him—not that he formed a lower estimate of that great man on meeting him, but that he felt that there were between their minds more points of repulsion than attraction. 'Many things 'which interest me,' he writes, 'have ceased to interest him. 'His intellectual constitution has from the first been differently

'constructed from mine—his world is not mine—our modes of 'conceiving things seem to be essentially at variance.' On the part of Goethe, the feeling that there could be no very cordial or durable intimacy between them, seems to have been at first equally strong. Both lived to find themselves mistaken, and to experience the truth of the remark, that where there is genius, worth, honour, and kindliness of heart on both sides, the very differences in thought and sentiment which exist between men, often render friendships only the more permanent, and the mutual aid and counsel which minds so differently constituted can impart to each other, the more extensive and valuable.

In Bauerbach, Schiller's first romantic passion had begun: on a visit to this place, he was a second time to form a more lasting and well-balanced attachment. On his way thither, he was introduced by his friend William Von Wollzogen to the family of Lengefeld at Rudolstadt; and, in the youngest daughter, he found his companion for life. The effect of this easy and attractive family circle was immediately visible on Schiller. He felt instantly at home; brought forth all the stores of his mind to advantage; spoke of poetry and of his own works with a graceful and modest simplicity; and enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the effect which they had produced on amiable and cultivated minds: the parties who had met as strangers separated as old friends, with a pressing invitation, eagerly accepted by Schiller, to return to Rudolstadt. Charlotte Von Lengefeld was the magnet of attraction. A graceful form and mould of features; eyes animated with the expression of gentleness and affection; a lively sensibility to the beautiful and true, both in life and in art; a talent both for drawing and poetry; a certain harmonious composure in her whole nature; health and youthful bloom, for she was then in her twenty-first year;—these combined features form a pleasing ideal of a poet's mistress. From the first his attachment appears to have been encouraged: in summer 1788, we find him residing at a small house which the Lengefeld family had taken for him in their neighbourhood; and nothing but the want of a more certain prospect of employment for life retarded their union. This was removed by his appointment to t e Professorship of History at Jena in 1789, which he obtained through the friendly offices of Goethe with the Duke; and in 1790, the lovers, after their probation of three years—to which Schiller seems latterly to have submitted with extreme impatience—were united. 'Life,' he writes shortly afterwards, 'is quite a different 'thing by the side of a beloved wife, than when forsaken and alone. '. . . I look with a glad mind around me. My heart feels a

'perennial contentment; my existence is settled in harmonious 'composure; not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and serene. 'I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart; now, when 'standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself how all has 'happened so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered 'the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, forced me to the 'mark. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of 'my spirit—nay, I think my very youth will be renewed; an 'inward poetic life will restore it to me again.'

With Schiller's establishment as Professor of History at Jena, and his marriage, the first half of the history of his life may be said to close. We have dwelt upon it with more minuteness than we propose to do with the remainder; for in Schiller's life, as in those of most literary men, the period of probation, the period of the formation of the moral and intellectual character, is the most interesting. With him this had been a season stormy in its commencement, cheered by few gleams of hope in its progress, clouded and uncertain even to the close. Restraint had been succeeded by persecution; persecution by sickness, poverty, labour, disappointment;—twenty years of hard warfare with the evils of the world. Yet how gallantly had he borne up against them—uncomplaining, self-concentred, self-upheld! How his character had been refined by trial—as the fierce and bitter spirit of youth had softened, under the influence of experience and self-discipline, into the milder enthusiasm of the warm-hearted and loving man! What energies had he not put forth under the pressure of his fate, as crushed flowers send out the richer fragrance; what strength and versatility of genius had his numerous and varied productions displayed! Four tragedies, all so distinct and original;—the colossal outline of the 'Robbers,' now seen in the far distance of youth, haggard and massive, like some mysterious druidical pile;—'Court Intrigue and Love,' cast in a form impressive from the simplicity of its sombre and prison-like proportions;—'Fiesco,' a creation of poetical architecture, more varied in its details, lighted up by tints of southern sunshine, richer in picturesque contrasts and combination of parts;—and in the foreground, overtopping all, the more stately edifice of 'Don Carlos,' on which a maturer taste had expended its richest materials and more classic ornaments;—Lyric Poems, whose pathetic beauty or pregnant thought no German writer, except Goethe, had equalled, far less surpassed—Romances, like the 'Ghost Seer' and the *Verbrecher aus Ehre*, in which the deep psychological truth of the conception, and the clear and forcible rapidity of the narrative, fetter the reader like a spell—philosophical essays, and historical fragments of grave and simple dignity—the first part

of the 'Revolt of the Netherlands,' already before the world—the 'Thirty Years' War' in progress—a prose style attained, in which the demands of the imagination, the taste, and even the ear, were gratified;—and all this effected before thirty-two! These, taken together, form a contribution to literature, and an accession to the intellectual pleasures of men, of which the highest genius, however favoured by fortune, might well have been proud; but which, in Schiller's case, produced as they were under every discouragement, may well awaken our gratitude, our admiration, and our wonder.

Schiller commenced his Course of Lectures in Jena, in May 1799, to an audience of about four hundred students. We know little of the value of his prelections; probably they were defective enough; for in many parts of history, his own acquisitions had been too recent and too sudden to be complete. The matter of his Lectures does not seem to have been assisted by the manner. He lectured in a great measure extempore, and, as he says himself, with sufficient self-possession; but, as we learn from other sources, without that beautiful and simple precision of expression which distinguished his conversation in society; while his delivery—retaining something of the old leaven of exaggeration, which had nearly led to the condemnation of 'Fiesco'—was monotonously pathetic. Were we to judge of the lectures themselves from the splendid introduction 'On the Study of Universal History,' or the 'Glance over Europe at the Period of the First Crusade,' we should probably form too favourable an idea of them on the whole; but that they were animated by the finest philosophical spirit, and admirably calculated to awaken the interest and the sympathies of the young, we need not doubt. With the students of Jena, indeed, Schiller was almost an object of adoration. It had been a custom to receive a favourite professor with stormy testimonies of approbation; in Schiller's case, the numerous audience paid to his genius and worth the more grateful and rational homage of respectful silence and profound attention.

The two works which best display the talent of Schiller as a historian are, 'The Revolt of the Netherlands,' of which the first portion appeared in 1788, and 'The History of the Thirty Years' War,' which was published in detached portions from 1791 to 1793. The first remains but a fragment; for it brings down the history of the revolution only to the entry of Alba into Brussels. Had it been completed, we have no hesitation in saying it would have been in all respects superior to its successor. The subject had become familiar to his mind while engaged with his 'Don Carlos;' the work was written during the happy days of his courtship at Rudolstadt and Lauchstadt; it breathes therefore, along with its philosophic breadth of view, the warmth

and colouring of poetry—the enthusiastic spirit of excited feeling; it is such a history as his own 'Marquis Posa' might himself have written. Add to this, a masterly grouping of details into masses, forming general pictures that cannot be forgotten—vivid descriptions and striking reflections—and we shall admit that in few works has a rarer combination of the elements of historical excellence been displayed. 'The History of the Thirty Years' War' looks tame beside the animated 'Revolt of the Netherlands.' The subject, no doubt, was of deep and general interest—the contest of the two religions which divided Europe, gradually terminating in the establishment of a general peace, and the recognition of the principle of the Balance of Power; the long and wavering series of 'moving accidents by flood and field,' by which their objects were accomplished; the characters of the actors, in which the darkest traits of the human mind are occasionally contrasted with the noblest exhibitions of virtue;—these afforded extensive and magnificent materials for the pen of the historian. Schiller, however, has not availed himself of the picturesque of this history as he might have done. The 'Thirty Years' War' is overlaid with distinctions and balancings of opinion—with speculation and generalization. Gustavus and Wallenstein, indeed, are finely drawn and contrasted; but after their disappearance from the scene, when the warfare breaks up into portions, Schiller's interest in the subject disappears; and the conclusion resembles that of 'Zadig,' where nothing is concluded. The philosophic spirit throughout, unduly predominates over the poetical; though some passages—such as Wallenstein's sombre splendour at Prague, the fearful sack of Magdeburg by Tilly, and the battle of Lutzen and death of Gustavus—stand out in pleasing relief from the somewhat flat and prosaic background on which they are raised.

But his historical labours and projects, of which we have enumerated but a few, were cut short for a time by another attack of sickness in 1791. He was now repaying, with fearful interest, the drafts he had made upon his health by nocturnal studies, acting on a frame never vigorous, and inhabited by a spirit that over informed its 'tenement of clay.' A pulmonary attack of a very alarming kind reduced him to the brink of the grave; and, indeed, from its consequences he never entirely recovered. Painful spasms in the breast—nervousness, and sleeplessness, continued, more or less, to haunt him afterwards to the end of life. Unable to sleep till towards morning, he seldom rose before eleven; while the sleep which he had courted in vain, sometimes overtook him in the midst of society. His academical duties were suspended; and indeed, after this period, they never were personally resumed. The baths of Carlsbad in some measure restored his

health; while the munificence of the Duke of Holstein Augustenberg, and Count Schimmelman (whom his Danish friend Baggesen had deeply interested in his fate), released him from the necessity of immediate literary labour, and secured him against want, by a pension of a thousand dollars for three years. The gift itself, however, almost reproduced the evil which it was intended to cure: Schiller was so overpowered by it, that a relapse of his complaint was the consequence.

Visits to Dresden, Heidelberg, Heilbronn, and Ludwigsburg, gradually recruited his strength. In Heidelberg, he met (with calm friendship on both sides) his first love; in Heilbronn, his parents, his sisters, and the friends of his youth, who crowded round him with tokens of respect and attachment; and, in Ludwigsburg, he first felt the joy of being a father. His delight on this occasion was almost childish. The endearing terms which his friend Conz describes him as applying to his first-born—'Sei-'nem Goldsohn, seinem herzenskarl,'—homely and touching in German, would only appear ludicrous in English. With all the zeal of Martinus Scriblerus, or Mr Shandy the elder, he forthwith betook himself to study Quinctilian, and to sketch out a course of education for 'The Stranger.'

During a residence of some length at Stuttgard, Dannekcr modelled that beautiful bust of the poet, by which his mild and interesting personal appearance is best preserved. The improvement which had taken place in his whole look and bearing, struck his early acquaintances with surprise; the rough abruptness of his manner was gone—quiet self-possession had taken its place; his dress was no longer negligent; his features had settled into a milder and calmer expression, to which his paleness and emaciation added additional interest. The charm of his conversation, on subjects which interested him, in which an artless simplicity was united to so much warmth and imagination, was felt by his hearers to be irresistible.

No sooner was his health comparatively restored than he resumed his vocation. 'The Thirty Years' War' was completed, so far as he proposed to carry his design. He plunged into the study of the transcendental philosophy with his characteristic ardour;—at least into that portion of it which regards the principles of the imitative arts and their moral influence; and a variety of critical and philosophical essays on Kantian principles—such as the essays on Grace and Dignity, on the *Naïve* and Sentimental, on Tragic Art, on the Pathetic—showed that he had not studied it in vain. Reviews of Goethe's 'Egmont,' and 'Matthison's Poems,' were made the means of expressing important general views as to the line of division between dramas of situation and action, and dramas of character and pas-

sion; and as to the true rank and position of descriptive poetry. He undertook, in common with Goethe, a new periodical work, 'The Horen,' which he enriched with numerous prose compositions; and a 'Musen-Almanach,' to which some of the best of his smaller poems were contributed. These occupations were often interrupted by pain and suffering; but his unconquerable energy of mind bore up against all: even from his sick-room he sent the energies of his mind abroad, to realize fresh acquisitions in the field of literature. He resembled his own Wallenstein, conquering cities and commanding armies from his litter.

With 'Wallenstein,' in fact, he was already busied. The love of poetry had returned—its return, perhaps, somewhat accelerated by the doubtful success of 'The Horen.' But his mind now required for it a more positive basis of objective reality. The narrative ballad (of which Goethe has set the example in his 'Bride of Corinth') now superseded the sentimental lyric. To this period we owe those beautiful compositions, so varied in their character, from the classic beauty of the 'Cranes' of Ibycus, or 'Hero and Leander,' to the high chivalrous feeling of the 'Fight 'with the Dragon;' the pious inspiration of the 'Fridolin,' and the touching simplicity of the 'Toggenburg;' and in all of them the increased disposition to distinct external portraiture, in place of ideal abstractions, is obvious. On that epigrammatic dunciad the 'Xenien,' which on its first appearance excited such a commotion in Germany, we need not pause. It is rightly characterized by Hoffmeister as a grand critical *auto-da-fe* of bad literature. The 'Xenien' are pointed, vigorous, full of real wisdom as well as wit; but it is not on trifles like these that the fame of Schiller will rest. 'After this mad sally of the "Xe-'nien,"' Goethe writes to Schiller, 'greater and worthier works 'of art must occupy our attention. Our Protean nature must, 'to the confusion of our opponents, change itself into the shape 'of the noble and the good.' Such was the feeling of Schiller also. Instead of epigrams or ballads, he felt that he required a wider field, over which his imagination might expand itself, and on which the whole of his intellectual armament could be brought into play; and, after long hesitation—sometimes thinking of an epic poem on Gustavus Adolphus or Frederick of Prussia—sometimes inclining to a dramatic representation of the spirit of the military and monastic orders in the Knights of Malta—he decided in favour of 'Wallenstein;' the idea of which had occurred to him even during the visit which he had paid to Carlsbad in search of health, and of which, from time to time, some small portions had been written.

Three years elapsed, however, between the time when Schiller recommenced his labours on this subject, and the final comple-

tion of the drama. He changed his views repeatedly as to the construction of the play. At first it was entirely written in prose, then altered to blank verse. At times, particularly during the dull days of winter, he felt inclined to throw up his task in despair, for the stubborn materials seemed to defy his plastic hand; then, again, his native elasticity of spirit would induce him to resume his labours;—particularly when returning spring enabled him to occupy the little retired study, which he had erected for himself in the garden of his recently purchased country-house at Jena.

Here he frequently sat absorbed in composition during the greater part of the night: from a neighbouring house which overlooked the garden, he might be heard earnestly declaiming some passage he had written—walking swiftly up and down his chamber—then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair and writing; and recruiting his strength occasionally from a flask of Rhenish or Champagne, which was always placed beside his desk. In this little sanctuary, many of Schiller's finest works were composed. Here, 'The Ideal,' 'The Song of the 'Bell,' and 'The Walk,' were written; and here, 'Wallenstein,' 'with difficulty and labour hard,' grew into a shape of compact and finished beauty. The building has now disappeared; but the spot which it occupied is still remembered, and pointed out as one hallowed by its associations.

'Die stelle die ein guter mensch betrat
Sie bleibt geweiht für alle zeiten.' *

In the course of his labours, the mass of his materials accumulated upon him to such an extent, that on Goethe's suggestion he divided the piece into a cyclus of dramas—'The Camp,' 'The Piccolimini,' and 'The Death of Wallenstein;'—the former, a kind of military prologue or overture to the others, exhibiting a picture of the military life of that strange horde, which, after fifteen years of warfare and plunder, were congregated on the plains of Pilsen; affording glimpses of the equivocal position in which Wallenstein himself stands, and the web of intrigues which is tightening round him; and, at the same time, impressing us by anticipation with a profound admiration for the master spirit by whom these discordant and turbulent hosts are united and controlled. The feeling of awe and admiration of Wallenstein, which, without seeing or hearing him, is impressed upon us from the hints and allusions of 'The Camp,' is indeed absolutely necessary to maintain his poetical ascendancy during the play of 'The

* The place which once a good man's foot hath trod,
Remains a consecrated spot for ever.

'Piccolimini' and the commencement of the 'Death of Wallen-'stein;' in both of which he appears undecided and vacillating, and waiting in the combinations of the stars for those signals of action which he should have drawn from the energies of his own breast. The character of 'The Camp' is gaiety and military recklessness—dashed at times with a kind of homely pathos, when the wandering life of the soldier, 'homeless as the restless winds 'of heaven,' is alluded to by some gray-haired veteran;—and vigorous characteristic delineation—often reminding us of Shakspeare's portraits of the lower classes, in his Roman and Historical plays. The Uhlan, the Croat, the Austrian, the Lombard, the Irishman, are discriminated by light but expressive touches. Even the character of different regiments is indicated; the light-hearted gaiety of the Jägers; the gravity and loyalty of the Tiefenbachers; the more humane spirit of Pappenheim's cuirassiers, find their faithful representatives;—their rough, soldierlike accents sound in our ears like a reality: as we move through the ranks of these iron-handed, iron-hearted adventurers, the whole spirit of the Thirty Years' War stands embodied before our eyes.

The character of 'The Piccolimini' is a calm, and somewhat languid *exposition* of characters and situations;—an idyllic tenderness in the scenes between Max and Thekla; discussion rather than action;—it advances the plot but little, and breaks off, as Madame de Staël remarks, like a conversation interrupted in the middle. As a separate play, indeed, it is extremely defective, and more so in its present form than in its original shape; for, as first written, it contained the substance of the two first acts of 'Wallenstein's Death;' and concluded with the decisive moment when Octavo Piccolimini takes leave of the camp of Wallenstein, and of his son, whom he is destined never to meet again. In the 'Death of Wallenstein,' on the contrary, the action moved on with a steady and fatal consequence; the tragic interest deepens with every scene; the influence of that avenging Nemesis, before which the strong heart even of Wallenstein quails, is felt from first to last; the personages of the play—the young, the old, the pure-hearted, and the guilty—are seen to be embarked on the bosom of a whirlpool, which, with an irresistible sweep and ever-narrowing circles, is hurrying them towards the abyss.

Were we to enter on any criticism of this great drama, we should far exceed our limits. But such is needless. It has already taken its place as the greatest drama which Germany or Europe has produced, since the time of Shakspeare and his contemporaries;—combining, in a remarkable degree, ideality of conception with natural reality; and the youthful glow of enthusiastic

feeling with the wise and thoughtful spirit of one over whom years and experience had passed—and not in vain. 'It is 'surprising,' Schiller writes to Humboldt, 'how much the 'increase of years increases the tendency towards *reality;* and 'how much that tendency has been developed in me by my con-'stant intercourse with Goethe, and by the study of the ancients, 'which I have only learned to know since "Don Carlos."' His intimacy with Goethe, indeed, had been constantly on the increase; they visited each other constantly; corresponded, when they could not meet, almost daily; exchanged plans, and reciprocally suggested ideas and corrections on each other's compositions.

In 1799, Schiller exchanged his residence at Jena for the somewhat milder climate of Weimar; though he generally returned to pass the summer in his favourite garden residence near the former. In Weimar, he might be often seen wandering through the more retired alleys of the park, with paper and pencil in his hand, or resting, in deep thought, in a rocky retired dell near one of the Duke's summer-houses, where the cypresses and beeches formed a shelter overhead, and a little stream murmured by. A new tragedy was already in preparation; his 'Mary Stuart,' which appeared in 1800. The play is not discreditable to Schiller's genius; on the contrary, it displays great dramatic tact, great skill in moving the affections and mastering the difficulties of an intractable subject; but, to our mind, it is deformed by some serious defects—such as the close of the quarrel-scene of the two Queens, and the insane passion of Mortimer—while it wants truth of individual character. In particular, placed beside the portraiture of Elizabeth in 'Kenilworth,' the want of distinct and truthful lineaments is conspicuous.*

In his next dramatic production, however, Schiller found a more congenial subject. 'The Maid of Orleans' seemed to flow more spontaneously from the heart and feelings of Schiller's imagination than 'Wallenstein,' or 'Mary Stuart.' It was a noble attempt to save the honour of a woman, which one of the most distinguished of her countrymen had dishonoured by his miserable ridicule in the 'Pucelle.' There is a flush of tenderness, of holy enthusiasm, of high and chivalrous gallantry about it, which contrast not disagreeably with the graver march and more worldly interest of 'Wallenstein:' the character of Joanna, from her first introduction as the simple shepherd girl, haunted by visions of her future destiny, beneath the wizard oak, through all the changes of her fate, preserves a beautiful consistency

* Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, p. 235.

to the close, and touches even the coldest hearts as with a charm; and higher praise cannot be bestowed upon the delineation of Talbot than this, that, even after Shakspeare's magnificent portrait of that grim warrior, Schiller's picture presents us with traits that are at once original and impressive. The supernatural machinery of the play, we own, appears to us of a very questionable kind; but probably even the melodramatic character which pervades some portions of the play, was conducive to its stage effect, and favourable to its popularity in Germany. The reception it met with was enthusiastic beyond example. The audience, at Leipzig, rose as if with one consent at the close of the first act, and burst out into the exclamation, 'Es lebe Friedrich Schiller!'

It was, perhaps, a weakness in Schiller's mind—not easily separable from his continued struggle to cultivate and improve his genius, and his deference for the opinion of Goethe, or of more doubtful advisers—that he was led to become an experimentalist in poetry; and instead of adhering to those principles, the truth of which the successful experience of the 'Wallenstein' had verified, and enriching the literature of his country with a grand series of national dramas, as Shakspeare has done, to attempt to construct each new drama upon a new model. 'The Bride of Messina,' which appeared in 1803, was one of these experiments;—an attempt to connect the simple statue-like character of the antique drama, the limited number of its personages, the reflective character of the dialogue, and the principle of fate, with a subject taken from the middle ages. As a drama, it cannot be regarded as pleasing or effective; but yet the full inspiration of Schiller's great genius is perceptible throughout; and as the vehicle of introducing some of the finest strains of lyric poetry in the language—it will always be studied and admired by the scholar. As he says himself, in his elaborate preface, 'he has surrounded and interwoven his strict and measured action, and the severe outline of his figures, with a lyric robe of luxury. . . His Chorus leaves the narrow circle of action, to treat of the past and the future, of distant ages and nations—to draw the great inferences of life—to utter the lessons of wisdom —with a bold lyric freedom, going forth with godlike step on the high places of human affairs.'

Beautiful, indeed, are these choral strains—so mournful, so melodious, so rich in moral grandeur and significance. Solemn voices become audible around us, proclaiming from the desolate chambers of kings the instability of mortal grandeur, the madness of earthly ambition, the lesson that all is vanity and vexation of spirit: the calm security of a passionless retirement, is contrasted with the fret and tumult of this agitated world; and our thoughts

raised above the fluctuations of Time to that motionless Eternity, by which it is encompassed and absorbed.

'O! well with him, the wise, the happy,
Who, in some rural home of rest,
Far from the world's bewildering changes,
Sleeps like a child on his mother's breast!
'Sad grows the heart in the palace of princes!
High on the summit of life to-day
Stand the fairest, the best, the brightest—
But with the morrow where are they?

'*He*, too, sleeps well, securely bedded,
Who, from life's dark and stormy swell,
Timely 'scaping, has sought a shelter
In the deep cloister's silent cell;—
'The thirst of honour, the dreams of pleasure,
Hath in his breast betimes suppress,
And the wild craving of restless wishes
In his calm bosom hath lull'd to rest.'

'William Tell' was the next of Schiller's plays, and unfortunately it was the last. In this work he again approached the grandeur and objective truth of his 'Wallenstein.' Characters, scenery, and dialogue, have upon them the stamp of rough Alpine nature: though Schiller had never been in Switzerland, the truth and vividness of his pictures of the country, and of its simple inhabitants, is inimitable. 'These Switzers,' says Mr Carlyle, 'are not Arcadian shepherds, or speculative patriots: 'there is not one crook or beechen-bowl among them, and they 'never mention the Social Contract or the rights of man. They 'are honest people, driven by oppression to assert their privi- 'leges, and they go to work like men in earnest, bent on the 'despatch of business, not on the display of sentiment.'

Schemes of other dramas had been formed, but they were never completed:—one, a story of circumstantial evidence, intended to illustrate the secret and powerful agency of the French police—one on the imposture of Perkin Warbeck—and another on that of the false Demetrius. But, in 1804, he was seized in Berlin, where he had been witnessing the representation of his 'William 'Tell,' with a violent attack of his former malady; and though he recovered so far as to be considered out of danger, a relapse, in the spring of 1805, proved fatal. He had been delirious in the morning of the day on which he died, (9th May,) but, about four o'clock, he fell into a soft sleep, from which he awoke in the full possession of his senses. He knew that his end was at hand, took farewell of his family and friends, and gave directions for his funeral. Some one enquiring how he felt, the answer

was,—'Calmer and calmer!' Once he looked up with a gleam of animation, and said, 'Many things were growing plain and clear 'to him.' Soon after he sank again into a slumber, which gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

Schiller died at the age of forty-five, while his faculties were in their full vigour, and a long and brilliant course of intellectual activity apparently lay before him. In the variety and excellence of his productions, one name only in the literature of Germany can be placed beside his—that of Goethe. Their genius does not fairly admit of comparison; for each was great within a peculiar sphere: nor would it be easy to weigh in opposing scales qualities of mind so essentially different. But one remark is forced upon us by the association of their names—the moral influence of Schiller has always been, and will remain, far greater and more beneficial than that of Goethe. Perhaps Goethe's devotion to literature was as lofty and disinterested as that of Schiller, and his views of the dignity of his vocation not less elevated and pure. But he imparts little of this pure and elevated feeling to his works. In them, he rarely seeks to enlist our sympathies on the side of virtue or moral courage; his favourite characters, on the contrary, seem to be beings in whom all decided character had dissolved away; who cultivate their tastes rather than their feelings; and passively allow all emotions and impulses to take their course. A smooth Epicureanism is the general characteristic of Goethe's works, as decidedly as it is of Wieland's. Schiller could not contemplate literature in such a light. He could not trifle with the solemn realities of human duty, as Goethe had done in the 'Wahl-verwandschaften;' or flatter the weaknesses and vices of society, by an airy, theatrical pageant of life, as in 'Wilhelm 'Meister.' Knowing the power of literature both for good and evil, he viewed his genius as a sacred trust lent him for a time, to be expended only on themes that might support, instruct, or elevate his fellow men. He has found his reward. He is eminently the favourite poet of his countrywomen. With the gentler portion of creation—with all who have preserved the heart unstained, and the affections unchilled and unperverted—he will always be so; for he speaks to the best feelings of their nature, in words and images elevated as the deeds which he loved to paint—chaste and noble as the fancy from which they sprung. Amidst the difficulties and discouragements of life, we can turn with confidence to his manly and enthusiastic pages for solace and encouragement. They calm the fever of the spirit—they brace the sinews of the mind to exertion or endurance—and we rise from them as from some health-giving fountain, purified, invigorated, and refreshed.

ART. VIII.—1. *Woman and her Master.* By LADY MORGAN. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.
2. *Woman in her Social and Domestic Character.* By MRS JOHN SANDFORD. Sixth edition. 12mo. London: 1839.
3. *Female Improvement.* By MRS JOHN SANDFORD. Second edition. 12mo. London: 1839.
4. *The Women of England, their Social Duties, and Domestic Habits.* By MRS ELLIS. Thirteenth edition. 8vo. London and Paris: 1839.
5. *Woman's Mission.* Eighth edition. 12mo. London: 1840.
6. *Woman's Rights and Duties, considered with relation to their Influence on Society, and on her own Condition.* By a WOMAN. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.

THE number of works recently published on the education, rights, and condition of women, sufficiently proves that increased attention has been directed to that subject. Here are six of the more important of these publications, which have appeared within the last few years; all of some merit, and all exclusively devoted to the consideration of various branches of this interesting and extensive theme. We will briefly advert to each of them, before we proceed to give our own opinion upon the subject which they discuss.

The two works by Mrs Sandford, entitled *Woman in her Social and Domestic Character*, and *Female Improvement*, may justly lay claim to the merit of a pure and sound tone of moral and religious feeling. Their object is educational, rather than the discussion of woman's social position, or the assertion of what some deem to be her rights; and it is due to the authoress to say, that in this comparatively unobtrusive province, she has acquitted herself very creditably. We cannot, however, add, that we find in them either such originality of thought, or such force or felicity of style, as are calculated to make much impression, or to be highly attractive to the generality of readers.

The Women of England, their Social Duties, and Domestic Habits, by Mrs Ellis, is another well-intentioned work of respectable ability—written in a serious and devout spirit, and indicative of a sincere desire to do good. Her attention is confined, as she states in her Preface, 'to the cultivation of habits—to the minor morals of domestic life;' and she lays before the women of England a manual of their duties, both social and domestic. It is perhaps to be regretted that she should have addressed herself so exclusively to English women; for her observations

observable among the lowest and least educated portions of civilized communities. It is every where the tyranny of strength over weakness. The same odious principle explains the degradation of woman; and where there are ameliorations of her condition, it will be found that she has purchased them by the circumstance of man being dependent for his comfort or success in a larger proportion on her willing aid.

This painful portion of the history of mankind, is so remotely and slightly applicable to the present social position of educated women in civilized communities, that to dwell on it would be needless; nor will we notice it further than by pointing out the undue use which may be made of it, in reasoning upon what the position of woman, in the social system, is and ought to be. If woman is most oppressed and degraded when civilization is least apparent, and is raised in the scale as civilization advances, it is a natural deduction, that the universal tendency of civilization is to redress the inequality of the two sexes, and reduce the ascendancy of man. It is also true, that we can assign no limits to the progress of civilization; that the whole human race is interested in desiring its advance; and that its tendency is not to cramp and deteriorate human nature—as was absurdly advanced by Rousseau—but to develope all its best faculties, and make it more truly what it ought to be. It may therefore plausibly be urged, that, as the rightful course of civilization tends to raise woman to the level of man, it will, or ought to end in establishing the equality of the sexes in power and influence upon the affairs of the world; and that every thing short of this equality, is a wrongful contravention of the ultimate designs of Providence. This mode of reasoning is plausible, but unsound. Civilization ameliorates the condition of woman, because it lessens the influence of physical strength in proportion to that of mind; and because woman is more nearly equal to man in the power of intellect than in strength of limb. But it does not thence follow, that in mental faculties she is equal, or that the height to which her position may be raised, by the advance of civilization, may not have its limits far short of complete equality.

The theory of the mental equality of the sexes, has not wanted eminent supporters. Plato says there is no natural superiority of man over woman, except in strength. Professor Dugald Stewart is of the same opinion, and thinks that the intellectual and moral differences which we observe, are only the result of education. Voltaire thinks that women are on a level with men in every talent but invention. With all due deference to these high authorities, we cannot subscribe to their views.

It will not be denied, that, be they assignable to education or

nature, great differences do exist between the moral and intellectual characteristics of the two sexes. Of these differences, the following appear to us to be the most remarkable:—Women have less of active, and more of passive courage than men. They have more excitability of nerve; and with it, all those qualities which such excitability tends to produce. They are more enthusiastic—their sympathy is more lively—they have a nicer perception of minute circumstances. Whether, as stated by Professor Stewart, they have greater quickness and facility of association, may, we think, be reasonably doubted. They are certainly not superior to man in those powers of association which produce wit, though they often possess them in an eminent degree. They are inferior in the power of close and logical reasoning. They are less dispassionate—less able to place their feelings in subjection to their judgment, and to bring themselves to a conclusion which is at variance with their prepossessions. They have less power of combination and of generalization. They are less capable of steady and concentrated attention—and though their patience is equal, if not greater, their perseverance is less.

Such appear to us to be the principal mental differences between men and women. Some will be disposed to extend the list, and others to abridge it; and there will, perhaps, be scarcely any to whom some instance will not occur of inferiority or superiority at variance with the preceding statement. But it must be remembered, that amidst the infinite diversities of mental phenomena, it is impossible to lay down any rule from which there will not be some exceptions—and that our judgment must be guided by the majority of cases.

Now, if the prevalence of these diversities be admitted, in what respect, and to what extent, may any of them be attributed to the influence of education? This is necessarily a difficult question. The art of education, like that of medicine, avails itself of the instrumentality of nature; and, inasmuch as the best education is that which co-operates with nature most unobtrusively and closely, and exhibits the slightest evidence of artificial deviation, so will the operations of education and of nature be almost undistinguishably combined where each has worked most beneficially. To say, not with respect to individuals, but universally, that certain mental qualities arise exclusively from natural temperament, and that education has absolutely no share whatever in their development, is impossible; but it can at least be said, that with respect to some qualities, the influence of education is imperceptible, and can have conduced to them (if at all) in a very slight degree. Such, for example, are woman's superiority in passive

courage—greater excitability of nerve—warmer enthusiasm, and livelier sympathy. On the other hand, there are qualities on which the prevailing influence of education can with more probability be admitted. Such are the nice perception of minute circumstances—and the inferiority in powers of generalization, and in a capacity for concentrated attention. Yet, even in these cases, we shall be obliged to admit to a considerable extent the possible instrumentality of natural temperament. Education and habit, by contracting woman's sphere of observation, induce a nice perception of minutiæ; but delicacy of nerve, mixed with somewhat of that timidity which belongs to a sense of physical weakness, will tend to produce the same result. Excitability of nerve is also adverse to the exercise of the reasoning powers, and to steady and concentrated attention—though herein, perhaps, the influence of education is more clearly and extensively admissible than in any other respect; and woman's indisposition to generalize, is more attributable to her livelier sympathy and stronger interest in individual cases, than to any want of training in those grammatical studies, to which Professor Stewart appears to attach undue importance. He thinks that the grammatical education which boys receive while learning Latin and Greek, 'by teaching them experimentally 'the aid which the memory derives from general rules, prepares 'them for acquiring habits of generalization;' and to the want of such training he ascribes, in a great measure, 'the little 'curiosity which girls commonly discover about the causes of 'physical phenomena; for,' he adds, 'what is vulgarly called a 'knowledge of *causes*, is nothing else than a knowledge of general 'rules.' What is thus ascribed to girls, may surely be ascribed to the majority of young persons of both sexes. We cannot perceive that there exists among boys, more than among girls, a disposition to investigate the causes of such phenomena as are commonly passing before their eyes. No being can be less addicted to scientific research than the English schoolboy, or indeed to any approximation to it; unless that name can be bestowed on such mechanical ingenuity as may be connected with his games. Girls are even more disposed to such pursuits as involve in some degree the exercise of scientific enquiry, and habits of generalization, such as botany and entomology; while the boy, if strong and healthy, is commonly too volatile, and too fond of active sports, to pause and exercise his reason much upon the phenomena of nature. Those who do so, will be comparatively few; and of these, few, if any, in our opinion will be found to have derived any impulse or assistance, even of the most indirect description, in the pursuits of science, in habits of generalization, or in inves-

tigation of the causes of physical phenomena, from their grammatical studies in Latin and Greek.

In discussing the effects of education, it is of course important to consider, not what the education of boys or of girls is in theory, but what it really is in practice. Education, within the last few years, has attracted more than ordinary attention, and has undergone, and is undergoing, considerable improvement; and it is, therefore, less easy to pronounce an opinion upon its present state, than upon that which existed some time previously. Taking, then, as the period to which our observations refer, the first thirty years of the present century, we are of opinion, that in the upper and middle classes of life, the education of girls was, on the whole, better than that of boys. The majority of the boys were occupied in learning *imperfectly* Latin and Greek, and scarcely any thing else; while girls were acquiring not only languages, and perhaps music and painting, but such more important knowledge as must constitute an essential part of every well-devised scheme of education, and would be valuable to them through life. We firmly believe, that in a vast majority of cases, the girl of seventeen was better informed upon such subjects as well-educated persons ought to be conversant with—possessed a more cultivated understanding, and was more capable of conversing intelligently with persons much older than herself—than the boy of the same age. If this be so—and though no proof can be offered in support of such assertion, we confidently make it, in the belief that there are few of our readers who will not concur with us—it cannot be argued with any plausibility, that to education rather than to nature man owes that mental superiority over woman, the existence of which cannot be denied.

It may be argued, on the other side, that this is true on the assumption that education ceases at the early age of seventeen; but that this is scarcely true with regard to either sex—that at this period, or a little later, frequently begins the most valuable part of a young man's education,—when, comparatively free from the trammels of strict superintendence, and the compulsory imposition of distasteful tasks, but animated with a zeal for the acquisition of knowledge, which he believes would be beneficial to him—he begins to educate himself. In this there is much truth; and in this sense, far from being limited to the period of youth, education never ceases; for every acquisition of knowledge by an individual for himself, as long as his faculties are capable of acquiring, may be included under that term. But to use education in this sense, and to reason upon it as if it were identical with the instruction which young persons derive from their elders, is to deceive ourselves by similarity of term.

The education which was spoken of as sufficiently potent to vie in its effects with those of nature—to form the habits, to modify the character—is that which is caused by instruction upon the plastic minds of youth. No power short of that exerted by superior age, wisdom, and authority, or by the pressure of remarkable circumstances, can justly be deemed capable of producing the effects which have been claimed for education. But self-education—that which an individual applies to himself, either wholly without aid, or with the assistance rather than under the control of others—is, in fact, only another name for the development of that intellectual strength with which he is endowed by nature. No mind can exercise on itself a power which is not already inherent in it. No mind, intrinsically weak, can strengthen itself by its own exertions, unaided by the pressure of external circumstances. From whence, if not from nature, is the strength by which the mind, disregarding inducements to recreation and sloth, voluntarily consigns itself to painful toil? From whence, but from the consciousness of possessing such power as will ensure success, is the hope which invites its possessor to exertions by which success is commanded? No: if the superiority gained by men is referable chiefly to self-education, we must go further, and admit that it is ultimately referable to that natural strength of intellect, without which self-education would not have been effectual.

If the intellectual inequality of the two senses were attributable to education rather than to nature, the evidence of inequality would be least apparent in those instances in which education has least influence. Such is that remarkable aptitude and ability which is termed *genius*, and which, when existing in the highest degree, is confessedly independent of the influence of education, and is even not to be repressed by any obstacles of an ordinary kind. If, then, nature had bestowed intellectual gifts in equal abundance on the two sexes, we might reasonably expect that the number of women of remarkable genius—of women who have attained the highest eminence in literature and in art—would have been as considerable as that of men. But how stands the case? We will not apply a severe, and what some might call an unfair test, and ask for the female counterparts in genius to those great leaders of their race who have been mightiest in the arts of war and government; because the exercise of such arts is not congenial with female habits. We will look for excellence of the highest kind in the calm pursuits of literature and taste—pursuits which are as well adapted to the habits of women as of men, and for which nothing in the education of men peculiarly tends to enable them to excel. We will even set aside science, lest it

should be considered too severe, and take for our basis of comparison poetry and the fine arts; in which the sensitive and imaginative temperament, and refined and tasteful habits of women, might, *a priori*, be presumed to give them an unquestionable superiority over the more stubborn nerve and coarser habits of man. Yet, though educated women are very conversant with elegant literature, perhaps even more than the majority of men, and many have from all times been *versifiers*—and though the poet is proverbially 'born, not made;' and though there is nothing in the habits of women which, so much as in the severer occupations of men, should tend to quench the poetical fire, or induce them to resist its inspiration; yet where is the poetess whom even partiality could place in that elevated class to which belong our Shakspeare, Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Byron? Women, especially in England, have written so much and so well, as to prove that they have no natural inaptitude for poetry; and there are not a few (of whom some are living) who have written with a degree of power and beauty, which, though it cannot raise them to the highest class, or create a strong impression upon the public taste, ought to elevate them far above the disparaging character of mediocrity. This, therefore, is a fair field of competition—this is good ground on which to try the question of natural superiority. Yet, in this least masculine exercise of intellect—this department so suitable to their more sympathetic and nervous temperament—although there has been excellence, yet that which is of the highest class has never been displayed by woman.

Look, next, at the arts of painting and music. These are arts which seem to depend most upon qualities which are rather attributes of the female character, than of the sterner and less sensitive nature of man. They are less congenial with the ordinary pursuits and avocations of men than of women; and by the influence of education, especially in this country, they fall peculiarly to woman's share. For twenty girls to whom music and drawing are a part of education, you will scarcely find one boy respecting whom it is the same. In other countries the differences may be less; but still the cultivation of these arts will be found to preponderate on the female side. Moreover, these are arts which are not treated by women as mere embellishments. They are pursued by many as professions—they are cultivated with all the ardour which the keenest sense of self-interest can inspire. Yet where are the great names? There have been many men whose names will live as painters and composers of music, as long, perhaps, as the delightful arts in which they excelled continue to be appreciated as an important portion

of the innocent pleasures of civilized society. But of what woman can we say the same? We cannot name one whose title to such distinction would be ratified by the public voice. These are plain and undeniable facts; and we see not how we can avoid the obvious inference, that, even in those departments of the intellect which are most congenial with woman's nature, education, and pursuits, there is not such an approach to equality of power, as to enable woman to attain those heights to which man's superiority sometimes raises him.

To turn from the ornamental arts to institute a comparison respecting the exercise of intellect on those important public matters on which depend the welfare of a state—might seem almost futile and absurd. Yet we cannot dismiss the comparison altogether in silence, while there are those who seriously, and we will add plausibly, hold that women should be admitted to share in the exercise of political power. To such advocates of the rights of women, many might deem it a sufficient answer to ask, what evidence of the possession of legislative and administrative abilities has been hitherto given by woman? Debarred as she is from the practice of politics, what proof has she given of consummate knowledge of them in theory? What work has issued from a female hand, what words have fallen from female lips, fraught with such lessons of political wisdom as man might study with advantage? Of deceased female writers on political subjects, the only one of such distinguished ability as to deserve to be cited as a remarkable exception, is Madame de Stäel. Yet who, after reading her eloquent works, does not feel that their merit resides in their brilliancy rather than in their profoundness—that they dazzle rather than convince—that they display qualities fitter for the orator than for the statesman—that they do not inspire confidence in the judgment of the writer, or cause us to feel that the practical guidance of public affairs would have been committed with safety to the utterer of those sparkling epigrams?

'The simple truth,' says the judicious authoress of *Woman's Rights and Duties*, 'seems to be, that every faculty in the minds of the two sexes is the same, except that there is less general vigour in those of woman. There is no mental exercise in which men have excelled, that women have not also succeeded in extremely well, up to a certain point. But wherever the greatest efforts are required, whether of judgment, imagination, attention, perseverance, or any other power, the superior vigour of the masculine mind becomes evident. Hence, as the greater part of the business of life does not require the utmost exertion, even of ordinary ability, it is only in the more arduous pursuits that the constitutional superiority of the masculine mind appears invariably. In low stages of civilization, it occasionally happens that the advantage is observed to be on the side of the woman; for any circumstance in their habits that

imposes upon them the necessity of greater exercise of observation and judgment, turns the balance in their favour. But, in the complicated and laborious affairs of civilized societies, no education could give general superiority or even equality to the female sex; the demand for laborious investigations, and the highest powers of combination and invention, is too constant both in profession and science.

'A contrary opinion is occasionally maintained by ingenious women, who, from living in frivolous and contracted spheres, feel their superiority to the common-place men by whom they are surrounded; whose only advantage is the possession of an ordinary college education, sufficient capacity for which, or for a good deal more, they are conscious of possessing themselves. But they hold this opinion, because they are not aware of the abstruse nature of the enquiries carried on in the scientific world, the very objects and importance of which they are ignorant. Even in works of general literature, they may be well aware they have not always depth enough to perceive and feel the great difference between first-rate and second-rate orders of genius.'

The champions of female rights—the advocates for woman's participation with man in those political functions which are now exclusively his—would, after all, effect little in support of their theory, if they could even prove that there exists in woman an equality of intellectual power, an equal aptitude for political affairs, and the more important and serious business of public life. Grant all this; yet the participation of women (not in individual cases, but as part of a general system) could not be admitted without infringing upon that important law which prescribes a division of duties, as one of the most essential elements in the conduct and transaction of human affairs. Take an instance (and there are probably many) in which the wife has an equal capacity with her husband for that business which falls naturally to his lot, and would be able to take his place, and transact his affairs quite as efficiently as himself;—assume, next, that the husband has an equal aptitude for all those domestic duties which are assigned by custom to the wife; yet can any one doubt that if each, during alternate periods, were to assume the duties of the other, that the result would be, that the whole duties, public and domestic, thus divided among them, would be much less efficiently performed than if each adhered exclusively to their own department?

'There can be no civilization,' says the authoress of *Woman's Rights and Duties*, 'without order; and the progress of order 'could scarcely be secured without some provision that should lead 'mankind promptly and universally to a division of labour and 'duties into public and private. The utmost confusion and em-'barrassment would arise, if it were quite uncertain which of the 'two heads of a family should attend to the details of the house-'hold, and which pursue the profession or duties that were to

'provide for their common support.' 'The confusion would be so 'great, from the uncertainty which of the two parties should aban- 'don their professional duties to attend to the details of domes- 'tic life, that I think such an awkward condition of society would 'compel the institution of castes, that a certain portion of the 'community might be brought up to particular sorts of employ- 'ment alone. Let any one but follow out, in imagination, the de- 'tails of a condition, in which all the professions and employments 'of civil life were given indifferently to men or women, as their 'physical strength might permit. The picture could scarcely 'be drawn out with seriousness; but the embarrassments would 'not be the less real because the notion is ludicrous.'

In addition to the foregoing very sensible remarks, we will quote the following from the same work. They are highly creditable to the judgment of the author.

'Nature having placed the stronger mind where she gave the stronger body, and accompanied it with a more enterprizing, ambitious spirit, the custom that consigns to the male sex the chief command in society, and all the affairs which require the greatest strength and ability, has a better foundation than some of the prejudices that result from it. The hard, laborious, stern, and coarse duties of the warrior, lawyer, legislator, and physician, require all tender emotions to be frequently repressed. The firmest texture of nerve is required to stand the severity of mental labour, and the greatest abilities are wanted where the duties of society are most difficult. It would be as little in agreement with the nature of things, to see the exclusive possession of these taken from the abler sex to be divided with the weaker, as it is, in the savage condition, to behold severe bodily toil inflicted on the feeble frame of the woman, and the softness of feeling which nature has provided her with for the tenderest of her offices, that of nurturing the young, outraged by contempt, menaces, and blows. It is, therefore, an impartial decree which consigns all the offices that require the greatest ability to men. For is it less the interest of woman than of man, that property, life, and liberty should be secured—that aggression should be quickly and easily repressed—that contentment and order should prevail, instead of tumult? That industry should be well paid—provisions cheap and plentiful—that trade should cover their tables and their persons with the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries which habit has rendered necessary, or an innocent sensibility pleasurable? Is it less momentous to them that religious opinions should be free from persecution—that a wise foreign policy should maintain those blessings in peace, and preserve us from the tribulation of foreign dominion? In objects of less selfish interest, are women less anxious than men, or more so, to see the practice of slavery expelled from the face of the earth? or our colonial government redeemed in every remaining instance from the stain that has too often attended it, of being numbered with the most oppressive? In the dangerous and difficult sciences of medicine and surgery, is it less important to women than to men, that the life which hangs by a thread, should be

trusted to those whose nerves and abilities ensure the greatest skill? Or, in law, that the decision of rights, the vindication of innocence, should be in the hands of those who can most patiently endure the driest studies, and must boldly follow human nature through all its various forms, and all its foul pursuits? Ills enough, Heaven knows, ensue from the weaknesses and incapacity of man; but to confer the offices which demand all the skill and energy that can be had on those who are weaker still, would be injurious alike to both.'

One of the most important practical questions that have been mooted with respect to the rights of women is, whether they should, under any circumstances, be invested with such direct exercise of political power as is involved in the right of voting in the election of a member of our House of Commons. It is urged that we cannot consistently plead for the exclusion of women from all political functions, while by a provision of our constitution, which experience teaches us to regard with peculiar approbation and respect, the highest political functions may be exercised by a female;—that women, as the holders of property, possess one of those qualifications on which our representative system is founded; and that, while we exclude them from all direct participation in the franchise, we leave to the female possessor of lands and houses, as fully as to the proprietor who is of the other sex, an indirect influence over the votes of others;—that, independent of the possession of property, which in a man's hands would confer a right to vote, women, in the ordinary relations of life, necessarily exercise a considerable influence over the political opinions and conduct of men;—that it is always advantageous to substitute direct agency for indirect influence; and that, by adding open responsibility where there is already unobserved power, you render the exercise of that power more pure. It is urged, too, that objections against the practical exercise of the franchise, such as the too frequent conduct of election mobs, and the shock which female delicacy must receive from contact with the polling-booth and hustings, are founded upon the existence of nuisances which ought to be abated; that they are objections against the present system, and not against woman's right to vote; that it is possible, by the establishment of a better system, to obviate all that is repugnant in the conduct of elections; and that a silent vote, dropped unobtrusively into the ballot-box, need not, under proper management, cause any uneasiness to the sensitive nerves of the most retiring woman.

These arguments have been put forth and sustained with much ingenuity, not only by women but by men; among whom we may particularly mention Mr Baillie, the author of a well-written tract on 'The Rationale of Representation.' He here states that, with respect to 'widows, or single women, keeping house, or

'possessing the requisite amount of property that would be entitled to vote, it is difficult to conceive the shadow of a reason why they should be debarred from the privilege, except the tumultuous proceedings which are the unruly progeny of unskilful arrangements.'

The arguments above stated in behalf of the political rights of women, may be answered in a few words. The fact that these kingdoms can be ruled over by a queen, may be an effectual answer to an argument in favour of the exclusion of women from *all* exercise of political power; but the absence of analogy between the position and functions of the sovereign and those of any of her subjects, prevents the example from being applicable in support of any other case. If it could be applied in any case, the least remote in point of analogy would be that of peeresses in their own right; and the privilege claimed for them would be, that they should sit and vote in the House of Lords. But, if any advocate of female rights has ever seriously proposed that they should mingle among men in the stormy debates of a deliberative assembly, he will be considered, we think, by a vast majority, even among women, as scarcely entitled to a serious reply. Then, with respect to the indirect influence which women possess as the holders of property, it must be remembered that they possess it only because their possessing it cannot be prevented; and that the question is not whether direct influence shall be *substituted* for the indirect, but whether it shall be *superadded*. It has never yet been shown that the possession of a right to vote, renders any one less solicitous to influence the votes of others; and it may even be reasonably doubted whether it does not tend to an opposite effect. The man who has no vote abstracts himself from political affairs, or views them, not as an agent in the conflict of parties, but from a distance, as a calm spectator. He is not solicited by candidates or their friends—he is not drawn into those scenes by which the fervour of political feeling is animated and renewed;—he views the question at issue dispassionately—and, if he cares how others vote, his solicitude is scarcely sufficient to inspire him with a wish to influence them. But the man whose vote has drawn him into the contest, and made him a partisan, and inspired him with that interest which mere egotism will sufficiently inspire in behalf of that party to which he is committed, is less likely to be satisfied with such slight assistance as his own single vote confers; and will more probably endeavour to exert some influence over others, than he who, not possessing a vote, is thereby warned to stand aloof. If, then, the woman possessing property has a right to vote, she becomes a privileged participator in political struggles. Politics are no longer out of her province; she turns her atten-

tion to party questions; she is openly canvassed by the candidates; she warmly adopts the cause of one of them; it is no longer a matter of indifference to her whether her tenants vote for A or for B; she has something more to declare than a mere unsanctioned, unmeaning, preference; she has a vote—and the country will know for whom she gives it; and she becomes personally interested in the success of him whom she openly supports. It surely cannot be maintained that, under such circumstances, the super-addition of direct influence will not render the temptation to exercise indirect influence much stronger.

Whether the process of voting at elections can ever be so arranged as to present nothing formidable and repulsive to the sensitive and retiring modesty which befits a woman, is a problem which only experience can effectually solve, and on which speculation is consequently unsatisfactory. But grant the enforcement of order and decorum to any conceivable extent that the best regulations can possibly effect; and some degrée of publicity, some previous enquiry respecting the qualifications of electors, some subsequent scrutiny with respect to votes, must always be admitted, for the sake alike of the voters and the candidates. We must ask, therefore, not whether the registration court and the parliamentary committee *ought* to be sufficiently formidable to deter a woman—a young unmarried woman—from voting, but whether they may not be rendered so. For it must be remembered that, in every contest, one of the two contending parties would be interested in keeping from the poll each female voter whose intentions could be guessed; and we fear no limits can be assigned to the length to which ribaldry, calumny, and intimidation would be carried by factious violence, to attain its end.

In thus replying to the foregoing arguments, we assume that it is never contemplated that the right of voting should be claimed for married women during their husbands' lives; or for unmarried women living under the protection of their parents. The divisions which would thereby be created in the heart of families, and the extensive injury consequent therefrom to domestic peace, are objections too obvious to require discussion. We will suppose the claim made wholly in behalf of widows and spinsters, possessing such property as would confer a right of voting on men. These would be very few in proportion to the whole number of electors; and the power which they would practically exercise as a class, with respect to any measure which might affect the rights of women as contra-distinguished from those of men, or as in any wise opposed to the latter, would be extremely slight. It may, therefore, reasonably admit a doubt whether the value of the privilege is not too slight to be worth the claiming.

But let it be granted, for argument's sake, that it is substantial power, and no mere shadow of additional influence, which a woman would gain by such a change; and we then ask, will the consequent result be an improvement in their position? We decidedly think that it would not. In all modern civilized communities, and especially in the most refined and cultivated portion of those communities, women are treated by men with peculiar deference, tenderness, and courtesy. Do they owe this treatment to their strength or to their weakness? Undoubtedly to the latter. The deference, the tenderness, the courtesy of man towards the other sex, are founded principally on the feeling that they need his protection, and can never question his power. But let women be made ostensibly powerful; let a sense of competition be introduced; let man be made to feel that he must stand on the defensive—and the spirit of chivalry, so eloquently described by Burke, will speedily cease; and it will be useless to expect a continuance of that feeling, to which women can now appeal with confidence, and which lends the most essential charms to the ordinary intercourse of civilized society. Women, as a class, cannot enjoy, at the same time, the immunities of weakness and the advantages of power. They may take their stand upon the latter ground; but, in order to do so with safety, they must *possess* the power which they assert. If they assume only the *appearance* of sharing it with man, and are invested with a privilege which their inferiority in numbers prevents them from using for their own benefit *as a class*, they will, while mocked with the shadow of authority, have excited a spirit of jealous opposition, which would deprive them of those advantages which man now yields without reluctance.

It must not be imagined that in opposing women's direct participation in political power with men, we intend to assert that women should utterly abstain from all consideration of political questions, and be passive and indifferent spectators. It is right that they should participate in what concerns the vital interests of the whole community; but, as is well observed by the authoress of *Woman's Mission*, they should participate 'as 'moral agents, as champions of the right, in preference to the 'expedient. The immense influence which they possess, will be 'most beneficial if allowed to flow in its natural channels; 'namely, domestic ones. The political feelings of women are 'more likely to be guided by the abstract principles of right and 'wrong, if they themselves are restrained from the public ex'pression of them. Participation in scenes of popular emotion, 'has a natural tendency to warp conscience and overcome 'charity. Now, these are the essence of woman's beneficial in-

'fluence; and every thing tending to blunt the one and sour the 'other, is sedulously to be avoided It is of the utmost import-'ance for men to feel, that in consulting a wife, a mother, or a 'sister, they are appealing *from* their passions and prejudices, 'and not *to* them, as embodied in a second self.'

Some attention was drawn to the subject of the interposition of women in political affairs, by the question—whether the presence of a female audience at debates in the House of Commons, should be sanctioned by the assignment of places exclusively for ladies. The question is deprived of much of the interest with which some would unite it, by the unimportance of the privilege which it is proposed to confer. If the debates in Parliament were occult mysteries, and admission to the galleries of the House were our sole means of insight into the arcana of legislation, the privilege would, indeed, be valuable. But when any one, on the morning after a debate, can read in a newspaper a very full and tolerably correct report of what, if admitted as a stranger, he would, perhaps, have heard and understood less perfectly the preceding evening, at much sacrifice of time and trouble, the refusal of admission to the galleries of the House is not the refusal of political knowledge; but merely a refusal to the gratification of curiosity, respecting persons, countenance, and gesture—the dramatic excitement of oratory, and not the information which it is capable of imparting. It cannot be said that such admission is necessarily conducive to the attainment of political knowledge. It causes the individual to regard the conflict of parties with a livelier zest; but it will cause him, at the same time, to think more of the orator and less of the subject—to care less for principles and more for persons. Such may not be the ultimate effect on those who are habituated to debates, and have outlived the excitement which attends on novelty; but these are persons, the object of whose presence is business and not amusement. They who would seek the gallery for amusement, would not await this sobering process; but would no longer come when the novelty had vanished, and excitement ceased to charm. It cannot be denied that the effect of a casual attendance at debates, is to cause a regard for persons rather than for principles, and the substitution of private partiality for calm and comprehensive judgment—in short, the aggravation of those very failings which are always observable in the politics of women. Women who take an interest in politics, are commonly observed to be keener and bitterer in their partizanship than men. To make them spectators of political conflicts, would be to aggravate the animosity with which they are too apt to regard the opponents of their own friends; and the harmony

and peace of society, which has already too often been disturbed by political discord, would materially suffer.

Our chief object at present is to consider this subject with reference to its effects upon the minds of women, and upon the society of which they form an influential part; but the proposed innovation is to be deprecated also on grounds relating to the business of Parliament, to which we shall very briefly allude. It is surely inadvisable that any thing should tend to render our Houses of Parliament theatres for the display of merely ornamental oratory, more than they are at present; and that the vanity of young members should be tempted to encroach upon the valuable time of the House, by the presence of an audience still more interesting than even the redoubtable phalanx of reporters. We can scarcely anticipate the amount of the change which, after a long lapse of time, the constant and recognised visible presence of women in the Houses of Parliament would effect in the tone and character of debates; but we believe, that though it might be sufficiently slow to be always imperceptible at the time, it would not be immaterial in the end, and that its consequence would be to impair the usefulness of discussions in those Houses, and thereby to lower their character with the country at large. We must also consider, not only what the presence of women might cause to be said out of a desire for oratorical display, but what it might cause to be left unsaid. Subjects must sometimes come under discussion, which could not be mooted before a female audience without shocking that nice sense of decorum which now prevails in refined society, and which no right-minded person can wish to render less sensitive. It is true, that the probable nature of the debate may sometimes be sufficiently known beforehand, to allow the usual occupants of the Ladies' Gallery the opportunity of absenting themselves. But this cannot always be the case. Subjects such as we have alluded to, will be introduced incidentally and unexpectedly. They may be of deep importance; and such as no fastidious delicacy ought to prevent a member of Parliament, who values as he ought the responsibility which attaches to his situation, and the obligation which rests upon him to do his duty fearlessly and frankly, from stating as clearly and forcibly to the House, as if his words were to be heard by no ears but those of men. In such a case, it is not right that any one should be subjected to a painful struggle between the refined and decorous feelings of a British Gentleman, and the solemn and imperative duties of a British Legislator.

The wish expressed on behalf of women to attain some influence on legislation, is not altogether causeless and unreasonable.

Legislation has been less friendly than Society—and they have real grounds of complaint against the existing state of the law, with respect to the relations of husband and wife. Grounded apparently on the assumption, that the interests of husband and wife are identical, the law either interposes too little when their interests are *not* identical; or interposes harshly and unjustly, and less as a mediator than as a partizan. With respect to property, there is a lamentable want of due protection against the effects of extravagance and vice; and the law is impartial only in its balance of injustice, and in allowing to the culpable of either sex the most unbridled impunity in wrong-doing. The extravagant wife may contract debts for which her husband may be sent to prison. The vicious husband of an heiress, whose friends or legal advisers may have been careless or inefficient, and failed in securing her just rights by settlement previous to marriage, may plunge her into utter ruin; by squandering, in spite of her most earnest remonstrances, her patrimony upon his own pleasures. These are instances of injustice which the existing law is powerless to restrain. What should be the remedy, is a nice and difficult question; for laws which affect the tenure of property, are among those which it is least easy to amend. But if impossibility cannot be pleaded, the difficulty of applying a remedy can be no valid objection, when the evil is so great and glaring.

But there are other cases in which the state of the law, though recently amended, is in our opinion still faulty—cases to which public attention has been considerably drawn, and on which much has been forcibly and ingeniously written. We allude to the relative positions of husband and wife in cases of separation; and to the power possessed by the husband even over infant children. The conduct of the wife might have been exemplary, the conduct of the husband licentious and brutal; but if a separation ensue, even though caused exclusively by *his* vices, their children, even in infancy, might be taken from *her*, and placed exclusively under *his* protection;—he might appoint his mistress to supply her place in taking care of them—and the doubly injured wife and mother could not see them without his permission. This was what English law permitted till within the last two years. The very statement of such possibilities included the strongest condemnation. It was a law which sinned against the plainest ordinances of Religion and Nature. Woman has no holier duty than the protection of her offspring; and no artificial rules of human law could abrogate with impunity the paramount sanctity and authority of a law of nature. The mother is the natural protectress of the children when they are young, and need her guidance—she is naturally fitter to guide

and cherish them than the father; and no arguments founded on the tenure of property as established by law, or the dependence of the children upon the father for pecuniary support, could prove more than that in *that* respect also was the law in fault; and that in *that* respect also it ought to be reformed, as well as in that which was the subject of complaint. A partial remedy was applied by the Act for the Custody of Infants, which was passed in the Session of 1839. By that Act, a mother may petition for access to her children, and (if they are under seven years of age) for their delivery to her custody; and the Judge in Equity to whom she applies may, '*if he shall see fit*,' make order for the access of the petitioner to her children, 'at such 'times, and subject to such regulations as he shall deem con-'venient and just;' or, with similar limitations, may deliver them to her care.

Something has thus been gained for mothers; but it must be observed, that still the exclusive custody and power of preventing access, rests *à priori* with the husband; and the wife has no redress till, in opposition to his usually ampler means, she has obtained it by costly litigation from the proverbial tardiness of a court of equity. This Act, too, though it withholds (and properly) its benefit from wives against whom adultery has been proved, inflicts no similar penalty upon the proved delinquencies of a husband.

Although, therefore, the law has been slightly reformed, it cannot yet be said to deal impartially with both sexes. It is not yet cleared from the imputation of having too much the impress of *man's* legislation, and of favouring the father at the expense of the mother's rights. It does not yet recognize equality of right in the two parents. On the contrary, it vests all authority in the father, till the mother, by appeal to a court of justice, can obtain a participation. This seems to us unjust.

Insanity, imbecility, or crime, duly proved, must, for the sake of the children's welfare, deprive the mother of authority over them; and even of that right of access, which she would use only for their detriment. But nothing else should abrogate her rights. There is no other authority which ought to be superior to hers. That of the father may be equal, (except during the infancy of their offspring,) but never ought to be superior, as long as the children are minors, and parental authority can be enforced. Our present limits will not allow us to enter into an examination of the arguments by which, in Mr Stevenson's excellent pamphlet, and in other recent publications, the details of this question, on both sides, have been searchingly and ingeniously discussed. We have been obliged to content ourselves with stating broadly and suc-

cinctly the conclusions to which we have come after a consideration of the whole question, and the plain principles of immutable justice, which, in our opinion, *must* be recognized, in any adjustment of its difficulties that can be generally deemed satisfactory and equitable.

If those deviations from justice towards women, which at present deform the law of England, were effectually corrected, we do not doubt that the demands for participation in political power, now made in their behalf, would cease; and their most zealous defenders would recognize the impolicy of attempting to remove them from that sphere, in which their influence may be exerted most beneficially for themselves and others. 'If any thing,' says the authoress of *Woman's Rights and Duties*, 'urged in 'behalf of women, tends to taking them out of their true sphere, 'I wish that it may be promptly and completely refuted; for 'nothing can be for the real good of society, that is not built 'upon nature and reason.'—'The measure of the rights of wo- 'men must be sought for in the real advantage of society at 'large; it must increase with their own intellectual and moral 'progress; for the influence of worth and intelligence is nearly 'irresistible. As the peculiar office of man is to govern and de- 'fend society, that of women is to spread virtue, affection, and 'gentleness through it. She has a direct interest in softening 'and humanizing the other sex. Man is too rugged to be even 'just towards those whom he only loves, but does not respect: 'he is too powerful to be swayed by those whom he only re- 'spects, but does not love. The empire of woman must be won, 'not solely through his sense of justice, but by the grace and 'delicacy, the tenderness and purity she diffuses through life; 'but her rights will neither add dignity to her social influence, 'nor bring practical security to her domestic station, except as 'they are found really to promote the virtue and happiness of 'society.'

ART. IX.—*The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. With an Introduction, by* GEORGE DARLEY. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.

THESE volumes belong to a series of excellent reprints, upon which, in our last Number, we bestowed a well-merited commendation. In regard to the new literary matter which they present to us, we have not much to say. The critical introduction, though crude and desultory, contains a good deal that is worthy

of perusal; but we should have liked to see the writer's observations expressed in a style more unaffected and perspicuous.

We assume the Dramas which bear the common name of Beaumont and Fletcher, as the text of the observations we are about to make; but we intend in these to take a wider range than would suffice, if our sole purpose were the special illustration of those fine relics of our older literature. We wish to consider the plays in question, principally as being the representatives of certain qualities and tendencies in the Old English Drama, which were not finally developed till after many vicissitudes. We shall have occasion to say something as to the general character of that Dramatic School, in which Shakspeare was the teacher, and Beaumont and Fletcher, like all even of their most illustrious contemporaries, were essentially pupils. We shall find it necessary to glance hastily at the earlier history of that school; and we shall then fix our eye upon its revolutions and its progress, during those opening twenty-five years of the seventeenth century which were the term of Fletcher's dramatic authorship.

The golden age of English dramatic literature—reckoning from the earliest plays of Kit Marlowe to the shutting up of the theatres on the breaking out of the Civil War—lasted for about sixty years. A period like this, embracing two generations, could not but have produced many changes; and such a period, in an age like that in which it occurred, promised changes even more rapid and extensive than those which would have appeared in times less fervid and animated. The changes that did take place were very remarkable. They embraced revolutions in the history of the English drama, equally striking with those which distinguished a period not much longer in the dramatic history of ancient Greece.

In the century which elapsed between the earliest tragedy of Æschylus and the latest of Euripides, the serious drama of Attica passed from rude and imperfect strength to the perfection of art, and thence to the first step on the road towards corruption. Genius reigned throughout the whole of that glorious era; but it was, as it always is, a tributary power, paying homage to several controlling influences. Æschylus was cramped by technical inexperience and misapprehension; Euripides was seduced by false taste and unsound philosophy; but Sophocles, placed in a situation more favourable than either, and endowed with mental qualities more harmoniously balanced, was able to work with sufficient freedom, and to bestow upon his country dramas worthy in all respects of being esteemed masterpieces of the art.

So was it with the drama of England. Its history begins with Marlowe, and ends with Shirley. The one was the father and

teacher of the art: the other was the last man who deserved to be called his descendant and disciple. Shakspeare stood between the two extremes, but greatly nearer to the former than to the latter, in time as well as in spirit. His earliest extant works were composed within a short time after the beginning of the period; his latest nearly thirty years before its close. His dramas we can admire, and in some degree comprehend, without reference to his situation: they are possessions of and for all times. But even in regard to them our comprehension is not sufficiently full, our reverence not sufficiently intelligent, until we have become familiar with the poet's relations towards all the leading dramatists of the time—those from whom he learned, those with whom he laboured, those who were pupils in his school. For a right appreciation of the minor dramatic poets, a similar line of study is yet more desirable.

It is true that, even as to Shakspeare himself, this species of historical criticism is encompassed with difficulties; but these are tenfold more formidable when the enquiry is instituted in regard to the other dramatists. As to all of them, however, the obstacles are now much less than they once were. Our antiquaries have been industrious; many of our critics have been intelligent. The position of Shakspeare with reference to his predecessors—which is the most interesting point in the investigation—is now understood infinitely better than it was: our knowledge of his position with reference to his contemporaries and successors, has also been improved, though less materially. The reciprocal relations of the leading men among the minor dramatists, can never be so fully comprehended; because we can never acquire for this purpose the same wealth of materials which is at our command for the illustration of Shakspeare's works. But here also very much has been effected.

The dramatic literature to which England gave birth during the period of which we now speak, is recognised by universal consent as the normal specimen of the Modern or Romantic drama—the antithesis of the Antique or Classical. Each of these dramatic schools possessed qualities fitting it for holding up to the age which it addressed its own poetic image; therefore each became in its turn the organ of expression for national imagination and sentiment. Each arose in a fortunate time, when language was able to do its bidding—when the character of the people furnished fit materials—when the adventurous cast of general thought and feeling breathed lofty inspiration; therefore each attained a literary excellence, which gives it a value for generations far distant from its own. The genera are as widely dissimilar as it was possible for them to be, if they were to retain the common essence

of the dramatic class; but each holds the highest place in the genus to which it belongs. Of that antique life, of which ancient Greece was the noblest example, simplicity was the distinctive characteristic. In systems of polity, in arrangements of society, in forms and tones of literature, the same principle predominated. The fact is no theme for praise, but the consequence of a necessary imperfection. The whole development of the ancient world, intellectual, moral, social, and political, was partial and one-sided. A few elements were taken up, which bore a close analogy to each other; all other elements were unknown, or wilfully overlooked. The task of modern times, on the other hand, is that of uniting into one harmonious whole, elements which are infinitely numerous and essentially dissimilar.

The Attic drama and the old drama of England, became respectively the representatives of these two aspects of life and intellect. Both sprang out of sources which favoured the natural tendency of each; but unless these tendencies had pre-existed, the sources would not have exercised any such influence. The drama would either have been derived from other roots, or the accidental circumstances attending its derivation would have been overruled by other and stronger principles.

But an historical survey of the Grecian drama and the old English, in connexion with each other, teaches us one very curious lesson, which the wide dissimilarity between the two kinds is apt to conceal from our view. We have learned long ago to admit, that each of the kinds was the best for its purposes. We do not always perceive so readily, that each of the kinds is in itself imperfect, and that the inventors of each show in their works a consciousness of this imperfection. These two forms of the drama are extremes. The history of each exhibits a frequent striving towards an approximation to the other. The classical drama makes repeated efforts towards complication; the modern drama makes repeated efforts towards the antique simplicity. The proof of these assertions rests upon facts which, separately, are familiar to all attentive students, but which few are accustomed to regard in combination.

It is no part of our present purpose to analyse the Greek drama, either speculatively as to its essence, or historically as to the changes which it underwent; but we may hastily enumerate the principal of those circumstances by which it evinced this quasi-romantic tendency. Some of them are inherent in the form of the classic drama; and among these the foremost place belongs to the Chorus. For we must confess it has often struck us as not a little odd, that the admirers of the Hellenic simplicity should so seldom recollect how their simple and classical

drama is really a poem, which can with difficulty be referred to any one of the leading classes of poetical composition—a poem which to its dramatic element adds the lyrical—an element hardly by any skill capable of being harmonized with the former, and in fact never harmonized with it except in the works of one of the Greek dramatists. But we have not time to pursue further the train of speculation which might be thus suggested. We pass to those circumstances in which the efforts of the classical dramatists, after emancipation, are but occasional. These are seen most distinctly in Æschylus; they are rare in Sophocles, the greatest master of the ancient art; in Euripides they re-appear in an altered form. There is none of the three who does not sometimes disregard the unities. The instances of disregard for the unities of time and place, are too well known to require specification. But we are less accustomed to observe the fact, that the unity of action itself is, in some cases, taken very easily. In regard to Æschylus, it can hardly be said that he ever aimed at any such unity, in the sense in which the term is commonly understood. In the *Trilogy*, or series of three connected dramas, which was the usual, perhaps the invariable form of his works, no such unity could properly have place. The three dramas were intended to form one grand spectacle, represented in one day. Their story was incomplete till the last play of the three had reached its catastrophe. Our only extant example, indeed, is the Orestean *Trilogy;* but the 'Prometheus Bound,' the most magnificent of all the antique dramas, is clearly proved, both by historical evidence and by its own nature, to have been but one part of a similar series; and it is equally plain, from internal evidence, that the same thing must be true of such works as the 'Suppliants.' At least those who insist upon regarding this play and the 'Prometheus' as properly dramas by themselves, would require to show, more convincingly than any one has yet shown, wherein consists their substantive unity of dramatic action. It is not known with certainty that Sophocles ever composed *Trilogies;* but the two best of his surviving works show an obedience to the same principle. The 'Œdipus King,' the most nearly faultless of all antique dramas in the construction of its plot, and absolute in its adherence to all the mechanical rules of the unities, closes in a depth of gloomy despair—which is appalling, nay revolting, even to modern readers, and must have weighed with infinitely greater force upon the minds of its Grecian readers or spectators. There needed a dramatic epilogue to harmonize the tragic passion with the beautiful of art; and such an epilogue was furnished in the solemnly touching 'Œdipus at Colonos;'—a piece, be it observed, which has

really no proper dramatic action whatever—a piece which, if we regard it by itself, is as faulty as its parallel and model, the Ἱκέτιδες of Æschylus. Now, without saying a word as to the plays of Euripides, in most of which the design is grossly faulty, we are thus carried to a point which few of us, in reflecting upon the Grecian dramatic rules, expect to reach. In the principle of the *Trilogy* of Æschylus, we have an analogical resemblance to the principle of Shakspeare's historical plays. The three parts of Henry VI. are an English *Trilogy*;—a series of dramas which, although each of them is in one sense complete, yet bear a mutual relation, and are but parts of one historical and poetic picture. No doubt, the three parts of the extant Greek *Trilogy* on the one hand, and those of Shakspeare's *Trilogy* on the other, are distinguished from each other by remarkable differences; and, in particular, we are very far from meaning to question the fact, that the English plays are greatly looser in the mechanical part of their structure, than are those ancient pieces to which we compare them. But the truth upon which we insist, stands in spite of such differences. Æschylus, and to some extent Sophocles, every where appear as guided by the same broad and lofty idea which guided Shakspeare as to the purposes of the serious drama. Confined within certain conventional limits in the construction of each drama, they strive to overcome the obstacle by composing works which, though substantively separate in form, yet must be considered as being in spirit parts of one complicated whole. We would willingly say something also as to the deviations that occur repeatedly in Euripides, and in Sophocles too, (though more rarely,) from the rule of the ancient stage, which commanded the strict separation of the tragic from the comic. But we must hasten to our own native drama, from which we have already made too wide an excursion.

We have said that neither the ancient drama, nor the modern, was developed in its eventual direction without repeated struggles tending the opposite way. Of the old English drama this is more emphatically true than it is of the Greek; its whole history illustrates the fact; and the consideration of it is one of the most interesting employments suggested to the mind by a systematic study of its monuments. The dramatic school, of which Shakspeare is the chief, differs from the antique both in its form and in its spirit. In both respects the whole period, from Marlowe to Shirley, exhibits a continual and curiously perplexed series of revolutions. The dissimilarities are so great between different writers, and even between different works from the same pen, that it is perhaps impossible to make any correct classification; and the difficulty is increased by the fact, that, with the

tendencies towards the one or the other extreme in form, (the classical or the irregular,) there were usually united other tendencies, which either co-operated with these or resisted them. Of all these conflicting tendencies, so far as they are reconcilable with the highest principles of the art, there is none that might not be illustrated from the works of Shakspeare alone. We should find in him the widest deviation from the formal unities; and an adherence to them as close as in any of the Grecian plays, except the 'Œdipus' and one or two others; for such extremes are sufficiently represented by the 'Winter's Tale' or the Historical Dramas on the one hand, and by 'Othello' or the 'Tempest' on the other. We should find in him the most complex union of the comic with the tragic, like that which, in 'Lear' and 'Hamlet,' proves, more than any thing he ever did, his unapproachable mastery over his art; and we should find in him also, as in 'Macbeth,' the most resolute avoidance of all that could mar the solemnity of the tragic impression. But it is our wish at present rather to illustrate these and other dissimilarities from the works of the minor dramatists; till we reach Beaumont and Fletcher, upon whom our attention is particularly fixed.

For our present purpose, not less than for a general comprehension of the history of our ancient drama, it may be convenient to consider the whole era of its bloom as divided into four periods. Of course, all these run into each other by imperceptible degrees, and neither the times nor the men can be accurately separated. But, when we regard the revolutions of our dramatic literature from a commanding point of view, we shall discover that its stages may be most justly classed by this fourfold division; and we shall easily find works adequate to represent the leading characteristics of each.

The first of the four periods may be set down as extending from the earliest plays of Marlowe, to the disappearance of him and his associates shortly after 1590. To this age belong Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Lyly, Kyd, Lodge, Nash—and Shakspeare himself in his early manhood. The second period will extend from about 1592 or 1593 to 1600; or, in other words, from the date of the earliest among Shakspeare's characteristic works, till the time when the influence of these upon the other dramatists had become general and decisive. In this short period Shakspeare stands almost alone. At all events, he is the only representative of that state of the drama which we wish to indicate as then prevalent. The few other writers, whose works we can refer to these years, are either pupils of the old schools, or are beginning to follow the teaching of the great master. The third period is the longest of all, the most interesting, the most diversified in its

efforts, and by far the most difficult to analyse or understand. It may be regarded as running from the end of the sixteenth century to 1625, the year of Fletcher's death. The quarter of a century thus bounded, gave birth to a greater number of works of genius, than any period of the same length in the whole history of our literature; and there is not, in all that history, any age that can rival in absolute excellence the greatest of the masterpieces then produced. Shakspeare, in the zenith of his power, was the ruling spirit of the time; the second place belongs unquestionably to Jonson and Fletcher; but around these illustrious minds were grouped others, to whom, in no other age of our intellectual annals, could it have happened that they should occupy any place short of the first. In the group thus overshadowed, stand, besides meaner men, Webster and Middleton, Marston and Chapman, Heywood, Dekker, and Rowley. The twenty years which make up the last period in our golden age of the drama, show us, of course during their earlier portion, a few of the same names which had adorned the time immediately preceding. But new names become conspicuous, which till then were comparatively obscure, or altogether unknown. Massinger and Ford, now appearing in full strength, lead the van; and they are followed by Shirley; while no discredit is done to these by their association with such men as Brome, Cartwright, May, or even Randolph and Nabbes.

Though we had a volume at command, instead of a few pages, we should hesitate to undertake a survey of the whole field thus marked out and divided. Our eye, too, is fixed particularly upon the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the period to which they belong. On the earlier stages of the drama, we mean to remark no further than as their peculiarities are illustrative of the period we have specially in view; and, even in regard to it, we shall find it impossible nearly to exhaust our materials. On the last period we cannot enter at all.

The character of the period which we have set down as the earliest, may be adequately understood if we select three writers as the representatives—Marlowe, Greene, and the author of the 'Three Parts of Henry VI.' We ourselves believe that these three plays, in all their shapes, were written by Shakspeare; but we care not at present whether this be admitted or not. In this triumvirate, then, Marlowe represents a species of tragedy, serious and solemn in purpose—lofty and energetic in passion and character, to a degree which a single step further would convert into monstrosity—pompously poetical in diction to (or, perhaps, beyond) the utmost limits admissible in the drama. Greene is the teacher in a different school. His strength lies in the loose

legendary play, irregular to excess in its form, and in its spirit bearing a close analogy to several classes of the metrical romances. His works have more of the popular stamp than Marlowe's; and their manner required but a stronger genius for its development, to have impelled the drama powerfully in their own direction. We shall soon see that the lesson they taught was not forgotten. The 'Henry VI.' stands as the earliest series of plays which we can recognise as adequately representing the simplest form of the historical drama; for neither Peele's 'Edward I.,' nor even Marlowe's 'Edward II.,' come up to the conception of the class. Both were the attempts of beginners: this was the first work which showed real mastery.

All the three classes of dramas which have thus been described, were decidedly anti-classical. All of them abjured the formal unities. All of them sturdily proclaimed themselves descendants of that Titanic race of dramas which, some centuries earlier, had given birth to the Chester, Widkirk, and Coventry *Miracle-plays*, divided into twenty, thirty, or forty acts; and carrying down their story from the Fall of Lucifer to the Day of Judgment. Attempts had indeed been made to turn the drama into a classical channel. But what could Gascoyne and Wilmot do against Marlowe and the feelings of a nation? What chance of success would Tom Thumb have had in a war against the giants?

But the giants themselves were next overthrown, and *Zeus*, the god of order and beauty, reigned in their stead. The dramatic forms, the dramatic pictures, the dramatic experience of the first period, became the source of the irresistible strength, the consummate skill, with which Shakspeare ruled over the second. The Historical Drama rose into life under his hands—an image before which all men, unbidden, bowed down and worshipped. But the image was as complex in its structure as the chryselephantine statues of the ancient Greeks. Shakspeare's Historical Drama, when it had reached its complete development, swept within its vortex accessaries from all other sorts of the dramatic poem already invented, either by its author or his predecessors. The construction of such dramas as 'Henry IV.,' or even 'Richard III.,' implied the previous elevation both of tragedy and comedy to a height which, in the preceding age, they had not nearly reached. This rise had now taken place. In 'Romeo and Juliet' there had been given to the stage a serious drama, exhibiting, with remarkable effect, the characteristics which could be imparted to Tragedy formed upon the mixed model; and before the end of this period there had been composed all Shakspeare's comedies, except one of the least successful in the list. We cannot pause to illustrate Shakspeare specially; but one or two points, bearing upon the

present enquiry, strike one too forcibly to be left altogether unnoticed. Among all the works of his which belong to this period, (which, on a former occasion we considered as his second stage,) none can be referred to any of the three classes into which we have divided the leading dramas of the preceding era. The pure tragedy which Marlow had sometimes written—the mixed dramatic legend of Greene—the serious historical play, free from all intermixture of the comic—were alike thrown aside, as forms which must not be allowed to cramp the flight of his expansive genius. It is especially curious, also, to remark, that the species of drama which Shakspeare took up most earnestly in his earliest time of perfect strength, and which he brought to a shape never since surpassed, was precisely the species which, till his time, had been most neglected. If he had chosen to undertake the improvement of the tragic poem—the task of breathing into it his own historic and poetical life—he would have found infinite assistance in that which had been previously done. The stones were not only gathered, but cut; the lower story of the building was already erected. But after a single attempt, sufficient to show that he could have performed the task, (or, perhaps, sufficient in itself to rank as a full performance of it,) he turned carelessly aside from tragedy, like an athletic champion who throws down a quoit not heavy enough for his arm. He set himself to create pure Comedy;—a species of dramatic poem which we may safely maintain to have had no existence in England till he laid hand upon its materials. In regard to Tragedy, it is not true that Shakspeare 'found not, but created first the stage.' In regard even to the historical play, the assertion may plausibly be questioned: Peele might claim to share the honour with him, upon grounds similar to those upon which the sculptors of the Ægina marbles might have contested against Phidias the glory of having conceived the figures of the Parthenon. But in regard to comedy, the assertion is strictly true. There Shakspeare had no teacher, no helper, no competitor. There existed in our tongue no poem which deserved the name, till Ben Jonson appeared, himself Shakspeare's eldest and worthiest pupil.

Now, however, we pass to our third period. The aspect of the scene is changed. Before the end of the sixteenth century, the English drama had been fully formed; and several pieces, which are still the pride of the art, had been already given to the world. The spell had already begun to work, which, for thirty or forty years longer, continued its operation both upon the people and upon the poets; making the drama the favourite vehicle of public sentiment, and enticing into its service all the finest intellects of the time. The fact to which we have last alluded, is

one of the most distinctive which the literature of that age presents. The drama was all in all: every other walk of the poetical art was deserted in favour of it. The chivalry and romance of narrative poetry had died with Spenser; for that exquisite poet had left no inheritor worthy to bear his name. The satirical poem, successfully as it was cultivated, had never attained, and from the imperfection of its form never could have attained, a leading place in the republic of letters. Lyrical poetry was a plant too delicate to flourish in that bracing climate;—it was a nectar for the cup of the gods, in which eager and energetic men discovered no savour. The epic had been introduced to the nation in spirited translations of the classics; but it likewise failed to find pupils. Its ponderous and majestic march could not keep pace with the thundering tramp with which the drama hurried along to victory.

In short, all the poetical minds of the nation turned to the drama. All men wrote plays who could write at all: many wrote indifferent plays who might have attained eminent success in other departments of poetry; and even in regard to some of those whose dramatic works are among the most valuable and pleasing relics of the age, we shall be able to account for much that is anomalous and imperfect, if we keep this fact distinctly in view. Several dramatic writers of no mean name, were men whose poetic turn lay originally in a different direction; and that which is dramatic in their genius, was but an impulse superinduced upon their minds by high example, and the excitement of universal feeling. But this holds most emphatically with regard to that last dramatic age, which we shall not, in these observations, be able to reach.

In reference to its effect upon the minds of the dramatists at large, the short period during which Shakspeare stood alone, had resembled the gathering of the waters of a river behind a strong embankment. Their course was checked; the flood rose steadily till it broke down the mound; and then the torrent deluged the whole plain, not only pouring along the former bed of the stream, but carving out new channels for itself, and filling old ones which had long been left dry. In other words, the aspect of the drama, for many years after 1600, presented phenomena which may be accurately enough reduced to three classes;—first, essential imitations of Shakspeare; secondly, attempts to form new schools out of the elements furnished by him; thirdly, returns to the older forms and ideas, or endeavours to maintain these still in use and favour. Of the first of these directions taken by the drama, instances innumerable are furnished in the works of the time. Shakspeare had struck a string which still vibrated; and

all notes which other poets touched, required to be in the same key, else the effect was discord. But the closest among all the endeavours to prolong the music of the master's song, are to be found in some works, especially early works, of Fletcher and his associate. In the attempt to found new schools of the drama, deviating from Shakspeare's, yet (consciously or not) founded in essentials upon his, the great leaders were Jonson and Fletcher. The former worked systematically, proceeding towards one fixed aim; the latter worked at random, with inconstancy and incoherence; but both were active in the endeavour to strike out new paths. In this endeavour, the next place after them belongs to Webster and Middleton; writers whose tendencies, very different from theirs, we cannot pause to illustrate. In the restoration or sustaining of older species of the drama, there were many adventurers; but we cannot find any who are better calculated to represent the ruling spirit of such attempts, than Heywood and Dekker on the one hand, and Chapman on the other.

The relative ages of the several poets who headed these attempts, are facts calculated to throw no inconsiderable light upon their literary history. Jonson was younger than Shakspeare by ten years, Fletcher by twelve, Beaumont by twenty-two. Middleton, Webster, and Dekker, were about the same age as Jonson and Fletcher. Heywood and Chapman were a good many years older; Heywood probably being not younger than Shakspeare, and Chapman ten or eleven years his senior.

We are aware, that by many who are tolerably familiar with the old English drama, the distinctions which we thus wish to establish, will be regarded as altogether imaginary. Nor do we mean either to assert that these distinctions will be found universally to pervade the writings of the dramatists in question, (except Jonson,) or to deny that in many most important respects there runs through all the dramatic poetry of that age a remarkable similarity. As to the first point, we would say of all the old dramatists, (Jonson, as before, being excepted,) what we have already in substance said of Fletcher. The poetic temperament was stronger in them than the poetic intellect; they were too exclusively poets, too little poetical artists—a title which belongs to none among them except 'rare Ben' alone: most of them were poor men; almost all of them were hasty writers; all of them were constant frequenters of the theatres, and living in a kind of world behind the scenes, (if we may use such a phrase in speaking of the stage before the Restoration.) During the first fourteen or fifteen years of the seventeenth century, indeed, the successive appearance of Shakspeare's tragic masterpieces was, perhaps, enough to determine the tone of the dramatic literature for

months; or till a new work of genius changed the direction of the impulse. This is an enquiry, no doubt, which we cannot follow out; but if we had been fortunate enough to possess an adjusted chronology of the drama, we should discover, beyond all question, innumerable analogies of this sort even more interesting than those which connect 'Philaster' with 'Hamlet,' and 'The 'Double Marriage' with 'Julius Cæsar.' The thoughts and images of Shakspeare's works overhung the dramatic paradise like gorgeous clouds, tinging every fountain at which the minor poets stooped to lave their brows. And again, as to the general similarity which pervades the whole of our old dramatic literature, this is in some measure to be referred to the same causes; but in a greater degree, perhaps, to the community of enthusiastic feeling that formed the main source of all the poetic inspiration. That enthusiasm would not, but for Shakspeare, have burned so clearly and brightly; but the fuel lay all around, and the conflagration clothed itself in colours which were every where similar, because there was a similarity in that which every where fed its flame.

But beyond all these resemblances, and in spite of all these vacillations of temper and purpose, there do exist essential points of dissimilarity. We have, for our own part, no doubt that they can be best arranged upon some such principle as that which we have proposed for adoption. But even though we should not have time to set the relations of the several kinds in so clear a light as to convince our readers that our view is the correct one, we shall have done them a material service if we have induced them to investigate the question for themselves, and to discover, as perhaps they may, some more effectual clue for their guidance through the labyrinth.

Both Dekker and Heywood must, from the few dates which we know regarding them, have been writers for the stage during a period of full forty years. They thus belong to the time of Shakspeare's undivided reign—to the time in which he was the contemporary of Jonson and Fletcher—and even to a small part of the time after the death of all the three, when the monarchs of the drama were Massinger, Ford, and Shirley. The writings of both of them illustrate curiously the vicissitudes of the drama. Dekker first comes under our notice as the author of a dramatic fairy-tale. He next appears as the antagonist of Ben Jonson, satirized by him and satirizing him in turn. He afterwards takes a creditable place as a writer of a class of comedies which resemble Jonson's, (if in nothing else,) at least in their English scenes, names, and manners; and he lives long enough to assist Massinger in the composition of the 'Virgin Martyr.' Heywood is

one of the most prolific of all dramatists; and his works of other sorts are likewise numerous. He declares himself to have composed, in whole or in part, two hundred and twenty plays; and accounts for the fewness of those that have been printed, amounting, so far as we can now discover, to fewer than thirty. His range of subjects is even wider than Dekker's. It embraces several comedies, avowedly intended, like the class which we have just mentioned, to be pictures of contemporary English life; but it also includes other kinds of works, which we have here more particularly in view. One class of these consists of his plays called the 'Golden,' 'Silver,' 'Brazen,' and 'Iron Ages,' which bring down the classical legends from Saturn to the taking of Troy. In the same class may be reckoned such plays as his 'Rape of Lucrece,' in which the stately tragedy is relieved by a multitude of comic songs, sung by one of the Roman 'lords;' and set forth in the title-page of the printed copy as a primary inducement to attract purchasers. Another class is instanced in his 'Four 'Prentices;' in which Godfrey of Bouillon and his three brothers pass from behind the counters of London shops to the first crusade, and the conquest of Jerusalem. A third class is the domestic tragedy, to which belongs his 'Woman 'Killed with Kindness.'

Now, on the earlier works of these two writers we are far from meaning to set any high value. We merely wish to indicate them as the latest relics—in some sort, indeed, we may call them revivals—of that old dramatic school in which Shakspeare's youth was trained. The dates of most of them, indeed, fall within Shakspeare's second period; but there is evidence of their having kept possession of the stage during the earliest years of the period we are now examining. The 'Old Fortunatus' of Dekker, which was in the hands of Henslowe in 1595, but was not printed till 1600, belongs substantially to the school of Robert Greene. Heywood's 'Ages,' both in their subject and in the method of its treatment, bear the same antique stamp; and their production seems to fall after 1600. His interesting work of 'A Woman Killed with Kindness,' is an attempt at restoring a kind of drama, of which several had been written before or about 1590—such as 'Arden of Feversham,' and 'A Warning 'for Fair Women.' His 'Four 'Prentices of London,' has been oddly represented by some critics as a satire upon knight-errantry—a light in which it is quite wrong to consider it. Ridiculous it certainly is in its conception, and in several parts of its execution—just like Greene's 'Alphonsus' or 'Orlando,' to which it bears some resemblance. But the author wrote in sober seriousness; and, printing his play in 1615, he dedicates it gravely

'To the honest and high-spirited 'prentices, the readers;'—adding some curious information as to the vicissitudes of taste that had come over, not only the public, but the author himself.

Before the date of that dedication, indeed, Heywood, taught by experience, and by the examples of excellence which were accumulating around him, had written several of his comedies of English manners. Among these were, certainly, two at least:—his 'Fair Maid of the Exchange,' a love-comedy of intrigue, 'very delectable and full of mirth;' and the two parts of the 'Fair Maid of the West,' which is a lively mixture of native and familiar life with foreign and romantic adventure. His better plays, however, are probably later; and therefore possess an additional interest for us, while we look towards Fletcher's school and works. Such is Heywood's 'English Traveller,' a comedy much in Ben Jonson's manner; with a double plot, ingeniously combined (though one part of it is stolen at second-hand) and solemnized, in the death of the seduced wife, by a tragic sentiment resembling that which makes the story of his older tragedy. His 'Wise Woman of Hogsden,' a comedy of intrigue, not without interest nor force of character, has not been reprinted since the seventeenth century; nor has his 'Maidenhead Well Lost,' a play far superior, which has a romantic air of feeling, well kept up, and has furnished, in several of its situations, hints for Massinger's 'Great Duke of Florence.' We have dwelt long upon Heywood, because he is a writer for whom we entertain a great affection. Charles Lamb has called him 'a 'prose Shakspeare;' and the expression conveys the idea of much that characterizes his manner. He is one of the most moral of the dramatists in his time; and there is a natural repose in his scenes, which contrasts pleasingly with the excitement that reigns in most of his contemporaries. Middleton looks upon his characters with the feverish anxiety with which we listen to the trial of great criminals, or watch their behaviour upon the scaffold. Webster lays out their corpses in the prison, and sings the dirge over them when they are buried at midnight in unhallowed ground. Heywood leaves his characters before they come into these situations. He walks quietly to and fro among them while they are yet at large as members of society; contenting himself with a sad smile at their follies, or with a frequent warning to them on the consequences of their crimes.

There is yet a special view in which Heywood's works, like most of Dekker's, are historically curious; and in which, specially, we must draw a distinction between them and Beaumont and Fletcher. Heywood and Dekker belonged to a class of writers who were, more emphatically than most of their brethren,

the poets of the multitude. This is a point upon which one or two German critics have dwelt much, and justly, in their observations upon our ancient drama; although, in their incidental applications of the principle, there are many opinions which a more extensive acquaintance with the literature of the time would have prevented them from expressing. When Shakspeare first rose into manhood, there flourished, it may be observed, two species of the drama. There was a popular drama, played in the public theatres for the amusement of the people, and headed, as we have seen, by Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and others: there was a court drama, which contained two classes of works—the Euphuistic comedies of Lyly, and the pseudo-classical tragedies, such as those of Lady Pembroke and the poet Daniel. The people neither knew nor cared about Endymion or Alexander and Campaspe—about the peeress's Antony, or the Cleopatra penned by the groom of the Queen's privy chamber. The scholars and the courtiers, on the other hand, despised the divertisements of the plebeians. Sir Philip Sidney, about the time when the popular stage was beginning to take its station in the literature of the language, denounced its productions as 'mongrel tragi-comedies, 'observing rules neither of honest civility nor skilful poetry.' A few years later, when 'Tamerlane,' and 'Faustus,' and 'Bethsabe,' had been written, and when Shakspeare was trying his strength of wing in his earliest flights, Edmund Spenser pathetically deplored the decay and defacement of the stage—the sway of 'scornful folly' and 'shameless ribaldry,' the neglect of 'due decorum,' the presumption of idle and unlearned wits. Later still, when the popular drama had grown up with its tropical rapidity of vegetation, the professed critics talked loudly of their moral, and narrative, and satirical versifiers; and declined to acknowledge the poetical existence of 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' or the 'Romeo and Juliet!' It was Shakspeare's glory that he went forth alone, like a literary Boniface, and converted all the heathens to whom their forefathers had bequeathed this barbarous creed. He had completed his crusade against prejudice before the close of Elizabeth's reign. The learned and the refined bowed down before that altar of true poetry which had been set up in the highway; and erelong the finest intellects among them felt it their highest honour to be consecrated as priests of the new religion. This, indeed, was the great advantage which was gained by the drama, through the reception which Shakspeare's genius won for it in the halls of the Court and the Nobility—not the patronage nor the emolument, nor yet any change of tone which was thus superinduced on the drama. The advantage lay in the thronging of all the men of genius in the

same direction—in the amount of intellectual strength which was thus thrown into the dramatic market—in the eager emulation which the competition inspired. It was a small thing that Shakspeare should have been patronized by Lords Southampton or Pembroke, and Jonson by King James, and Heywood by James's Queen—that Fletcher was the son of a Bishop, Beaumont the son of a Judge—that Massinger, and Ford, and others, were men of honourable descent. But it was much that the drama should have been reverentially acknowledged as the highest species of poetry—that it should have become the path to general literary distinction—and that all the schools into which its works classed themselves, however diversified may have been their specific qualities, were yet generically comprehended in a school of which Shakspeare was the teacher.

It is to the specific particulars in which Heywood, Dekker, and some others, differed in their earlier works from the class at large, that we have last alluded in speaking of them. The character of those plays of theirs which we have in view, may be expressed in a single sentence. They were calculated for a different audience from that which was addressed by Shakspeare, and, be it observed, by Jonson and Fletcher likewise—to an audience lower in rank, less cultivated, and less intelligent. Indeed, this description would apply to almost all Heywood's works, his later as well as his earlier. The effects of his youthful training were never shaken off, and perhaps his position would have rendered it inadvisable they should have been so, even had his own mind been capable of making the effort. Most of his plays seem to have been written for Henslowe's theatre, which was especially the theatre of the London burghers;—of those 'high-spirited 'prentices' to whom our author dedicates his play of the crusade; and of those portly citizens whom Fletcher brings upon the stage in his 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' for the purpose of ridiculing their dramatic taste. What the direction of that taste was, may be predicated, antecedently to examination of works, by any one who merely looks over the names of the dramas mentioned in Henslowe's diary. Whatever the subjects may be—historical, legendary, chivalrous, classical, or comic—all of them bear the same stamp. They are either the very plays which had been the best works of the time of Shakspeare's early youth; or they are plays whose titles denote them to belong to the same class. Henslowe's list of authors again, down to 1603, when his diary breaks off, includes several writers of whom we possess remains, enabling us to pass judgment with more satisfactory reasons.

Among them we find at first a name which speedily disappears, and which indeed belonged to one whose plays could never have

been well calculated for that theatre. The name is that of Chapman, best known to the general reader for his translation of Homer. This energetic writer was a semi-classic. In his comedies, he pursued the track in which others, his juniors in age, had become pioneers for him. His 'Gentleman-Usher' and 'Monsieur D'Olive,' may be referred to Jonson's school; although there is more of Fletcher's temper in 'All Fools,' the best of all his plays;—a piece in which the situations are devised with an infinity of comic and histrionic effect. But we here speak chiefly of his tragedies, in which it is not easy to say whether he owes more to Marlowe or to Seneca. The dramatic thirst for blood which had begun again to reign, called for something to satiate it: and Chapman's own taste no way disinclined him to feed the appetite. There are no plays of the age more sanguinary than his 'Bussy d'Ambois' and his 'Revenge for Honour.' But he manages his scenes of slaughter in a way very different from that in which Webster and Middleton manage scenes not very dissimilar in their leading outlines. Instead of the quaintly poetic air of romance which they throw around their groups of guilt and terror—instead of the headlong haste with which they thrust their characters on the stage, and snatch them off again, and the impetuosity with which they inspire all that is done and felt and said—Chapman wraps up every one of his figures in his own epic mantle, and bids them walk the stage with stern and slow composure. He does not imitate the classical drama, in removing acts of death out of sight; but he gives us in the same play the visible horrors of the modern stage, and the narrative declamation which in the ancient there had been a reason for introducing, but for which here there was no fitting place. The most characteristic instance of his manner, is the 'Conspiracy of Biron,' out of which he makes two plays. The latter of these is the finest tragic composition he has left; and might better have deserved reprinting than the 'Bussy d'Ambois.' But both plays are tedious and oratorical to excess: they are almost unreadable, and as acting pieces must have been altogether intolerable. The energetic portraiture of Biron's character in the latter play, especially in the scenes after his condemnation, is overlaid with so many touches, that the outline is completely disguised; and in the preceding play, to say nothing of other peculiarities, a royal speech and an ambassador's answer are embodied, and repeated at full length in the dialogue. In these plays, Chapman is essentially undramatic; so much so, indeed, that one is disposed to wonder how the same man who wrote them could also have written comedies so greatly better; and but for the comedies, or perhaps even in spite of them, we should be dis-

posed to set him down as one of those many men of real genius, who were forced by the prevalent taste of the day into a path of literature for which they were less qualified than for any other. But Chapman's epic spirit of poetry must receive due honour; and we heartily agree with those who think that he has, by recent critics, been undervalued. As a dramatist, we think he has received full justice: as a poetical imaginer and thinker, far too little attention has been paid to him.

But we have said enough—perhaps too much—in regard to those tendencies of the drama to revert to older forms, and to older phases of imagination and feeling. It is time to pass to those more attractive instances in which it sought for itself a farther development. Our names here are Jonson and Fletcher—the leaders respectively in two opposite directions. We do not rank Jonson as being, like Chapman, a semi-classic. We should do him gross injustice by such an appellation. The spirit of the modern drama burned within him with a light more clear and radiant than in any man of his time, except Shakspeare alone, his teacher and inspirer. This assertion may seem paradoxical; but it is strictly true. The attempt of Daniel and the rest of the learned, was that of resuscitating the classical drama both in form and spirit. They raised the corpse, but were unable to recall the soul that had departed. Attempts, again, like Chapman's, infinitely more intelligent, but alike founded upon misapprehension, aimed at uniting elements of antiquity with modern elements of a nature quite irreconcilable with theirs. Jonson's notion—a bold and attractive one—a notion which could not have sprung up but in the mind of a man of genius—was different from either. Understanding clearly the essential differences between the two genera, he yet thought that the spirit of the modern, the Shakspearian drama—the broadly-outlined and deeply-shaded panorama of life, which had taken the place of the colourless beauty and simple grouping of the antique—might be reconciled with the mechanical forms which had distinguished the classical drama;—with general adherence to the unities, with the banishment of the comic from the sphere of the tragic, with the abstinence from tragic elevation when comic effect was the point in view. He, too, erred partly, yet not wholly. The notion was his own; it was one indeed which hardly any of his contemporaries or juniors ever dreamt of. But it proceeded from a just apprehension of the dangers which threatened the drama, if the romantic school should obtain uncontrolled ascendancy. He saw, in Shakspeare's works, complication in mechanical structure made æsthetically subservient to the production of the real dramatic unity—unity of impression and feeling; but he could

have predicted beforehand—if examples already extant had not furnished experimental proof—how little likely it was that the same triumph would be achieved a second time, by any one who should thus push to its utmost limits the license which the new school seemed to grant. He saw, in Shakspeare's works, how the harmony of the comic and the tragic could be effected; and how out of this harmony there arose a dramatic strength infinitely beyond that which either of the elements singly could generate; but he perceived how difficult it was to learn the lesson which the genius of the master had begun to teach, and he felt no confidence that either he or others would be able to profit by the teaching. The subsequent history of the English stage was, in all its parts, a commentary upon the truths which thus presented themselves theoretically to the acute intellect and fine poetic taste of this illustrious writer.

Jonson himself was able to reduce to practice, with remarkable success, the system which his principles dictated. Let us abstract from our consideration of his dramas, all that he can be said to have borrowed from the classical model; let us take away from him his separation of the tragic from the comic—which, however, does not prevent him from rising in his metrical comedies to an elevation fully beyond that which was reached in such compositions by any of his contemporaries; let us take away from him his adherence to the unities—in which, however, he is by no means uniform, while even in his tragedies he treats the unities of place and time with a creditable indifference; let us abstract from him all that he borrowed, or tried to borrow, from antique sources—and we leave behind every thing that constitutes the real strength of his genius, every thing that gives to his works their value and their admirable beauty. Jonson's comedies, framed on the classical model, are more faithful poetic portraits of contemporary English life than those of any dramatist of the time, always excepting one, the greatest of all. Their spirit is a more faithful rendering of the spirit of the romantic drama—free, and strong, and poetical—than that which is furnished even by the most wildly extravagant among his contemporaries. He is the one man of his time who was, like Shakspeare, a reflective artist; he is the one man of his time, besides Shakspeare, who aimed at making his dramas works of art. Jonson's vigour in the conception and imagination of character has been generally admitted: perhaps its value has been even overrated; for his personifications of abstract ideas require all the aid they receive from other qualities bestowed upon them, to rescue them from the charge of being downright caricatures. His poetical vigour and delicacy, on the other hand, have been

generally overlooked; or sought only in his 'Sad Shepherd,' in his masques, in his exquisite lyrics, or in isolated passages of declamation or description, occurring incidentally in the dialogue of his plays. His poetic sense pervades all that he wrote. It is perceptible even in those unfortunate attempts—the fruits of old age, and poverty, and despondency—in which he endeavoured, for the sake of bread, to accommodate himself to the altered taste of an audience to whom he had in vain attempted to teach a higher lesson. It reigns triumphant in his earlier comedies; and in his tragedies it makes up all that renders these fine poems so admirable. Jonson has had the misfortune of being placed, more constantly than any other of our dramatists, in comparison with Shakspeare; and, by such a comparison, he has lost much of the honour that would otherwise have fallen to his share—his fate in this resembling that of a young, though beautiful and stately tree, which has grown up beside the most august patriarch of the forest. But the very fact which has caused men so frequently to institute this comparison, redounds to Jonson's infinite credit. He began his career at the age of twenty-two, with 'Every Man in his Humour;' at a time when Shakspeare had produced only some of his earlier comedies and historical plays, and the rough sketches of two among his tragedies. Before Shakspeare's death, Jonson had written all the works which have earned him his fame; for what he composed afterwards, (except his Pastoral) was quite unworthy of him. By his very first attempt he had founded a new dramatic school, in which Shakspeare himself never but once attempted to compete with him—the native comedy, the picture of English manners, painted avowedly as such.

We do not wish to speak more minutely of Jonson. He has been diligently studied of late, and adequately criticised. We pass to Beaumont and Fletcher. It has never, we must own, formed any part of our ambition to be able to read the riddle presented by the relations which subsisted between these two poets. The literary partnership which existed between them was, indeed, a very curious phenomenon; and two things regarding such partnerships are especially worthy of remark. They have never arisen in any department of literature except the drama; they have always, as in Greece and England, and to some extent in Spain, arisen in periods when the drama was most eagerly and successfully cultivated. If we had time to investigate this phenomenon at large, and to illustrate it from some of the innumerable instances which are presented by our old dramas, we should find in it themes of exceeding interest. But we cannot attempt this; and as to the special question in the case before

us—the allotment of the company's stock—we confess that we regard it with considerable indifference. We care little about knowing which plays were written by the one, which by the other, or which by both. It is enough for our present purpose to observe, that there is discoverable an essential similarity between plays which are known to stand, respectively, earliest and latest in the series; and that, although the dates of a good many are not fixed with certainty, we do possess such information on this head, as enables us to trace very curious revolutions in the poetical theories and taste of the writer or writers. Fletcher is named most usually as having had the greater share, even in the plays that were written during his friend's time; while the number of those that were written afterwards is far larger. We may, therefore, be allowed to use his name in speaking of the authorship of all the plays which we receive from either hand, during the sixteen or seventeen years of Fletcher's dramatic authorship. We do so merely for the sake of convenience. The period begins about 1608 or 1609, is interrupted by Beaumont's death in 1615, and closes with Fletcher's in 1625.

It is not possible for a moment to mistake that which is the most prominent point in Fletcher's position. All his contemporaries are Shakspeare's pupils; Jonson himself as much as any; but in none is the influence of the mighty master so strongly perceptible as in the poet of whom we now speak. With Fletcher, it is not merely the dramatic language that is modelled on Shakspeare's: this was a circumstance common to all in a greater or less degree. In many cases, the imitation of this sort was evidently unconscious; and in other cases, as in Jonson's, pains seem to have been studiously taken to shun it. But it could not be helped: all of them inhaled the same poetical atmosphere; and they could as easily have modified, by an effort of will, the gases which were the natural product of respiration, as have avoided exhibiting the tokens of the mental influence. Nor did Fletcher's imitation merely extend to the general method of dramatic arrangement—another point in which all were pupils in the same school, Jonson alone being an exception; while even he, in spite of himself, owned in many particulars the common sway. In some plays, Fletcher models his plan palpably upon Jonson; in most, he is palpably intent upon Shakspeare's example. But the most material part of his obligations to Shakspeare, lies far deeper. It embraces, in his earlier works, the whole spirit and temper of thought and imagination, the whole aspect in which life and character are viewed. He looks less frequently on the groups that move around him than on the pages of the great poet's quartos; he reflects less earnestly upon the mysteries of

human nature, as unveiled in his own consciousness, or his observation of his fellow men, than on the idealized images of those mysteries, which had been framed already by the poetical seer and diviner of the time. But one thing seems to be clear, although it may not perhaps appear so until we have bestowed some consideration upon the matter. The models which Fletcher had principally in his eye, even for his most serious and elevated compositions, were not Shakspeare's tragedies, but his comedies. It was these, with their idealized truth of character, their poetic beauty of imagery, their mixture of the grave with the playful in thought, their rapid yet skilful transitions from the tragic to the comic in feeling;—it was these, the pictures in which Shakspeare had made his nearest approach to portraying actual life, and not those pieces in which he transports the imagination into his own vast and awful world of tragic action, and suffering, and emotion—that attracted Fletcher's fancy, and proved congenial to his cast of feeling. Some of his tragedies contain passages which have been said, and truly said, to be imitated from passages in the tragic dramas of his master; but (we repeat the assertion in full confidence that intelligent examination will convince every one of its truth) his systematic study, the class of images and feelings which rested habitually next his heart, and gave words habitually to his pen, lay in Shakspeare's comedies. The inspiration of Fletcher, indeed, in some of his most successful passages, is directly derived both from Shakspeare's loftiest moods in his comedies, and from other passages occurring in his tragedies, and possessing various tones and gradations; but these incidental hints are as nothing compared with that pervading inspiration to which we here allude. The description of Polydore by Belarius, in 'Cymbeline,' may have suggested the fine tribute which Melantius pays to the youthful ardour of Amintor; the lamentation of Jaques over the wounded deer, may have suggested the sentiment of the woodland landscape amidst which Philaster finds his disguised page; the death of King John may have been the original of the scene in which the Emperor Valentinian dies of poison; and of another where Alphonso, in the 'Wife for a Month,' rages under the potion which was destined to cure him. All these, and innumerable other instances of special imitation, might have occurred; and yet there might have been wanting that general tone of likeness by which, in his earlier works particularly, Fletcher is so remarkably distinguished. Philaster has been said to be an imitation of Hamlet; it might much more truly be said to be a kind of variation upon the music which resounds through all Shakspeare's most poetical comedies, from the 'Midsummer Night's 'Dream' to the 'Merchant of Venice,' and even the 'Tempest.'

In truth, no dramatist of the day ventured to ape—perhaps it would be more proper to say, that none was able to ape—the spirit of the great poet's tragedies. This was the magic circle within which none durst walk but he. Their harmony of the poetical with the dramatic—the wise propriety of feeling which constitutes so much of their charm as works of art, were things to be wondered at, not imitated; and they were things which those who saw the marvellous creations rise, as if by enchantment, in the midst of them, were the last men in the world to think of imitating. Let them have been in their tragedies bloody and ferocious, like Chapman; or bloody and voluptuous, like Marston; or bloody and spectral, like Webster; or bloody and dramatically imaginative, like Middleton; or bloody and poetically romantic, like Fletcher; —still all this was a music pitched in a different key from Shakspeare's, and affected but little by the echo of his song. It was in comedy, that, so far as regards the tone of thought and feeling, his example was decidedly paramount.

We have not thus, however, nearly fathomed Fletcher's relation to Shakspeare. An exact analysis of all its elements is impossible; and we can but indicate one or two of the principal modifications which it underwent in the course of the poet's dramatic life. He reversed almost exactly the progress by which Shakspeare's mind exercised itself. He began with tragedy and ended with comedy.

Among the earliest works of Fletcher and his associate are 'Philaster,' 'The Maid's Tragedy,' and 'King and no King;' and these are followed, before Beaumont's death, by 'Bonduca' and the 'Laws of Candy,' usually attributed to both, and by 'Thierry and Theodoret,' which is commonly given to Fletcher alone. After the death of his friend, Fletcher seems to have written no plays mainly tragic, except 'Valentinian,' 'The False One,' and the 'Double Marriage.' There is, by-the-by, in this fact, something which may have been the origin of the opinion, that Beaumont, although much the younger, was the more judicious of the two; and that his task lay much in pruning the exuberances of his coadjutor. It may have been, that he had the more serious and elevated genius; that he was more inclined to tragic writing than his friend. But it seems more reasonable to refer the early attachment which the poets, one or both, evinced for the serious drama, to the direct influence exercised upon them, as upon all others, by the successive appearance of all Shakspeare's greatest tragedies during the first few years of the century. We have a strong suspicion that, if it were possible to ascertain the dates of the works produced by the other authors most prolific during the same period, a similar progress would be discovered.

Among the comedies, we can affirm with certainty that there were acted, before Beaumont's death, the following:—'The 'Woman-hater,' usually said to be Fletcher's exclusively, and one of his earliest (a work mainly modelled on Ben Jonson,) 'The 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' 'The Honest Man's Fortune,' 'The Coxcomb,' 'The Captain.' To these, several others have been added by the editors upon speculative grounds. As specimens of comedies produced certainly after Beaumont's death, we may select the following; arranging them nearly in the order of their composition:—'The Queen of Corinth,' 'The Loyal Sub-'ject,' 'The Chances,' 'Monsieur Thomas,' 'The Wildgoose 'Chase,' 'The Spanish Curate,' 'The Beggars' Bush,' 'The 'Wife for a Month,' 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.'

The study of even a few among the works thus enumerated, with a strict reference to their respective dates, will show clearly the progress both of Fletcher's mind and of the dramatic taste of the public. He begins as the reverent pupil of Shakspeare; he closes his life as a coadjutor of the light and airy Shirley. From beginning to end, however, Fletcher stands decidedly opposed to that popular or plebeian school, of which we have taken Heywood and Dekker as the representatives. To its straining after pomp of spectacle—to its fondness for chivalrous adventure—nay, to that earnest simplicity of feeling, which redeemed in it many grievous faults—Fletcher from the first set himself in contemptuous opposition. His career may be said to have begun with his 'Knight of the Burning Pestle;' a work which is not properly to be regarded as a satire upon the chivalrous romances, although this view has been usually taken. This would have been a fighting against shadows. The romances, in their original shape, were known but to literary men; and Fletcher shows no intention of attacking the scholars and men of taste. He undisguisedly attacks the citizens of London; he brings the grocer and his wife forward as the patrons of chivalry; he makes them insist upon foisting knightly adventures, reason or none, into the heart of a comedy of contemporary life, designed for representing ordinary character. This is a satire upon the cits, and upon their favourite plays; in other words, a satire upon such dramas as Heywood's 'Four 'Prentices,' his 'Fair Maid of the West,' or his 'Fortune by Land and Sea.'

Fletcher, thus exclusive in his tastes, may be said, in the earlier part of his life, to have had his imagination wholly subjected to Shakspeare; while his judgment struggled (we do not say rightly) to bring him over to the classic forms, and the abstract views of character, which marked the comic school of Jonson. The 'Woman-Hater,' and 'The Captain,' are the works in which

this early imitation of Jonson is most perceptible. 'Philaster' is the most decided example of the poet's study of Shakspeare; and of the hold which had been taken upon his mind by the gentler and lower tones of the great poet's tragic manner, through the most poetical and imaginative of the strains by which he had idealized actual life in his comic drama. The 'Maid's Tragedy,' another of the earliest works—having been certainly acted, like 'Philaster,' before Shakspeare had ceased to write—has very much of the same spirit; although it is less properly an example of pure imitation, than of the endeavour, then so common, to bring Shakspeare's style of invention and sentiment into harmony with the wilder elements which had been transmitted from Marlowe to Kyd, and from him to Chapman and Marston. This is a tendency which we should have occasion to illustrate more fully if we were to deal with the works of Webster and Middleton; and it is perhaps the most interesting of all the phenomena which the history of the stage in those days presents. In speaking of Fletcher, we are not called upon to investigate it far, although we can trace it for some time in his subsequent tragic plays. In the 'King and no King,' a vigorous and dramatic, though exaggerated picture of passion and character, (which is neither tragic nor comic, but rather the former than the latter,) we see the tone of exaggeration caught completely; and yet modified by the theories of comic art which the writer then entertained. 'Bonduca' is a spirited mixture of Shakspeare, Marston, and Jonson, with Fletcher's own fine poetic sense; and not a little of that pruriency of his, which afterwards grew into a confirmed evil habit. The same character may be applied to the 'Thierry and Theodoret.' In the tragedies written after Beaumont's death, we do not think we are mistaken in supposing that we can trace a revulsion of taste and feeling. Shakspeare's forms of invention, and the broadly historic temper of his tragic plays, are again in the ascendant; but the ethereally poetic spirit which he had inspired into Fletcher's mind in its early manhood, has evaporated, and is irrecoverable. Indeed, it does not seem rash to believe that Fletcher himself now felt how 'custom lay upon him with a weight;'—disabling him from soaring into that fairy region through whose imaginary glades he and his youthful friend had loved to stray. He betook himself to a realm through which he could roam with greater freedom, and of which he might with some reason consider himself as the discoverer. He had coasted it in his youth; he and other gallant adventurers now took formal possession of the land.

There arose, under their auspices, a new species of comedy, which assumed different aspects under the treatment of different writers; but in all of them was characterised by a common type,

nowhere so strongly marked as in Fletcher's plays of this class. Comedy still continued to be poetical and dramatic; its works were still genuine works of genius; but with Shakspeare alone had the poetic and dramatic elements remained substantially free from admixtures tending to corrupt their essence, and weaken their effect. In Jonson the intruding element was metaphysical or ethical; a comedy in his hands received something of the nature of a moral essay, or a psychological analysis. In Fletcher's works, and in those others which came closest to them, the characteristic distinctions are more complicated and less easily described; but, perhaps, they may be sufficiently understood if we consider the error of their works to have lain in a point which has been well illustrated by more than one critic upon our poet. The authors of these works apprehended imperfectly the distinction between the comic drama and the novel.

To this principle, perhaps, may be referred nearly all which forces us to rank this school so far below that of Shakspeare:—all, in short, which makes its works what they are—instances of the excess of those principles which distinguish the romantic school from the classical. This, indeed, is the specific character of the drama, as it was developed by Fletcher, and his contemporaries and juniors. In complication of plot, often unregulated by any pervading unity of feeling—in the endeavour to force the tragic and the comic into the closest combination, while it seldom happens that the poet has a distinct sense of the subordination in which the one element or the other should always be kept—in that ambition of bringing out in one group all the features of human character and passion, which prompts the representation of revolutions, both in incident and sentiment, violent, sudden, and altogether unnatural:—in all these particulars, and in others of a similar nature, we perceive the evils to which the modern school of the drama is exposed, in the hands of writers who refuse to impose any limits upon the license to which its principles tempt them. We wish not to depreciate Fletcher and his school; but we are trying them by a severe test, and the result must be fairly stated. We are comparing them with Shakspeare; and the inequality which is observed must not be disguised. Nor do we wish to depreciate the romantic drama;—the drama as Shakspeare and his predecessors made it; and as in one or two other modern nations it has also appeared, though to less advantage. We believe this form of the drama to be that in which all excellence must henceforth be sought; the only form which gives room for the representation of human life in that breadth and profundity, which must now be an indispensable condition in dramatic art worthy of the name. But as we formerly said that

the classical drama, by its cramped and imperfect shape, was but inadequately qualified for executing even the easier task which it was destined to do; so now we say, what indeed also we hinted before, that the romantic drama, by its eagerness to investigate and represent the essential, is tempted to forget that the essence is, in some material respects, co-existent with, and inseparable from the form. The severe perfection of the Grecian tragedy was never reached but by Sophocles; the chartered license which the modern drama allows in matters of form has never been placed, but once, in hands that were not in danger of abusing the prerogative.

Of the special characteristics of Fletcher, we have no intention of saying much. We will not stoop to repeat at second-hand what has already been said by others; and one or two observations will comprehend all that we have at present to add. And, first, as to the characteristically airy wit which flows so freely through Fletcher's dialogues of free-living gentlemen, and free-spoken ladies. There is something in its aspect which enables us instinctively to recognize it wherever it is encountered; but it may not be so easy to give a definition of it, and we are not aware that a satisfactory one has ever been given. It has often occurred to us, however, that all which is peculiar in it might be referred to that which in modern phrase is called *quizzing*. With our poet it consists in a falsehood, so told that the audience perceive it to be one, whether it be detected or not by those to whom it is ostensibly addressed. This element, we think, could be shown to be present in almost all Fletcher's most successful comic passages. Sometimes a character 'quizzes' others; sometimes, rather than want his jest, he 'quizzes' himself. To the latter class may be reduced very much of that bantering dialogue which is often so exceedingly amusing; in which every personage, in his turn, is made to show off his own weak side for the diversion of his fellow-interlocutors, and that of the readers.

Next, we have a word or two to say regarding the morality of these plays. From the condemnation which has been passed upon it, we have no wish to appeal. It would be a poor defence to say, that it is not nearly so bad as the shameless profligacy of the plays which polluted our language after the Restoration. Nor can the offence be satisfactorily defended upon the score of that coarseness in manner and language, which not only the poetry, but all the historical memorials of the times, prove to have been universal in society. This is a defence sufficient to procure an acquittal for Shakspeare, and one or two of his contemporaries, and a mitigation of sentence for several others; but it cannot avail Fletcher sufficiently in either way. His mind was essentially im-

pure, from the very earliest stage of his dramatic life. There never appeared to his fine imagination an image of chaste female beauty, but there arose by her side a devil of the same sex, upon whose lascivious charms the poet gazed with equal satisfaction. The foul Megra breathes the same air with the devoted Euphrosyne: the figure of Aspatia, dying for slighted love, is but a foil to that of the bold and bad Evadne; the footsteps of Cloe defile the woodland solitude trodden by the holy Clorin and the gentle Amoret. This pruriency is common to all the poet's works; but the chronological examination of them which we have suggested the advantage of instituting, exhibits one material distinction between the earlier plays and the later. In the former, the sentiments of certain characters are often sufficiently gross; but a profession of sound morality is involved in the main events and issue of the story. There is a lame attempt at a moral, even in the 'Custom of the Country.' In some plays of the writer's maturest years, no such care is taken. We have advanced a long step in the way towards Wycherley. Vice is no longer held up as a mere picture; it is indirectly indicated as a fit example. We do not say that this is the case always, nor even frequently; but it occurs sometimes very glaringly. The worst instance is the story of Bartolus and his wife, in the 'Spanish 'Curate;' and those who may wish to be convinced of the distinction, cannot do better than compare this tale with that of Dinant and Lamira in the 'Little French Lawyer.' Indeed, in this particular, Fletcher is even worse than his contemporaries and immediate successors. But if we look at the progress of the drama at large in respect of morality, during the first half of the seventeenth century, we cannot fail to remark that, amidst all the movings back, vice is constantly gaining ground. Here, as elsewhere, the drama is just an image of the society in which it springs up. The immorality of the Court and the Nobility helped to generate Puritanism; but Puritanism in its turn, by a reciprocal action which is extremely common, helped for a time to make the court worse than it had been. Virtue being supposed the badge of a cit, vice became that of a gentleman; and both the higher classes, and the poets who wrote for them, braved the advancing influence the more openly, the more dangerous it became. As the tide of Puritanism rose, wave after wave, new embankments of filth were raised to keep it out.

It would have pleased us much to dwell at some length upon several of Fletcher's most characteristic works. In spite of all his faults, moral and intellectual, there are few poets for whom we entertain a greater liking; and if he is to be tried by any standard less severe than that to which his vicinity to Shakspeare

exposes him, there are assuredly few who will deserve a more distinguished place in the file of literary fame. We should have taken infinite pleasure in tracing him from 'Philaster,' his most poetical work, and 'The Maid's Tragedy,' his most energetically dramatic, to those comic plays of later life, in which he exhibits his own peculiar manner as completely formed, and his skill in composition as having reached its utmost limit. As mere comic pieces for the stage, there can be little doubt that the voice of the public has pronounced a sound judgment, in retaining in its favour two of his latest works;—'The Chances,' and 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.' But both of these are, in point of poetical and real dramatic merit, greatly inferior to several of his other pieces: and among all his comedies, none seems to us either so good in itself, or so full a specimen of his various qualities, as the admirable one of 'The Spanish Curate.' There is hardly any of Fletcher's distinctive characteristics, either good or evil, that cannot here be detected; and there is, perhaps, none of his works in which these characteristics are brought into so effective a harmony. Our space is nearly exhausted; but upon this amusing and animated play we may still afford to bestow a few words; with which we shall bring this article to a close.

We have no great curiosity to discover whether the poet contented himself, as usual, with borrowing both the plots of this drama from the novels in which they are to be found; or whether, in this instance, he was assisted by a Spanish play, which, however, is not likely. Nor can we perceive any great cause for commendation in the manner in which the subordinate plot and the main one are tacked together. The connexion seems to us to be as loose as in most of his other works; and in this respect, as in so many else, we would consider the work as characteristic. Each plot by itself, however, is managed with excellent skill, until we reach the point immediately preceding the conclusion.

The introductory dialogue of the first scene is very inartificial. Some of the minor characters relate to each other facts which it is desirable that the spectators should understand;—Don Henrique's childless marriage with Violante, his hatred and oppression of his brother Don Jamie, Jamie's patronage of the amiable youth Ascanio, and Ascanio's poor parentage. Ascanio's figure belongs to a class which Fletcher takes great delight in painting; but it is, perhaps, as far inferior to the more poetical cast which, in his earlier plays, he gives to his young pages, (especially when they are women in disguise,) as the sturdy, indomitable, warm-hearted independence of Jamie's character is superior to such caricatures as Fletcher had drawn, many years before, in Gondarino or the Captain Jacomo. The scene of defiance and threat-

ening between Jamie and Henrique is in one of Fletcher's best keys;—not unlike a similar scene in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.' It is followed by the whimsical passion which the rich, young, and open-handed heir, Leandro, conceives on hearsay for the wife of Bartolus, and which is to form the underplot of the play. On the serious passages which conclude the first act, we have not time to dwell; but we must not omit to indicate their aptness by way of preparation for what is to follow. Jacintha, the mother of the youth Ascanio, hints that she has just claims of some sort upon Don Henrique; Don Henrique hints some strange revenge which, at the cost of his own reputation, he is to take upon his brother for his insolence.

The second act is full of Fletcher's happiest comic vein—wit of the sort to which we formerly alluded—extravagant caricature of character, (for no better name is deserved either by Lopez or Diego)—tricks played by some of the personages upon others—and a half kind of consent by the ridiculous persons to aid in making themselves laughing-stocks. Leandro, disguised like a young lawyer's clerk, appears for the purpose of prosecuting his licentious pursuit of the wife of Bartolus. The curate Lopez comes on the stage with his sexton Diego; and Leandro, standing aside, listens with great amusement to the dialogue, in which the two worthies lament over the lack of fees and business—of births, marriages, and deaths. In what follows,—the presentation of the forged letter—the natural disclamation by the priest and his official—the struggle of avarice with the fear of detection, which ensues when they discover that money may be made by a lie—the cool impudence with which, when they suppose they have discovered Leandro to be easily gullible, they adopt the lie, and make him furnish them with the proofs of its truth,—in all this there is, we must be allowed to think, much more of genuine and natural humour, than in most of Fletcher's attempts in this broadest path of the comic. The preceding part of the dialogue is burlesque, farce, caricature: this is comedy, truth, something of what we may all have seen, in real life, a distant resemblance. Among all the contemporary dramatists, Jonson alone could have conceived the features of the scene; but he would have clothed them with colours less gay and arch. The miser Bartolus, who next comes on the stage, is much less to our liking: he seems to be very common-place; but his wife is one of those female characters whom Fletcher paints so well—a union of the angelic, the feminine, and the brutal. It used to be said that Fletcher's female characters are superior to Shakspeare's: no man who understands and feels the essence of beauty, poetical and moral, can make such an assertion.

Fletcher's women bear nearly the same relation to Shakspeare's, that Rubens's Dutchwomen bear to Raffaelle's Madonnas.

In the third act, the scene between the priest and his parishioners is another in Fletcher's favourite comic style; and the game at chess is a specimen of a higher class, in which also he is often very successful. The trial in court is one of those pieces of poetical declamation, so very fine in themselves, in which the poet's works abound, and which throughout this play keep the tone at the ideal height. Henrique's plan of revenge is explained; he deprives his brother of his chance of the inheritance, by declaring that the boy Ascanio is his son; that Jacintha had been secretly contracted to him as his wife. Jamie indignantly proclaims the story to be false; but it is not so; Jacintha reluctantly admits its truth, and Ascanio is carried off by his father. All this is finely contrived.

The fourth act brings us rapidly towards the development of both plots. Henrique has a second wife—the imperious Violante—who, although she had consented to her husband's scheme, now reproaches him with the slur it has cast upon her. Ascanio yields to the storm, and returns to the poor dwelling of his mother. And it must be observed that the softening of Henrique's feelings towards his son, prepares us for expecting his character to turn out more amiable than it had at first appeared. This skilful foresight is but too rare with our old dramatists; and there is great beauty in the thought of making paternal affection the instrument of the moral cure. We cannot stop to detail the admirable scene of drollery in which Diego the sexton makes his mock will. The wit which the fellow displays, is altogether out of character; but, if we overlook this glaring fault, the scene is one of the best instances of Fletcher's favourite class of jests. The purpose of the imposition is the effecting of the lawyer's dishonour; and, although nothing is expressly said, yet, neither here nor in the scene of the fifth act, are we allowed for a moment to doubt that the end had been effected. We repeat what we formerly hinted. Twenty years before Fletcher wrote this scene, he would not have dared to state, even thus cautiously, so gross a violation of morality.

Up to this point there are few plays that could be considered to have been more judiciously managed. The fifth act is enough to spoil all, as far as it is possible to spoil any thing otherwise so good. There were but two things to be yet effected in the action—the satisfying of Bartolus as to his wife's innocence—the reunion of Henrique with Jacintha. The first end seemed not easily attainable; the second probably is one, in regard to which it may be safely said, that no reader wishes so well to the faithless hus-

band as to desire that it should be attained. 'The former purpose is not attained; but the lawyer is forced to feign contentment, after he has in part revenged himself upon his tormentors by a scheme which the poet borrows from the feast in 'Timon of Athens.' The second end is, however, effected; but most awkwardly and abruptly. Violante tempts her brother-in-law to kill her husband; she is exposed, by his pretended acquiescence, to her husband's anger; and (by a sort of justice which may be called poetical, if poetry be that which is nowhere to be found in real life) her fortune is confiscated for the building of a nunnery, in which she is to spend the remainder of her days. But still she was Henrique's wife, and he could not fulfil his contract to Jacintha. By no means: the poet disposes of the difficulty in two lines. Henrique declares that he had never married her, waiting for the death of Jacintha. They join hands, receive felicitations, and the curtain drops with a twofold moral, of which the former half is utterly unprincipled, and the latter has no application to the events from which it professes to be drawn.

ART. X.—*The Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Republic of Texas.* By WILLIAM KENNEDY, Esq. 8vo. London: 1841.

MR KENNEDY was one of the gentlemen who accompanied the late Lord Durham to Canada, in 1838. After the abrupt termination of his Lordship's mission, he took the opportunity of visiting the greater part of the United States; and was induced to extend his journey to Texas, by invitations from some of the leading persons of the new Republic. His residence there lasted for several months, under circumstances very favourable to his acquiring information on the various points of the social and political condition of the country; and the results of his enquiry and observation are contained in the present work, which makes its appearance at a very seasonable period. The strange and eventful history of the foundation of the new Republic, together with the impression long prevalent of its vast resources and great capacity for improvement, have for some time rendered it an object of interest to the British public; and the important step recently adopted by our government, in the recognition of its independence, gives at the present moment a peculiar value to any information that may enable us to estimate the necessity, the wisdom, and the future consequences of that measure. On all these points Mr Kennedy's book will be found to contain ample materials,

collected with great industry, and presented in an agreeable and perspicuous form. The author writes, it is true, with a feeling evidently favourable to the Anglo-American colonists of Texas; he paints in glowing colours the glorious land which they have settled; he vindicates them against the misrepresentations which have, in his opinion, clouded their relations with Mexico: with undissembled pride in the progress of this great offset of the English race, he depicts the energy of their industry, and the wisdom of their free institutions; and he advocates the policy by which our Minister for Foreign Affairs has formed an alliance, fruitful with the most useful influences on the character of Texas, and the political and commercial interests of Great Britain. But the decision, which Mr Kennedy does not dissemble or modify, appears to have been formed with impartiality. And we have no hesitation in expressing our belief, that the appearance of this useful publication will give much valuable historical and statistical information to all who may consult it; and will succeed in removing from most minds misconceptions which must be very mischievous, however generous the sympathies in which they have very naturally had their origin.

The Republic of Texas, as must be well known to our readers, was comprised till a recent period in the dominions of the Spanish crown; and subsequently, for a few years, formed a portion of the Republic of Mexico. The ancient province of Texas formed the north-east angle of the viceroyalty of New Spain, and of the Republic of Mexico, which extended over the same portion of country, and then contained an area nearly as large as that of France. But the boundaries of the new Republic, limited on the north and north-east, as those of the ancient province were, by the frontier of the United States, have, by the Act of its Congress, passed on the 19th of December 1836, been extended, in a southern and western direction, over a considerable portion of the adjoining provinces of Mexico. The present Republic occupies about four hundred miles of the northern and western shores of the Gulf of Mexico; and from this extends back into the Continent, which here greatly increases in breadth, as far as that great chain of mountains, which, being the continuation of the Cordillera and the Rocky Mountains, divides the waters of the Gulf from those which flow into the Pacific. On the north-east the river Sabine separates Texas from the State of Louisiana: the long course of the Rio Grande del Norte, from its mouth to its source, forms its south-western and western boundary. A considerable angle at the north-west extends as far as the forty-second degree of north latitude; but the greater portion of the northern boundary is formed by the Red River, which joins the Mississippi at Natchitoches in Louisiana.

The course of the great rivers of Texas, which, with the exception of the Red River, run nearly parallel to each other, indicates the whole surface of the country to be an inclined plane sloping towards the south-east. The distance from the Gulf to the range of highest elevation being far greater than in the more southerly parts of Mexico, the ascent from the sea is comparatively gradual; and does not present any of those very abrupt changes of level, which distinguish the country between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico. Still, the change in the character of the country, produced by its increasing elevation, as you advance into the interior, is such as to have led to the division of Texas into three very distinct regions—described as the Level, the Rolling, and the Mountainous—and marked by very striking differences, not merely of aspect, but of climate and productions. The wide space which intervenes between the mountains and the sea, together with the gradual character of the inclination, gives to Texas that great advantage which it has over Mexico, in the possession of the vast and numerous rivers which intersect every part of its territory. The northern portion is watered by the Arkansas, and its many and great tributary rivers. The middle region of the Republic is enriched by the earthy deposits that are borne down on the waters of the Red River. The navigation of this noble stream—the whole course of which is estimated at fifteen hundred miles—was, till a very recent period, obstructed for no less a space than a hundred and sixty-five miles by the permanent accumulation of drift-wood, known by the name of the 'Great Red River Raft.' In 1838, the ingenuity and perseverance of Captain Shreeve, who was employed for that purpose by the government of the United States, succeeded in removing this impediment at a cost of 300,000 dollars, and thus laid open a navigation of about twelve hundred miles on the Red River, and of about six hundred more on its tributaries. Since that period a large proportion of the immigration into Texas has been carried on by steam-boats on the Red River, both sides of which are now in the course of being very rapidly settled. The river Brazos has a circuitous course of a thousand miles entirely within the territories of the Republic; and a considerable extent is navigable for large vessels. The Trinity river is already navigated by steam-boats, for between three and four hundred miles from its mouth. The Colorado has a course of eight hundred miles, of which two hundred and twenty might easily be made navigable for steam-boats. The Nueces river is three hundred miles in length. The most considerable of the Texan rivers is the Rio Grande del Norte, the sources of which, in the Sierra Verde, are separated by a mountain

barrier, little more than thirty miles in breadth, from the waters which flow into the Pacific. The whole length of this great river is not less than eighteen hundred miles, while one of its tributaries, the Puercos, has a course of not less than five hundred. Besides these great rivers, a vast number of smaller streams intersect the whole country. Their waters are every where surrounded by large tracts of alluvial land, which they constantly refresh and fertilize; while, at the same time, they afford the most abundant means for communication, and for the transport of the produce of their banks.

The mouths of the Texan rivers being generally obstructed by bars, afford but indifferent harbours; but, even in this respect, Texas has a great advantage over Mexico. The western coast of the Gulf of Mexico is deficient in harbours of even the most indifferent merits; and Galveston and San Luis in Texas are said to be better than any in Mexico.

Mr Kennedy is obliged to confess, that 'the first appearance 'of Texas is unfavourable, from whatever point it may be ap- 'proached.' The emigrant who approaches it by sea, is deterred by the aspect of a low sandy beach, backed by wet and level prairies; entering from Mexico, he meets an arid district; from Louisiana, a soil of alternate sand and clay, overrun with wood. But as he advances from the coast into the interior of the country, the riches of the Level region begin immediately to display themselves. This region extends along the whole line of the coast, to a depth varying from thirty to a hundred miles. Its prevailing character is that of an alluvial prairie, covered with rich, but not noxiously exuberant, vegetation. Occasional forests of live oak and pine are met with; but the beautiful trees of the country generally skirt the courses of the various rivers and streams, or are scattered in clumps and groves over the prairie. The advantages of this alluvial region are not neutralized by these accumulations of stagnant water, which, combined with a burning sun and rank vegetation, render many parts of the United States fearfully unhealthy. The porous character of the soil, the gradual elevation of the land, and the general rise of the banks from the beds of the streams, preclude the formation of swamps; while the open character of the country, and the absence of any thick underwood from the forests that exist, prevent the noxious exhalations so fatal to human life in the vast forests surrounding the Mississippi. The low lands of Texas are not free from intermittent fever—the general penalty of all new clearings. But the disease is not there of a directly fatal character; and Texas has only once, and slightly, within the memory of man, been visited by the scourge of yellow

fever, which constantly ravages the eastern coast of America, from Brazil to Carolina, and occasionally visits New York and the northern states of the Union. The heat of summer is tempered by sea breezes, which blow almost without intermission. By their agency, a noonday heat of eighty degrees is mitigated, so as to be neither injurious nor inconvenient; and it is found possible to walk at mid-day in the month of June through the open-prairies of the Level country. But the heat is, nevertheless, sufficient to enable the low lands of Texas (though the most southerly point of the country is northward of the tropic) to raise almost every variety of vegetable produce which is to be found in Mexico; as well as those articles which form the staples of the raw produce of the United States. Throughout the whole of the low lands of Texas, sea-island cotton, of a quality equal to that of Georgia, and superior to that of the greater part of the United States, is raised with a considerably greater return on the acre, and at a considerably less expense of cultivation. The climate and soil of the Level region possess the same superior congeniality to the sugar-cane and to indigo. Indian corn and tobacco grow luxuriantly. Rice has been cultivated, and might perhaps be raised in greater quantities, were not the cultivation of the other great staples of the country found to be more productive. On the other hand, Texas is capable of raising with advantage some of those articles which have been considered peculiar to Mexico. Its climate and soil are suitable to vanilla; and the cochineal insect, with the Nopal or *Cactus opuntia*—the plant on which it feeds—are found in the southern parts of the country. Most of the fruits of the tropical parts of America thrive in the Level region.

But the most remarkable and delightful region of Texas appears to be the Rolling or Undulating district, which, rising gradually from the level district, extends along the whole of the country for a breadth of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles. The same open character prevails in this as in the lower district; and the large tracts of green and flowering prairie are interspersed with groves of valuable woodland. But instead of presenting to the eye the unbroken level of the rich alluvial lands of the coast, the midland region of Texas swells into those continual undulations from which it derives its name. In some parts, the long, regular undulations succeed one another with a slight but constant increase of elevation towards the interior, and with a uniformity similar to that of the swell of the ocean after a storm. Occasionally they rise into eminences of gentle acclivity, from which the eye may contemplate a beautiful and extensive landscape. This is a land of pure and

sparkling springs and rivulets, and shady valleys. The climate in this more elevated region, though cooler than that of the plains below, has the genial warmth of Italy. Ice and snow are rare and transient visiters. Even in winter, the trees preserve their foliage, and the plains their verdure. Nor is the climate less favourable to animal than to vegetable life. To persons born and bred in Great Britain, it is perfectly salubrious; rheumatism is rarely known within its precincts; and its air is said to be as favourable to consumption as that of the south of Europe, or Madeira. The atmosphere is so dry, that meat is cured by mere exposure to the air; and a man of a hundred years of age, Mr Kennedy tells us, may break his leg, and be well again in a month. But the warm yet temperate nature of the climate, which have given Texas the name of the 'Italy of 'America,' is proved by the character of its vegetable products. Though the finest kind of cotton thrives best in the low lands, the green-seed cotton is cultivated with success in the Undulating region. The vine is indigenous, and forms a natural festoon for the lofty trees, to a height of a hundred feet from the ground. From this native vine a pleasant wine is said to be made. Mr Kennedy mentions various spots in Texas in which the vine has been cultivated with success; and quotes the opinion of Humboldt, that the higher portions of this country are destined one day to supply the American continent with wine. The mulberry thrives here, and the production of silk has been successfully attempted. Wheat grows in this as well as in the mountainous region. But the raising of stock for the vast demand created, as well by the Level region of Texas as by Louisiana, by Mexico, and by Cuba, and the remaining West India islands, is likely to be the great business of the agriculturist of the Rolling country. The bounty of nature provides ample sustenance for horses and cattle in the various grasses of the prairie, and the yet more nutritious produce of the cane-brake; while the live oak, in addition to the valuable qualities of its timber, drops from its branches the 'mast,' which, together with the nutritious roots of the forest and prairie, sustain the numerous and fast-increasing herds of swine that augment the wealth, without any addition to the expenses of the Texan farmer.

The Rolling gradually ascends into the Mountainous region, composed of the mountains of the Sierra Madre, and others; which extend across the middle of the Republic, from the banks of the Rio Grande to the sources of the various territories of the Red River. The mountains are of third and fourth magnitude. They are clothed with forests of pine, oak, and cedar; and extensive valleys of alluvial soil, susceptible of profitable culture, wind

through them. This region also abounds with streams and springs; and the soil and climate are alike congenial to the best kinds of the produce of the north of Europe. Wheat, and even barley and oats, thrive here. But the most valuable produce of this portion of Texas, is the pasture that it affords to the flocks of sheep which have already been introduced, and promise to multiply with rapidity. The Mountainous region is rich in mineral treasures; iron, coal, and salt abound. The numerous streams of this district, coupled with the inclination of the ground, afford a supply of water-power greatly available in manufactures.

Beyond this region, and the moderate range of mountains which give it its peculiar character, extends a table-land, followed by the vast plains which are watered by the Red River and the various tributaries of the Arkansas. At the back of these, a portion of that vast desert that lies along the foot of the Rocky Mountains—and which, still further to the north, is of such extent and desolation as to justify the appellation of the Great American Desert—interposes itself, before we arrive at the higher part of the Rio Grande, which here forms the boundary of Texas. Along this part of the river lie the small towns, or rather villages, of Santa Fè, Albuquerque, and others, which mark the feeble efforts of ancient Spanish colonization. Beyond these, in bleak and awful sterility, rise to the regions of eternal snow the lofty peaks of the Rocky Mountains, which the red men, with superstitious awe, name the 'Crest of the world.' On the other side of this high but narrow range lie the fertile valleys of California; a land where the orange, the fig, the date, the olive, and the vine, flourish by the side of the fruits and plants of the tropics. In this beautiful country, blessed with that mild and equable climate that, throughout the whole extent of America, distinguishes the coasts of the Pacific from that wider portion of the continent that looks towards the Atlantic, and indented with capacious harbours, suited to the utmost commerce of America and Asia, there may, according to Mr Kennedy—when the stream of emigration shall have passed through the various openings of the Rocky Mountains—be found an ample and desirable habitation for more than twenty millions of human beings. But at present a few thousand white settlers, some scores of Franciscan priests, and the few Indians whom they have converted and rendered subservient, together with some scanty and starving tribes of untamed savages, are the only human inhabitants of California. Nor does the upper portion of Texas contain a much larger population of whites. Settlers have, it is true, recently mounted the Red River, and settled on various portions of its banks. But the greater part of the wide and fertile

plains, that stretch downwards from the forty-second degree of latitude to the lower range of Texan mountains, though made the subject of Mexican grants, are in fact unknown and almost untrodden by the white man. The enormous herds of buffaloes, which the encroachments of civilization have driven into the interior of the Continent, are found scattered over the face of these boundless prairies; or, during the season of their annual migration, are seen passing them in those ancient and well-worn tracts which, year after year, they sweep with resistless rapidity. Here, too, stray in large numbers the wild horses of the American desert, and the wild asses and mules which are found mixed with them. But a wilder and more fearful denizen ranges over these wastes, dreaded by the Texan settler as the haunts from which the mounted Indian issues in his career of massacre and pillage.

Of the various tribes that roam over the interior of Texas, the name of the Comanche has long been the most terrible in the ears of the white inhabitants. The pre-eminence of this tribe appears to be secured by its great superiority of numbers. In common with the Pawnees and other Indians of the Missouri territory, it has learned to tame the wild horses of the desert, and to manage them with Tartar dexterity. In rearing horses and mules for the purposes of war, or of their only amusement, racing, the Comanches find their principal occupation; their subsistence they derive from the wild herds that share with them the fertile plains over which they range. Whenever want of food, or the desire of any additional luxury tempts them, they issue forth in bands of three or four hundred from the mountainous region which bounds their ordinary home, and pillage, without distinction of race, any scattered colonists whose unguarded attitude tempts their cupidity. While they generally massacre the males who fall into their hands, they differ from the rest of the Indians of North America in sparing women and children, whom they capture, and incorporate with their nation. Their habits of warfare, and notions of bravery, resemble those which seem to have been created among all the Indian tribes, by the necessity of being cautious of hazarding the lives of their own scanty population. The Comanche is averse from war where he is likely to encounter opposition; to gain his end by cunning, appears to him more honourable than the display of courage in combat; and he acquires greater credit with his tribe by murdering a sleeping foe than by conquering in equal combat. He will use every wile, and proffer the warmest declarations of friendship, in order to throw his victim off his guard; and his plighted word binds him so little, that 'as faithless as a Comanche 'treaty' has become a Mexican proverb. In this career of

fraud and cruelty, he is aided by the calm temperament which results from constant and healthy exercise, bracing air, and a scrupulous abstinence from ardent spirits, which he calls 'fools' 'water.'

It will not be matter of surprise that, when the only opposition to his assaults was to be found in the inadequate military resources of a Spanish province, and the languid energies of the Mexican colonists, the visits of this rapid and remorseless foe were regarded with terror. So low, indeed, had the Mexicans sunk in the eyes of the Indian, that he had learned to spare them, as the innocuous means of supplying him with booty whenever he might choose to take it. The Comanche would extort from a Mexican village a reward for the pretended re-capture of a drove of horses which he himself had stolen. To such a height did these savages carry their insolence, that they have been known to dismount in the market-place of the principal town of Texas, and order the soldiers of the garrison to catch and feed their horses, under pain of chastisement. But when the settlers from the United States began to fill the plains of Texas, the Comanche shrunk from collision with a new and irresistible enemy. The deadly aim of the Kentuckian rifle was speedily experienced by the savage; and one of these weapons in the hand of an American settler has been known to put a dozen Comanches to flight. Nor was the American less rapid in pursuit than deadly of aim. Whenever an outrage was committed by an Indian, the settler of the prairie was sure to follow on his trail, mounted on a fleet and well-kept steed, attended by his trusty hounds; and to continue his pursuit with untiring zeal, until vengeance had been inflicted, as a warning against future aggression. These once formidable savages seem now to have ceased from habitually molesting the settlers; and collision will probably recur only when the onward stream of white settlement shall have made another encroachment on the present hunting-grounds of the Comanche.

A country more inviting to the settler of the English race, whether from the mother country, its colonies, or the United States, it is impossible to conceive. Whatever his habits, his constitution, or his past pursuits, he will find in some part of Texas a climate and a cultivation to suit him. Water is every where abundant. The drift-wood of the coasts and rivers furnishes an easy and bountiful supply of fuel. Timber for all other purposes abounds in the forests, some of which are composed of the live or evergreen oak; in which the government of the United States finds the most admirable material for ship-building; and some of pine and red cedar, of the kind most available for all domestic uses. Nor is food difficult to be got.

Fish abound in the sea, the lakes, and the rivers. Deer, and every other species of game, are so plentiful in the prairie, that the settler may count on subsisting on the produce of his gun; and a traveller, whose journal is quoted by Mr Kennedy, speaks of celebrating the 4th of July in the midst of the wilderness, by a supper of buffalo, venison, antelope, and wild turkey. The buffalo, the wild horse, the peccary or wild hog of America, and most of the savage tribes of the prairie and the forest, minister in one way or another to the wants of man. Even the bear, the most formidable quadruped of the continent, is hunted for his skin and his fat; and no merely noxious beast annoys or terrifies the settler, except the wolf, which human ingenuity has been as little able in America, as elsewhere, to turn to any good account. The alligator destroys pigs and calves; but the awkwardness of its movements are such, that a child that has the sense to move on one side, runs no risk from it. The bite of the rattlesnake is said to be curable; and Mr Kennedy mentions, with apparent credit, the remedy in use among the Indians, who, when bitten by it, kill it, and extract the poison from their own wounds by applying to them the fleshy part of the reptile's tail. The mosquito and the sand-fly, which are found in the Level, but not in the Rolling or Higher regions of Texas, seem to be there, as all over America, the most formidable scourges of the human race. The otter and the beaver, which formerly abounded all over Texas, have been driven by the assiduous trapper into the wild regions of the interior. The bee, whose wax forms a valuable article of Texan commerce, is said to precede the march of human settlement; and the wild Indian, when he sees its swarms make their appearance in some hitherto unvisited part of the wilderness, is said to exclaim with a sigh, 'There come the white men!'

But the enviable distinction of Texas in the eyes of the settler, is the generally open character of the country. Instead of passing the prime of his life in the arduous and unhealthy toil of clearing the dense forest, and the remainder of his days amid a patch of fields disfigured by stumps and rail fences, the Texan farmer, from the first, drives his plough over a clear and yielding surface of rich black loam. Mr Kennedy mentions one exception to the general aspect of the surface in that part of the country, which is crossed by what is called the 'cross timber;' the most remarkable of the natural phenomena of Texas—unless, indeed, it be the artificial work of that bygone and unknown race, who, in the vast mounds that cover this portion of America, have left traces of a far distant and forgotten civilization. This irregular belt of forest, varying in width from five to fifty miles, extends across the northern part of Texas, from south to north,

in a regular and unbroken mass, following the due line of the meridian; and presenting the aspect of a huge wall of forest, which forms, in the eyes of the Indian and the settler, the great natural landmark of the wilderness. Some of the river bottoms are covered by vast extents of cane-brake, in which the cane, rising to a height of twenty or five-and-twenty feet, arches over the head of the rider who passes through the paths that have been cut through it. This cane indicates a rich soil, and furnishes a nutritious winter fodder for cattle. But the greater part of the surface of the country consists of what is properly called prairie. Mr Kennedy, like all preceding travellers, expatiates in the description of the enchanting beauty of the prairie. Sometimes closely pressed in by the surrounding forest, the prairie lies like a verdant lake of meadow—forming its bays and creeks amid the darker woodland. More frequently the eye of the traveller ranges over a wide extent of meadow, level or undulating according to the region in which he may be; sometimes the horizon is the only limit to the apparently boundless verdure, amid which the noble forest trees are scattered, singly or in clumps, that recall the appearance of an English park; sometimes the dark outline of the forest is seen in the distance, and sometimes it crowns the acclivities which rise from the plain. The whole of these vast fields are covered with the rich prairie grass, or a soft and elastic sward. Amid these the most exquisite flowers are profusely scattered—ever changing with the changing season, but ever charming the eye with their rich and brilliant colours. In some parts, the traveller passes over miles of dazzling sun-flowers; in others, he is surrounded by roses. The prairie is covered with the geranium, the dahlia, the trumpet-flower, the heart's-ease, the lily, the jessamine, the lobelia, and the passion-flower! The trunks of the trees are festooned with the wild vine and the sober grey of the Spanish moss, over which are often seen, hanging at a vast height, the superb white flower of the magnolia. The fragrance of these flowers is borne to the nostrils by the cool gale that tempers the heats of Texas, and braces the muscles of the traveller of the prairie. The solemn and soothing silence is at intervals broken by the scream of the brilliant parroquet, the song of the mocking-bird or the thrush, and the melodious complaints of the whip-poor-will. The deer and antelope rush startled from the groves, and, bounding across the plain, invite the pursuit of the hunter. It is amid such lands as these that the Texan emigrant fixes his staff, and enters on the enjoyment of a fertile soil and a lovely home, which the wealthy of the Old World might envy, but which wealth has not yet appropriated to its exclusive enjoyment.

The happy country, which we have thus rapidly attempted to describe, from the materials abundantly afforded by Mr Kennedy, and the American writers from whom he quotes, remained till the present century an almost unknown and unprofitable waste, under the sway of the Spaniards of America. The settlement of Mexico took place under circumstances widely different from those which marked the European colonization of any other part of the New World, with the exception of Peru. Instead of meeting only with the wild and scanty savages who were found roaming over, but never cultivating the remainder of the American continent, the arms of Cortes subjugated a race which had for some time been settled on the same spot, and had raised on it populous and flourishing cities—which practised a productive agriculture—which had made considerable advances in many of the useful and ornamental arts—and which had adopted a system of civil polity, distinguished by gradations of rank, by a division of labour, and by a general contribution for the wants of the state. The presence of this settled and industrious peasantry, whom the experience of Hispaniola had already taught the Spaniards not to sacrifice to the first rage of their avarice, dispensed with the necessity of any importation of Negroes; the lands of Mexico were divided among the conquerors; a system of forced labour, which was at first required for the farms and mines, was remitted, when it began to be found cheaper to employ the abundant labourers at moderate wages, than to support them as slaves; and the new lords of the soil allowed the ancient population to till their own farms, on pretty much the same terms as those accorded to the greater part of the peasantry of Europe. The odious distinctions of colour, which have every where been the sure concomitant of Negro slavery, operated more feebly on the mixture of the white and red races; and the population of Creole Spaniards that speedily grew up in Mexico, was linked to the aboriginal Indians by a vast mixed race of Mestizoes. The population of Mexico was thus comparatively homogeneous; and similar in the different gradations and occupation of its society to those of an European country. The spirit of enterprize, that, in spite of the easy mode in which they thus lived on the labour of others, might have been developed among the white and mixed races, was completely repressed by the execrable system of government with which Spain oppressed its colonies. The despotic power of the Spanish monarchy was felt in its colonies without any of those checks of custom, feeling, and countervailing influences which mitigated it at home. The administration of justice was dishonest and inefficient. The nomination to all municipal offices being placed in the crown, the colonists were deprived of the only popular insti-

tution of the mother country. From the Viceroy to the lowest functionary, the grossest corruption prevailed: offices were openly sold, and the lucrative extortions which were permitted, rendered unsalaried places as much in request, as those which were best paid; the revenue was in great measure the produce of mischievous monopolies; commerce was almost annihilated by that destructive system of restrictions, which Dr Adam Smith and succeeding writers have held up to scorn. Enormous sums were appropriated to prop the overgrown power of the higher clergy; while the land was covered with swarms of ill-paid parish priests and friars, whose occupation it was to drain the resources of the peasantry, to propagate the most grovelling superstitions, and to pervert, or rather suppress, education.* But the most irritating and injurious feature of the system, was the careful concentration of all power, and of all official and even much commercial emolument, in the hands of natives of Spain; and the consequent exclusion of the whole Creole population from every legitimate object of ambition, and every honourable species of employment.

A population of such a character, and so cramped and enervated, was little fitted or inclined to encounter dangers and difficulties in the attempt to tame and people the wilderness. The population of Mexico remained concentrated in the central and southern portions of the country, or was only tempted to quit them in search of mines. Texas, which had been explored by Alonzo de Leon, and derived its name from the friendly character of some of its Indian tribes, came soon to be regarded in the light of a wild haunt of fierce and untameable barbarians; and the government looked with complacency on its solitary wastes, as interposing a desirable barrier between the valuable territories of Mexico, and the French possessions in Louisiana. By degrees, with a view rather to military objects than to those of settlement, a few garrisons were planted throughout the country; and a worthless population of Creoles and half-breeds of every denomination were planted in fortified inclosures, called Presidios. In the neighbourhood of these military positions the Franciscan Missions were established: the bounty of the Mexican devotees

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* From this censure of the Colonial government of Spain, we must except the Council of the Indies, which was a body in the mother country composed of its highest functionaries, together with others who had held high office in the colonies. Its business was to superintend and deliberate upon all colonial matters. The establishment of such a council, with some degree of publicity in its discussions, would, as Mr Kennedy suggests, be a desirable addition to our colonial system.

enabled the Monks to ensconce themselves in large buildings, which they took care to fortify as well as to consecrate; and the good fathers fattened in sacerdotal sloth on the produce of the rich plains of Texas, tilled by the compulsory labour of Indians, who were stolen in continual forays on the surrounding tribes, and dignified by the name of converts;—when, after the infliction of a compulsory baptism, they had learned to make the sign of the cross, and to mumble a few words of a prayer which they did not understand, to the idols of their fathers, whom they were taught to call by the names of Spanish saints. But this system of monastic colonization declined with the decline of the military power of Spain. The savage tribes of the desert, won back from the weakness the fair inheritance which they had resigned to the strength of the intruder, and swept once more the whole extent of country that lies between the waters of the Arkansas and the Gulf. One after the other, Mission and Presidio was either laid waste or abandoned; and at the close of the eighteenth century, the scanty relics of the Texan colonists were collected within the walls of the three stations of San Antonio de Bexar, Goliad, and Nacogdoches.

By the laws of the Indies, the intrusion of a foreigner into the colonial dominions of Spain, without a license, subjected him to the penalty of death—mitigated in practice (if that can be called a mitigation) to perpetual imprisonment. As population increased in the British settlements, this penalty began to be more frequently incurred, and still more frequently defied or evaded by the daring hunters of Virginia and Georgia. The revolt of the United States, as it alarmed the jealousy of Spain, led to a more rigorous enforcement of the laws of exclusion; and the feelings of the colonial government were well expressed by the Captain-General Salcedo, when he said, that had he the power, he would prevent the very birds from flying across the boundary-line of Texas and the United States. But Texas began to attract the attention and the desires of its Anglo-American neighbours. This became apparent in the proceedings consequent on the detection of Aaron Burr's conspiracy in 1807, from which it is clear, that, whatever degree of truth there might be in the charge made against him, of a design to form a vast Southern Republic, by the conquest of Mexico and the separation of the Western States of the Union, he had certainly matured a plan for subjugating and settling Texas. But the schemes of this bad citizen produced no result; and the introduction of the Anglo-Americans into Texas, was soon after effected by the invitation of the Mexicans themselves. The usurpation of the Spanish Crown by Napoleon, loosened the bonds of obedience

soldiers of Spain.

Anglo-American

still paramount over its

period that elapsed between the suppression of all insurrection in Mexico and Texas, and the subsequent successful declaration of independence, that Moses Austin, a native of Connecticut, having twice realized an ample fortune, first in Virginia and then in the territory of Missouri, by successful industry; and having a second time found himself, at the age of fifty-six, stripped of his wealth by reverses which his prudence had been unable to obviate, determined to retrieve his fortunes by the foundation of a new settlement, for which he fixed on Texas as affording the most eligible site. Enlarged experience, or more probably the increased urgency of its financial necessities, had at that time inclined the government of Spain to give increased facilities to the disposal of its waste lands, and to the settlement of foreigners;* and, in 1821, Mr Austin, after some fruitless personal solicitation at San Antonio, was informed that he had obtained a large grant of land, as what was called an *Empresario*, on condition of settling three hundred families in Texas. The news, however, only reached him on his death-bed—his health having received a fatal shock from the fatigues and expense incurred in a most disastrous journey from Texas; and he bequeathed the task of carrying his scheme into effect to his son, Stephen Austin, a man endowed with that capacious intellect, that indomitable perseverance, that calm temper, and that power of conciliation, which are the great requisites for the founders of states.

The preparations for the first settlement had been so far brought towards completion, that, in August of the same year, Stephen Austin reached Texas with the first body of emigrants from the United States. The news of the rising of Iturbide in the preceding spring, which at once established the independence of Mexico, arrived at the same time, but produced no immediate interruption of his proceedings. But in March 1822, when he returned to Texas from New Orleans with a second detachment of settlers, he found that it was necessary for him to repair to the city of Mexico to obtain a confirmation of his grant. At Mexico, Austin had to abide for the space of a year the delays of the Congress—which, with Spanish procrastination, prepared a gen-

* It is said that the Spanish Government, about this period, contemplated the sale of Texas to the House of Baring, in London. We may be allowed to regret the failure of this project, which has deprived mankind of the advantage of being able to contrast, with the great efforts of colonization from the United States, an experiment of colonization from the mother country, under the auspices of one who would have applied to the enterprize, not merely the most abundant pecuniary resources, but the soundest views of colonial policy known to modern statesmen.

eral law on the subject of colonization—and those occasioned by two or three revolutions; which always, just at the moment when he seemed to have gained his point, intervened, and necessitated fresh applications to the new powers. At the end of this period he returned, with full powers to settle and manage his colony according to his own views; and though, during the interval, many of the first emigrants had returned in disgust to the United States, he succeeded in gaining so many fresh recruits, that in 1824 he had completed the location of the prescribed number of 300 families on the banks of the Brazos, where he founded the town of San Felipe de Austin.

In the same year Texas, in conjunction with the neighbouring province of Coahuila, was formed into a state of the Mexican Federation. But by an arrangement with the government, Austin was left in the exercise of all executive authority over his own settlement; and made the chief magistrate and commander of the militia. The colonists, in effect unmolested by the Mexican government, ruled themselves according to the sage habits of self-government which they had acquired in the land of their birth; and the real conduct of affairs was entrusted, by the gratitude and prudence of the settlers, to the wise guidance of Austin. The difficulties with which every new settlement has to struggle, and which pressed with unusual severity on the early colonists of Texas, were surmounted by patience. The Indians were repulsed, and taught to keep a due distance from the settlements. The opponents of Texan independence have promulgated a notion, that the early colonists mainly consisted of fugitives from justice, and other outcasts of society. The mode and success of the settlement suffice to rebut this accusation; but Mr Kennedy informs us of the fact, that persons of this description who had been tempted to cross the frontier of the United States, were seized, and delivered up to the authorities of their own country by Austin and his militia. But the success of the settlement allured emigrants of the most respectable character to plant themselves in the neighbourhood. In 1825, Austin obtained a second Empresario grant for the settlement of five hundred additional families; other Empresarios contracted for the settlement of fourteen hundred more. Though many of these contracts were very imperfectly carried into execution, the population of Texas continued to be steadily increased by the constant influx of immigrants from the United States; and, in the year 1830, the numbers of the American population of the State amounted to no less than twenty thousand. The energy of these industrious and peaceful settlers rapidly laid open the resources of the country; and a wise and just administration of affairs,

ılone wanting to secure its peaceful progress in wealth and
zation.
nfortunately, however, the increasing numbers of the colo-
, took them out of the control of the one head which had
ierto been allowed to direct them; and brought them more
more into contact with the general government of the State.
ihappily, too, the affairs, both of the Central Government and
the component States, had, ever since the Declaration of Inde-
ndence, been involved in an unceasing and still augmenting
sorder. A woful experience had served to show, that the colo-
ists of Spain had suddenly acquired freedom, without those ha-
its of obedience to law that can alone render freedom desirable
r permanent. The result of a movement of independence, dic-
ated by the selfish objects of the Priesthood and the mere ani-
mosities of Race, had been the establishment of a Constitution,
from which its framers had omitted, both in words and in fact, any
provision for trial by jury, or for the public administration of
justice; and in which they had inserted what was meant to be no
theoretical prohibition of the practice of any except the Roman
Catholic religion. This constitution, unintelligible to the greater
part of those who had sworn to it, was respected by none but
the momentary gainers in the scramble for power; and, at the
close of every civil contest, the worsted party invariably made no
scruple of appealing to the sword. Revolution followed revolu-
tion; chief succeeded chief, only to be displaced by the next ad-
venturer who could induce a handful of soldiers to make a dash
at the seat of government. The permanent civil war thus kept
up, was carried on with the ferocity that distinguishes the war-
fare of the Spanish race in America, as well as in Europe; and
massacre and assassination were the foundations on which their
champions endeavoured to establish the different forms of anar-
chy which they respectively preferred. Amid these continued
disorders, civilization retrograded, industry was discouraged, and
national prosperity disappeared. The opponents of Texan inde-
pendence will find it difficult to imagine any tie of duty that
should have continued to bind the living body of Texan industry
and order to this carcass of Mexican anarchy and barbarism.

The preceding narrative will, we trust, have disabused the reader
of the notion, that the American colonists of Texas had invaded
that province with a settled design of wresting it from Mexico.
The farmers of the Western States had entered it by the invita-
tion of the Mexican government, and embarked their fortunes in
a wilderness, of which they had laid open the resources and
created the wealth. To this new home they had wedded them-
selves for better and for worse; and though it was their duty to

submit to the laws of their adopted country, and to bow to the will of the majority, soberly expressed by its constitutional organs, no law of God or man ever bade free and intelligent men to obey every power that might spring from civil war, or submit to every successful violation of the law and the constitution. At least, if every one else in Mexico held it his right to appeal to arms, the Texans had the same right as the rest; and it was hardly reasonable to suppose, that those who possessed the strongest arms, were for ever to accept the law of the sword from whatever band of cowardly mercenaries happened for the day to triumph in the neighbourhood of the capital. To us it seems an admirable trait in the conduct of the Texans, that for a long time they held aloof from the conflict that every where raged around them; and submitted without resistance or enquiry to every fresh government that the fortune of civil war established in Mexico, provided only that it did not molest them. It is singular, that almost the only instance of a Mexican insurrection, promptly suppressed, was that of a Texan Empresario named Edwards, who, in 1829, thought fit, after the approved Mexican fashion, to right himself for some imagined wrong from the Government, by proclaiming what he chose to call a 'Fredonian 'Republic.' This attempt was instantly suppressed by the aid of Austin and his colonists. On two other occasions, collision between the Central Government and the Texans was prevented by the prudence of Austin, who induced the former to repeal two decrees passed in 1829 and 1830, for the summary abolition of slavery; which, if carried into effect, would have freed, without compensation, every slave whom the American settlers had brought with them into Texas.

But the jealousy of the Spanish authorities of Coahuila was alarmed by the increasing numbers of the Texans; and they took means to check their spirit by the presence of a military force. In the course of 1829 and 1830, no less than thirteen hundred Mexican troops were introduced into Texas; and the insolence and outrages of these lawless mercenaries, and their disreputable commanders, were not long in bringing on a collision. It deserves notice, that the first purpose for which the Texans took up arms, was that of liberating the Mexican commissioner Madero, who had been illegally imprisoned by Colonel Bradburn, an American soldier of fortune in the service of Mexico. The further violences of Bradburn led to a rising of one hundred and twelve Texan farmers, under the command of John Austin;—a man congenial in spirit, but not a kinsman to the founder of Texas. On the 13th of June 1832, the fort of Velasco, which opposed their progress, was assailed by this intrepid body. The unerring aim of their

rifles cleared the ramparts of its defenders, and shattered every hand that was raised to apply the match to its single cannon. When the commandant, Urgatachea, unable to man the bastion with his terrified mercenaries, himself encountered the risk and directed the gun, his gallant antagonists respected his courage, and offered terms of capitulation, which he accepted. Another body of Mexican troops soon after surrendered at discretion to the insurgents. Their demands were then complied with, and Bradburn was driven from the province. But the insurgents were anxious to deprecate the anger of the Mexican government. An officer despatched against them by Santa Anna, with a considerable force, was pacified by their assurance, that the main object of their rising had been to vindicate the Constitution, which had been violated by the opponents of that chief, and to support the cause for which he was contending. The mediation of Stephen Austin was again successfully interposed, and peace was once more re-established in Texas.

But though the colonists do not appear at this time to have entertained the idea of separating themselves from the Mexican Confederation, the practical effects of Mexican government were now felt to be so injurious, that they speedily set about taking measures for breaking off their connexion with Coahuila; the representatives of which forming a very large majority of the united legislature of the two states—in fact, wielded the government of Texas. A Convention of Delegates of the people of Texas, after the fashion in use among that of the United States in similar circumstances, was accordingly held at San Felipe, in October 1832, and re-assembled at the same place in April 1833; when it agreed on a petition to the general government, detailing the grievances resulting from the preponderance of Coahuila, and praying for separation from that portion of the state, together with the adoption of a rational and free constitution, which had been framed and adopted by the Convention. It is impossible, we think, for any candid mind to examine the list of grievances set forth by the people of Texas, without admitting that they were of a nature that justified, or rather compelled; their resort to any means, in order to rid themselves of the intolerable evils of Mexican misgovernment. 'We complain,' said the petition, 'more of the *want* of *all* the important attributes of government, 'than of the abuse of any.' The Texans depicted the wretched administration of justice, by a tribunal seated at a distance of seven hundred miles from the colonists—the consequent impunity of the worst crimes, and the utter absence of any adequate enforcement of civil rights. They set forth the total denial of any sufficient provision for education; which emigrants from the United States

naturally regarded as the first of those wants that a people may rightfully consider it the duty of a government to supply. They complained of the barbarous arrangements of the custom-house, which, in order to protect an oppressive monopoly of the rude manufactures of Mexico, prohibited the importation of the necessaries of civilized life. The embarrassment of the ill-managed finances of Coahuila, was another source of complaint; and, doubtless, a people might rationally complain of a government that placed its dependence for revenue on a tax on billiard-tables, on a state 'cock-pit,' and on an impost on the circulation of money, that subjected any person carrying any amount of coin from one town to another to a duty of two per cent! And we think that the justice of such complaints is particularly strong, when directed against a government that did not even protect its peaceable citizens from the attacks of the Indians, but left the scattered farmers of its territory to defend themselves as they best might, against those ruthless and restless foes. Other causes irritated the Texan settlers. The publication of the laws of the state in no language but the Spanish, was a grievance sensibly felt. The religious opinions of the Protestant settlers formed another source of irritation. It is true, that all the original Empresario contracts provided that the settlers should be Roman Catholics; but that provision was, and must necessarily have been, in every case disregarded, with the assent of the government, which knew well enough what was the religion of the states from which the emigrants came. The first settlers submitted to pacify the priests, by allowing them to re-marry them, and re-baptize their children, according to the Catholic rites, on payment of rather exorbitant fees. But the great body of the subsequent emigrants could not long conceal their disgust at the superstition and bigotry of their new neighbours; and were revolted by the pretensions of the ignorant priests of the dominant church.

Among the complaints of the Texans, we find none respecting the disposition of the Mexican Government to prevent the existence of slavery in its territory; though the advocates of the latter have attempted to enlist European sympathies on their side, by representing the Texan revolt as originating in a mere desire of upholding slavery. The real truth is, that slavery existed in Texas to a very trifling extent; for at the period of the war in 1835, while the numbers of the Anglo-American settlers were estimated at twenty-eight thousand, there were not above two thousand Negroes in the country. But as these slaves had been introduced with the sanction of the Mexican authorities, the Texans might fairly regard their emancipation, without com-

pensation, as a robbery of their masters. The prohibition of the introduction of fresh slaves was regarded with jealousy; because, as it would have prevented the emigration of wealthy settlers from the southern states of the Union, it was looked on as part of a system which the Mexican Government appeared from many of its acts to have adopted, with a view of preventing any accession to the Anglo-American population of Texas.

To enforce these complaints, and obtain their separation from Coahuila, the Texans dispatched Stephen Austin to the city of Mexico. That city was then the theatre of fresh revolutions, which resulted in an entire change of the fundamental laws of the Mexican Federation; and Austin found so little disposition among the authorities to listen to the just complaints of his countrymen, that even his patience gave way; and he wrote to the Texans, advising them to declare their province a separate state, to adopt the constitution which they had framed, and to trust to the good offices of Santa Anna for the approval by Congress of these irregular acts. When this letter was made public, Austin, then on his way home, was seized, brought back to Mexico, and there closely confined from February to June 1834, in the prison of the Inquisition. The news of this arrest increased the excitement of his countrymen. Their irritation against the government of Coahuila was augmented by its scandalously improvident grants of the public lands of Texas, which the people fairly enough regarded as a legitimate source of revenue to their new country; as well as by certain steps taken to carry out the provisions of a former decree, which would have effected not only the settlement of considerable bodies of Mexicans among the Americans, but the introduction of convicts, and the conversion of Texas into a penal colony. The more violent of the Texans now openly urged separation from the Mexican Federation; but the letters of Austin, who was still detained at Mexico, though in a more mild captivity, counselled forbearance, and reliance on the good intentions of Santa Anna, in whom he had not ceased to confide; and the influence of his advice, coupled with apprehensions for his safety, induced the majority of his countrymen to discountenance the proposal of separation, and await the decision of the Congress.

But, at the commencement of 1835, a revolution was consummated in Mexico, which entirely destroyed the original framework of the Mexican constitution; and not only gave a perfectly irrefragable ground for the withdrawal of Texas from the Federation, but rendered the adoption of instant measures of self-defence necessary for the maintenance of the rights and liberties of the inhabitants. The daring and profligate Santa Anna, suddenly

deserting the party to which he had hitherto been attached, deposed the Federal authorities by force of arms; and a Congress, assembled under the control of his army, declared the abolition of the independent existence of the various states of the Federation, and reduced these originally sovereign states to the rank of mere provinces of a Central Mexican Republic. The remonstrances of the State Legislatures were unheeded; these bodies were forcibly dissolved; and, among others, the legislature and executive of Coahuila were expelled by military force, and their members cast into prison. But the conduct of these bodies had given such deep dissatisfaction to the Texans, that not a voice was raised against their illegal expulsion; and Santa Anna met with no resistance, until anxious, in the true spirit of Spanish faction, to crown his triumph with revenge, he demanded from the Texans some of his political opponents who had found refuge under their protection. Among these, the most eminent was Lorenzo de Zavala, an enlightened Mexican, who had filled, in succession, the high offices of governor of the State of Mexico, minister of finance, and minister at the court of France; and who, having resigned the latter office on Santa Anna's defection from his principles, had established himself, among the free citizens of Texas, on some lands which he had previously purchased. Zavala now came forward, and placed himself in the front of the struggle between Texas and the usurping power that had overthrown the constitution of Mexico. About the same time, the Texans were once more aided by the counsels of their ablest leader. Stephen Austin, having been restored to liberty, arrived in Texas in September; and, on the 8th of that month, developed, at a public meeting, his view of the fatal consequences of the recent revolution, which, by abolishing the independence of the different states, would have the effect of depriving Texas of any chance of obtaining self-government, and subject it to uncontrolled Mexican misrule. By his advice, the people elected delegates for the purpose of organizing the country, and representing its views to the general government. But positive information soon arrived, which left no doubt that the Mexican Government was bent on forcing the submission of the Texans to the new central system; and that, for this purpose, a military force was collecting on the frontiers of the State. Soon after, General Cos, the Mexican commander, demanded the surrender of Zavala and the other fugitives, and ordered the Texans to lay down their arms. The Committee of Safety, at the head of which was Austin, thereupon, on the 19th of September, published a proclamation calling their countrymen to arms. A Spanish force of four hundred men entered the Texan settlements, and threatened the small town

of Gonzalez; and, on the 2d of October, it was attacked in the neighbourhood of that town, and signally defeated, with considerable slaughter, by a body of one hundred and sixty-eight Texan volunteers.

The sword was now fairly drawn; and Austin, with the utmost energy, set about raising and organizing the population of Texas against their enemies. At the same time, he took means for receiving assistance from the adventurous population of the United States; and grants of land were promised to foreign volunteers in the cause of Texan independence. Public meetings took place in Louisiana and other states; and some money was raised by subscription, and a good many volunteers dispatched to the aid of the Texans. The colonists raised companies of rangers to defend their settlements against the Indians, who had, as was alleged, been instigated by the Mexican Government to seize the opportunity of attacking Texas. The remainder of the Texan force, under Austin, directed itself against the Mexicans. Goliad, and another fortified place, were taken by storm; General Cos, with four hundred Mexicans, was defeated at Conception by ninety-two Texans, under the command of Colonel Bouie—one of a family renowned for daring adventures in the chase and Indian warfare, and still better known as having invented the well-known 'Bouie-knife,' which was employed by them only in hunting, but has since been the weapon most in use in the barbarous duels of the western states. On the 11th of December, San Antonio de Bexar was taken; General Cos capitulated; and not a Mexican soldier was left in the province. Before this, a provisional government had been organized for Texas by the general convention of the people assembled at San Felipe de Austin. But, in the Declaration of the 3d November 1835, in which this was announced, care was taken to keep clear of direct separation from the Mexican Confederation; the charge urged against the existing authorities of the Republic, was that of having infringed the constitution; and the Texans, while refusing to submit to what they considered as an usurping government, promised their aid to all Mexicans who should combine with them in resisting the military despotism of Santa Anna.

That chief had not, indeed, succeeded in subverting the Federal Constitution, without meeting with a resistance from the States of the Federation, which, for some time after the expulsion of General Cos, prevented his taking any measures for the establishment of his authority in Texas. But, early in 1836, the struggles of the Mexican Federalists were crushed by the arms of Santa Anna; and a well-appointed army of eight thousand

regular soldiers was speedily known to be advancing, under his personal command, for the purpose of subjugating Texas. On the 12th of February, Santa Anna crossed the Rio Grande. It is not our purpose to give any minute detail of the events of the war. The invasion of Santa Anna was, at the outset, attended with success; and every success was attended with the most revolting cruelty. The Alamo, the fort of San Antonio, was taken, after a siege of ten days. No quarter was given, and the whole of the garrison were put to the sword. The fort of Goliad being found untenable against Santa Anna's superior force, the commandant, Colonel Fauning, retreated with his garrison of four hundred men. Encountered on the way by six thousand Mexicans under Urrea, he fought with bravery, until a reinforcement to the enemy compelled his wearied followers to capitulate. In spite of the terms of that capitulation, the whole of Colonel Fauning's force, with their gallant commander, to the number of four hundred, were, by the direct orders of Santa Anna, executed in cold blood. These atrocities kindled instead of daunting the spirit of the Texans. On the 3d of March 1836, the Convention recently announced at San Felipe, proclaimed the independence of Texas. Mr Austin having been dispatched to the United States, where he succeeded in raising a loan of 200,000 dollars, Mr Burnett was elected President, and Lorenzo de Trauden Vice-President of the Republic. On the 21st of April, the fate of Texas was decided on the banks of the San Jacinte. Santa Anna, at the head of more than fifteen hundred men, was attacked by General Harsten with no more than half that number. The cry of 'Remember the Alamo!' rang through the Texan ranks as they charged; and in about a quarter of an hour the breastwork, by which the Mexicans were defended, was carried by assault, and their whole army scattered in complete rout. The pursuit was continued until dark; six hundred and thirty Mexicans lay dead on the field, and seven hundred and thirty remained prisoners in the hands of the victors. The next day Santa Anna was brought in captive from the woods, in which he had found refuge. The policy of the conquerors refused to sacrifice his life to the cry of vengeance, and obtained from him a treaty, recognizing the independence of Texas. The Government of Mexico refused to recognise this treaty; but their armies completely evacuated Texas; and, since the release of Santa Anna, no attempt has been made by the Mexicans to disturb the independence of the Republic.

The Constitution adopted by the Texans is framed on the democratic principles prevalent in the United States; but as their vast territory, throughout its whole extent, is regarded as a single

state, the constitution is free from those causes of complication and inefficiency that are attendant upon every system of Federal Government. The first Congress elected under the provisions of this constitution, assembled in September 1836; Harstan, the victor of San Jacinte, was elected the first President of the Republic; and the post of Vice-President was conferred on Lamar, a gentleman of a Georgian family, who had commanded the cavalry on that memorable day. In 1838, (as the Constitution incapacitates the same person from filling the highest office of the Republic in two successive terms,) Lamar was elected President; and Mr Kennedy augurs well of the commercial policy of Texas, from his known attachment to the great principle of free trade. During this period, the Republic has enjoyed uninterrupted internal repose. A sound administration of justice has been established; schools and colleges have been founded; public buildings have been erected; and the different parts of the country have been connected by roads, and by the improvement of the natural means of communication. A large and constant emigration of persons of property and intelligence, as well as of industrious farmers, has been going on from the United States; and the Anglo-American population of Texas is now estimated at two hundred thousand. About seventy or eighty thousand Mexicans are resident within the limits of the Republic, chiefly on the banks of the Rio Grande. The Indians are estimated at thirty thousand; while the total number of Negroes is stated by some to be only six thousand, and by others to be more than ten thousand.

On the 3d of March 1837, the new Republic was recognised by the United States. General Hamilton, who, after filling the highest posts in his native state of South Carolina, and immortalizing his name by the energy with which, when governor of that state, he opposed the Tariff, had become a resident in Texas, was dispatched by the Government to obtain its recognition by the European powers. His exertions, during the last year, procured the recognition of the Republic by France, Holland, and Belgium; and, at the very close of the year, his mission was crowned with complete success by a treaty with Great Britain, which only waits for its ratification by the Texan Congress, to be laid before Parliament.

We have traced with some minuteness the details of the settlement of Texas by the Anglo-Americans, and of the causes which led to their separation from Mexico; because, in our opinion, this simple narrative is the best means of disabusing the public mind of those misconceptions which have created general

prejudice against the founders of the Texan Republic. If the statements given by Mr Kennedy be correct, no pretence exists for asserting, that the colonization of the country originated in a daring and unprincipled scheme of conquest from a weak and unoffending race; that the separation was grounded on hypocritical pretexts, or on a shameless violation of national law and decency; or that the secret or avowed object of the Texans, was that of upholding Negro slavery. The original settlements were created by bands of peaceful and industrious farmers, who, under the sanction of successive governments, sought a home in the fertile wilderness, whose resources their persevering industry first rendered available to the civilized world. Under many provocations, their forbearance towards their rulers was long and admirable; and they resolved on separation from Mexico, only when the continued misgovernment, or rather anarchy of that state, rendered separation the only means of saving their property from annihilation, and their country from being thrown back into a state of utter disorder and barbarism. Theirs was a revolt, not against law and the will of their fellow-citizens, but against the lawless yoke of military usurpation; and in their conflict against Santa Anna, it was they who stood by the original compact under which they had been admitted into the Mexican Federation, and by the Constitution which they had sworn to uphold. Their independence, secured by their valour, was unstained by revenge or turbulence; and its results have been, that, amid the universal disorders that have since, as before, never ceased to desolate the Mexican Republic, Texas has been the only portion of the ancient territories of the Federation in which law and order have reigned supreme and undisturbed; in which peaceful industry has continued to prosper; and in which civilization has made a rapid and steady progress. The circumstances of its separation from its ancient rulers, and the solidity of its present existence, appear to us to give to Texas a claim for admission into the great family of civilized nations, far stronger than those which we have held sufficient in the case of almost any other country that has achieved its independence; and the recent recognition of that independence by our Government, appears to us to be justified as well by every principle that has heretofore dictated similar acts, as by the commanding considerations of public policy, which rendered it advisable and urgent.

The character of the country and its inhabitants, coupled with its present relations with other nations, alike combine, in no usual degree, to render desirable the establishment of peaceful relations between it and Great Britain. When Lord Palmerston signed

the treaty, the independence of Texas had already been acknowledged by the United States, France, Belgium, and Holland. The chance that Mexico will ever be able to re-establish its authority over Texas, is one on which the boldest imagination can hardly dare to speculate. Had Great Britain continued to refuse its recognition, Texas would not the less have maintained its national existence; and unless we contemplated the Quixotic folly of attempting, in behalf of Mexico, the continued subjugation of the bold population scattered over the vast territory of Texas, at the certain cost of war with the United States, and the greatest risk of a fresh quarrel with France; the only consequence would have been that of isolating ourselves from the commerce of Texas, which would have enriched all the rest of the world. Instead of this deplorable result of an idle sullenness, the policy of Lord Palmerston has given us an alliance of the greatest value. The United States, in refusing to admit Texas into their confederation, have rejected an offer, which in all probability will never again be made to them; and Texas becoming, as years pass by, more and more attached to its own institutions, its own distinct policy, and its own national character, will speedily regard the United States with some of those feelings of jealousy, which nations always learn to entertain towards their nearest and most powerful neighbours. The commercial interests of Texas, and the antipathy to the northern portion of the United States, which she inherits from her kindred of the Southern States, will always tend to unite her with Great Britain; and whatever part she may take in any actual war that may hereafter arise, at any rate we may count on her weight in the North American Continent, as tending to establish an useful equipoise in the balance of power. But the advantages which we may calculate on deriving from Texas in peace, are of far greater importance. The foundations of the new Republic may be said to be laid in the principle of free trade. Her wealth consists in her raw produce; her wants in manufactured articles. Our utmost demand for cotton may, and in great measure will, probably erelong be supplied from Texas; and no fantastic scheme of encouraging imperfect and costly manufactures of her own, will, we may be sure, ever induce her to sacrifice her true sources of prosperity, by refusing to take the wrought goods of Manchester and Birmingham in exchange for the produce of her soil. Here, then, we have a security against that entire dependence on the commerce of the United States, which, with all its pacific influences, cannot be contemplated without apprehension. Texas will either repeal the Tariff of the United States, or nullify its operation; and, however states and factions may job in Congress, and produce a system of

general prohibition, as the result of a dishonest combination between the manufacturers of New England and the sugar-planters of Louisiana, the independence of Texas, and the identity of its interests with the principles of free trade, will secure to Great Britain a market, where she may buy and sell in defiance of any unwise legislation that may be adopted at Washington. Nor will this be the sum of the beneficial interchange that may be established between the two countries. The fertile territory of Texas creates a demand for labour, which Great Britain can alone supply; and affords an ample field for emigration, which the wise policy of the Republic is prepared to promote by the soundest system, in the disposal of its waste lands. The bonds of ancient kindred may thus be knit with fresh strength; and the independence of Texas create only a wider diffusion of the British race and of British sympathies.

The only objection to the policy, which bids fair to produce results so desirable, is founded on the existence of slavery in Texas, and the recognition of it in the fundamental constitution of the Republic. The strength of this objection has mainly depended on the misconceptions hitherto prevalent with respect to the causes of the separation of Texas from Mexico; and we trust that we have removed the greater portion of the prejudice against Texas, by showing that the Texan revolution was not, as is commonly asserted, a revolution for the maintenance of Negro slavery; and that the measures adopted, or rather contemplated, by the Mexican government for the prohibition of slavery, formed, in truth, one of the most unimportant items of Texan complaint. The maintenance of slavery was neither an avowed nor a real motive of the insurgents. The only question is, then, whether the existence of slavery in a country separating itself from the community of which it had previously formed a part, affords an argument against the recognition of its independence, when clearly and firmly established. It is argued that this assertion of principle, even when calculated to produce no immediate effect, will, in the long run, be of service to the cause of humanity and justice, by marking our national abhorrence of slavery. Were we inclined to admit the soundness of this as a general rule, we should still urge, that the moral effect of such an assertion of principle, must depend entirely on the rigorous consistency with which it is applied; and dwell on the uselessness of enforcing it in the case of Texas, where the whole slave population does not amount, at the utmost, to more than ten thousand, only a few years after we had recognized Brazil—the country in the world in which the number of slaves is the largest in proportion to the whole amount of the population, and which is even now the greatest sup-

porter of the enormities of the African slave-trade. For it should be well known, and constantly borne in mind, in discussions on this subject, that the assertion of the principle of slavery by the Texan Constitution, is accompanied by a very small amount of practical evil. In spite of the open establishment of slavery in the Republic—in spite of the constant influx of settlers from the slave-holding states of the Union—the number of slaves in Texas was not, at the period of the Revolution, more than two thousand out of a population of thirty thousand; and is now asserted to be no more than from six to ten thousand, while the whites have in the same period increased to two hundred thousand. This small number, and this slow increase, under such circumstances, prove that slavery is not likely to prevail to any great extent in Texas. The Texans allow slavery, in order to encourage wealthy settlers from the southern states of the Union; and to make common cause with the people from whose stock a large and valuable proportion of their own population came. The prohibition of slavery by them, would be regarded as an act of open hostility to the southern states; and no coercion, and no prospect of advantage in any other quarter, would induce the Texans to sever their present connexion with their neighbours and kinsmen. The leading men of Texas are not, however, more insensible than those of the United States to the fearful result that must ensue from the existence of a Negro population, whether free or enslaved, in their country: they estimate aright the advantages of their present immunity from this great mischief; they place their confidence in the continuance of that immunity, not in legislative prohibition, but in the superiority of free labour, in a country in which it is found that cotton and sugar may be cultivated by whites more effectually than by negroes. The policy which a regard to the sacred interests of humanity calls on us to adopt, seems, therefore, to be identical with that required by our commercial interests. Were we to encourage the emigration of our own labourers to Texas, we should effectually prevent the employment of slave labour in that country; and Europe, instead of depending for cotton and sugar on the labour of slaves in the United States and Brazil, would draw a cheap supply from the industry of a white and free population in Texas.

But we must refer our readers, for a complete account of Texas, to Mr Kennedy's instructive work. We shall rejoice if this recommendation leads to the removal, from other minds, of the prejudices which, we will own, had for some time a hold on our own;—if these volumes shall teach them, as they have taught us, to contemplate with satisfaction the revolution by which Texas has passed into the hands of a civilized and indus-

trious race; and to sympathize with the past deeds of those whom we may regard as the pioneers of a better order of things. The love of independence that animates the settler of the Texan wilderness, and the useful results of his toils and endurance, are described by Mr Kennedy with an eloquence that will, we are sure, inspire his readers with kindred sentiments. However rough may be the character and bearing of the backwoodsman, however fearful his collision with weaker races—we feel, with our author, that 'he has made a lodgement in the waste; that 'he has opened a track for the vanguard of civilization, the 'ranks of which will expand for the reception of his posterity. 'In a few years, where the short, sharp crack of the out-settler's 'rifle startled the silence of the pine-forest, the voice of Christian 'worship is heard in the language of Old England; institutions 'kindred to our own predominate; industry, in its varied 'branches, prospers; and a fresh accession is made to the extend-'ing empire of morality and knowledge.'

ART. XI.—*Tracts for the Times—Number Ninety.*—8vo. London: 1841.

ALL the world is aware, that within the last few years a new religious party has appeared at Oxford. The activity of its members has been great: they have written much, and have been themselves the subjects of many controversial attacks. It is said by some, that they are the most influential body of that great Seminary; and that their tenets have so strongly affected the tone of thinking among the clergy, especially the younger portion of them, as to threaten to become, in the next generation, the prevailing opinions of the Church of England. The newspapers contain frequent discussions concerning them; they have attracted notice in Parliament; and we are assured by those who think they see far, that they will constitute an element of vast importance in future political contests and elections.

There are, therefore, many and urgent reasons for carefully examining the nature and tendency of the opinions of these men. They have not, by any means, escaped our observation. We intend to scrutinize them fully hereafter. Our more immediate object, at present, is to record our protest against their morality; and to show it to be their wish to alter the general character of religious sentiment which the Reformation established in England. On all the great points which separate Protestants from

Roman Catholics, they side much more with the old society than with their own church: they dislike and protest against the very name of Protestants. The more Protestant and Anti-Romish in feeling a theologian is, the more vehement are they against him: the more he approximates to Rome—the more he dwells on the large portion of truth which the Church of Rome is said to have preserved—the more is he admired and held up as a standard of orthodoxy. Above all, they specially delight to extol and revive a number of those tenets and practices which the Church of Rome has inherited from past ages, and carefully retains to this day; but which the great reformers held to be vain superstitions and inventions; and which, as being full of danger to true godliness, they resolutely swept away from their churches. In a word, they have adopted the spirit and general cast of doctrine of the Church of Rome, and are determined enemies and bitter opponents of all that essentially distinguishes the Protestant creed.

Now, we do not mean to deny that there has existed all along in the Church of England divines who, on many particulars, have held opinions agreeing in spirit, if not in detail, with those professed by the Romanists. The Non-Jurors are a memorable proof of the extent to which these principles were maintained; though none perhaps carried them out so far as Laud. Accordingly, Laud is the object of enthusiastic veneration among the Oxford theologians. But at no period since the Reformation was finally settled, have the main principles, as well as so large an amount of the specific opinions and practices maintained by the Roman Catholics, been so formally, fully, and systematically professed within the Church of England, as by these men. For instance, they are zealous in teaching that the Church is a definite society, endowed with high gifts, exclusively limited to the clergy ordained in an unbroken succession from the Apostles—that out of this Church there is no Christianity—that it possesses the gift of inspiration, and is authorized, collaterally with the Bible, to declare God's revealed will, not only in the way of interpretation, but also in the assertion of doctrines which are not actually found in Scripture—that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is the appointed channel for man's salvation, and that none but an apostolically ordained minister can administer it—that there is a real presence of Christ in the consecrated elements—that General Councils are infallible—that works of penance procure pardon of sins—that there is a Purgatory for the purification of the saints—that there is a sacrifice of the Mass, wherein offering is made to God for the remission of sin—that celibacy is a holier state than marriage—that the blessed saints intercede with God for men—that prayers for the dead are desirable; and sundry

other propositions of a congenial nature with these. They will be found illustrated and enforced in the publication, entitled *Tracts for the Times*, the most general, and, we believe, most authentic repository of the sentiments of this party; in Froude's *Remains*, and in the works of Mr Newman and Dr Pusey. Surely the bare enumeration of their tenets, is enough to make it a puzzling task to state precisely the limits that separate the holders of them from the Church of Rome.

For our own part, we are not going to discuss whose religion is the better, that of Protestants or Catholics. But one thing at least is quite certain: the above opinions may be right,—they may be the most consonant with revealed religion,—but, assuredly, they are *not the opinions of the Church of England*. Every one must be astonished that men professing them, should continue to hold appointments in a Church which is generally understood to have been founded on the most positive denial of most of these doctrines, and on a consequent secession from the great society which continued to hold them. It is a notorious historical fact, that the doctrines in question constitute the chief bulk of those that peculiarly distinguish the Roman Catholic faith; and it is equally notorious that, as a whole, they have been rejected by all Protestant communities. We will not insist on the argument, that, if Christ founded a distinct visible society, entrusting the functions of government to certain regularly appointed governors, and, moreover, investing them with the power of authoritatively attesting the truth; that then the Church of England is the offspring of an unjustifiable schism and revolution, and rests at bottom on nothing else but the much decried right of private judgment. It is vain for the Oxford theologians to say, that the Church of Rome has departed from primitive tradition; for, on whose authority does this assertion rest but that of Luther, Cranmer, and their colleagues, or on that of the conclave at Oxford? They admit that the Catholic Church was the genuine successor of the Apostolical one; and that every title which the Anglican Church has to call herself a Church, is derived through the Roman Catholics. Surely, then, they were directly authorized to declare what primitive tradition was, and Cranmer and his party were not, unless the right of human reason to judge for itself be acknowledged. But we have not room, at present, for pressing upon these pseudo-churchmen the difficulty in which their own principles involve them; of destroying on the one side the basis of the Church of England, as rebellious and built on individual opinion; and yet being willing to profit by that rebellion, in withdrawing themselves from a jurisdic-

tion, and a body of doctrines which it is impossible for them to show satisfactorily why they should not conform to. We come back to our charge—that they hold doctrines which are contradictory to the Articles and Formularies of the Protestant Church of England, of which they are ministers; and we say—that they make themselves justly liable to the imputation of either acting with bad faith in remaining within that Church, or of playing false with their own consciences, by endeavouring to persuade themselves of the non-existence of this contradiction.

This is a very grave charge, doubtless—one, the answer to which must greatly influence the moral estimate to be formed of these men; but it is also one which the *apparently* wide discrepancy between their opinions and their position, and the great importance of the interests in question to the nation, make it incumbent on them to answer. This is very far from being the first time that it has been made. It was too obvious to be overlooked. We have reason to know that it has been keenly felt. On one occasion, at least, the heads of the party seriously deliberated whether they should not secede from the Church. This was when Lord Stanley's Bill for the suppression of the ten Irish Bishoprics passed the legislature. The offence they took was not so much at the actual provisions of the statute, as the principle implied in its very enactment;—namely, that Parliament is the supreme authority in the nation over all causes and persons, both spiritual and temporal. Yet it was surely most strange that those who had so easily swallowed the camel, should thus have strained at the gnat. Lord Stanley's Bill was but a pigmy in comparison with the great Act of Uniformity which put down one religion in this country and set up another. Elizabeth's Parliament, a lay body, and in the face of a protest from all the Bishops, declared the faith of the Catholics to be wrong, and that of the Protestants to be right. Here was the highest spiritual act performed by a body of laymen; and the Oxford divines have accepted and ratified that act, by bearing office in the institution then established. Was it then, we ask, want of clear-sightedness, or what else, that made them ponder about retiring on Lord Stanley's comparatively trifling change in administrative details; when every hour that they remain clergymen of the Church of England, commits them to the recognition of a Parliamentary Church? We have, indeed, been told by persons eminent among them, that they think themselves answerable for nothing more than obedience to Bishops;—that these alone are responsible for the terms on which the Church is allied with the State; but that none of their own body could possibly accept a bishopric if one chanced to be offered to them.

Whom do they think to delude by this miserable sophism—themselves or the nation? They know the terms on which Parliament has put them in possession of their tithes, their churches, and their congregations; they know that the services, the articles, the whole frame of the Church, rest on the authority of Parliament alone; they know that every body else but themselves, must suppose them to acquiesce in the main principles of a society which they entered of their own choice, uncompelled by any man; and yet they would have us believe, that, in being ordained, they have assented to nothing, done nothing, but perform an act of blind obedience to their Bishops! The thing is so preposterous, that we could never have given credit to it had we not heard it from them ourselves. But their agitation on the passing of Lord Stanley's Bill, is not the only sign they have given that they are not at ease respecting their relation to the Church of England. Many of the most ardent amongst them, with a commendable regard for consistency and honesty, have been so dissatified with their mid-way position, as to be on the point of obeying the call which bade them return to the great fountain of apostolical authority—the Roman Catholic Church. This feeling has of late been so strong, that one of their most distinguished leaders was compelled to address to them an urgent dissuasion from this step; but the charge that they could not consistently hold these opinions whilst they continued members of the Church of England remained uncontradicted; and it was necessary to do something to satisfy scrupulous consciences. It was impossible to refuse any longer to grapple with the real difficulties of the case; and accordingly a direct and official solution of them has been attempted in the 'Tract' specified at the head of this article. It was published anonymously; but it has been acknowledged to be the work of the Reverend J. H. Newman, Fellow of Oriel College, and Vicar of St Mary's Church, Oxford.

Viewing, then, this Tract as the answer given to the charge brought against them—of holding opinions directly opposed to the body of doctrine which they were required to subscribe, as the condition of ordination to the sacred office of a clergyman—we cannot but consider it as highly discreditable. Let it be carefully borne in mind, that the very object intended by the imposition of the Articles, is to define and prescribe the opinions which shall be held and set forth by the Church—that the candidate for ordination who subscribes these Articles, is supposed to do so in honour and good faith—that if it is disgraceful to enter and remain in any society under false pretences and disguised sentiments, it is trebly disgraceful thus to perform, per-

haps, the most solemn act in life,—the assumption of holy orders. Good faith cannot be estimated at too high a rate; and it is of the very highest importance to a nation, that truth and honesty should characterize its public acts. Nothing can be more demoralizing than that evasions and quibbles should be allowed to be resorted to in lightly undertaking, or recklessly violating the letter or spirit of the most sacred obligations. Let not this be thought abuse. We appeal to the Tract itself, and the unbiassed judgment of every upright man.

The first Articles treated of by Mr Newman, are the sixth and twentieth. The sixth declares, 'that Holy Scripture containeth 'all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read 'therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any 'man that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be 'thought necessary to salvation. Wherefore, although the 'Church be a witness, and a keeper of Holy Writ, yet as it ought 'not to decree any thing against the same, so, besides the same, 'ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for necessity of 'salvation.' Mr Newman says, 'From this it appears, *first*, that the Church *expounds and enforces the faith; next*, that it derives the faith *wholly* '*from Scripture; thirdly*, that its office is to educe an *harmonious interpretation* of Scripture. Two important questions, 'however, it does not settle—namely, whether the Church judges, 'first, at her *sole discretion*, next, on her *sole responsibility;* that 'is, first, what the *media* are by which the Church interprets 'Scripture—whether by a direct divine gift, or Catholic tradition, 'or critical exegesis of the text, or in any other way? And, next, 'who is to decide whether it interprets Scripture rightly or not; 'what is her method, if any; and who is her judge, if any? In 'other words, not a word is said, on the one hand, in *favour* of 'Scripture having no rule or method, or, as it is commonly ex-'pressed, being the *sole Rule of Faith;* nor, on the other, 'of the *private judgment of the individual* being the ultimate 'standard of interpretation.' Quotations are then given from Usher, Taylor, Laud, Bramhall, Stillingfleet, and Field, to show that '*we do not make Scripture the rule of our faith, but that other* '*things in their kind are rules likewise, in such sort that it is not* '*safe, without respect had unto them, to judge things by the Scrip-*'*ture alone;*' and that in the sense in which the phrase, 'Rule 'of Faith' is commonly understood at this day, Scripture, it is plain, is not on Anglican principles the Rule of Faith.

Here, at the very outset, we encounter a question of the most vital importance. These Articles state the great principle which separates Protestants for ever from all idolatrous worship-

of tradition. This is no matter of detail; it is, next to Jesus Christ, the foundation-stone of the Church of England; and no one who cannot fully go along with the Articles, can consistently or honestly belong to her communion. Now the Oxford divines do hold, that doctrines not found in the Bible are yet essential to salvation. They tell us, that there is no church without apostolically ordained ministers; and that those only are apostolically ordained who have been appointed by the imposition of hands, in unbroken succession from the apostles. Here is a doctrine at once excluding from the pale of Christianity, the Presbyterians, the Lutherans, the Dissenter, and almost all the Continental Protestants; and Mr Keble (in Tract, No. 4) tells us, that 'we are not to shrink from our deliberate views of truth 'and duty, because difficulties may be raised about the case of 'such persons, any more than we should fear to maintain the 'paramount necessity of Christian belief, because similar difficulties may be raised about virtuous Heathens, Jews, and 'Mahometans.'

Again, when the leaders of the party assembled in council to found this school, we are informed by Mr Percival* that they pledged themselves to the belief, that 'the participation in the 'body and blood of Christ is essential to the maintenance of 'Christian life and hope in each individual;' or, as Mr Keble expresses it, is 'the only way of salvation,'—and 'that it is con'veyed to individual Christians only by the hands of the suc'cessors of the Apostles, and their delegates,' that is, Bishops and Priests. Farther, we have heard them declare, that the presumption is that Scripture contained but small portions of the teaching of the Apostles; seeing it is chiefly composed of Epistles, written on chance occasions—on particular subjects, and to meet the occurrences of the day—but not designed to be an authentic record of Christianity.

Seeing, then, that such are the opinions held by these men, let us examine how Mr Newman proposes to reconcile them with the Articles. We do not say, let it be observed, that the mini-

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* See the remarkable letter of the Hon. and Rev. A. Percival to the Editor of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal*, in the *Oxford Herald* of January 30, in which Mr Percival gives an account of the rise of the Oxford Tract Society. It originated at a meeting held at the Rev. H. J. Rose's house in 1833, at which Mr Percival, Mr Froude, and another were present. These gentlemen, with Professor Keble and Mr Newman, formed 'an agreement for united exertions, and established a Society,' on the basis of certain propositions enumerated by Mr Percival.

sters of the first church were not ordained by the imposition of hands, nor, that the sacrament was not administered by them; but that the absolute indispensableness of these forms is certainly not to be proved by Scripture. Now, does Mr Newman assert, that thesedoctrines of his party are all to be found in the Bible, or, if they are not, that they are not to be maintained as indispensably necessary to salvation—or at least to the constitution of a Christian Church? He does neither, but contents himself with quibbling about the meaning of the phrase, 'Rule of Faith.' He would insinuate that the point at issue is, whether Scripture have no rule or method to fix interpretation by; and that this is what is intended by his opponents when they press Scripture upon him as the sole rule of faith. It is no doubt folly to pretend that the Bible will explain itself fully and clearly, in all the depth and compass of doctrine, to any one, however ignorant, who will but read it—that its meaning can be always determined without the aid of scholarship, and historical and antiquarian knowledge. But what man of sense ever held such a notion? Which of Mr Newman's opponents ever ascribed this sense to the Article? Nothing is gained towards maintaining his consistency with the Articles, by showing that the Church of England does not countenance this folly. What it does assert is, that however valuable and indispensable helps may be for eliciting the true meaning of Scripture, still there is not a particle of authority in them for establishing a single proposition to be a part of revelation, unless laid down in, or to be inferred directly from Scripture. Subordinate rules are often extremely useful. The Apostles' Creed, the Liturgy, the Articles, all have their value; but they can bind only just so far as they can be made good from Scripture. The Oxford theologians may believe, if they please, that tradition, and the Church are the divine interpreters of Scripture; still, however inspired, they are only *interpreters*, and cannot be alleged as the independent authority for a single new doctrine, without violating the express declaration of the Articles of the Church of England. That the Bible is the sole *norma veritatis*—the *norma normans*, the rule that gives authority to all other rules, the sole oracle of God—this is the great principle of the Reformation. This is the position laid down in the Articles; and Mr Newman knows that it is with positive contradiction to this cardinal truth, that the teaching of his party is accused. What avails it to their cause, therefore, if the words, 'Rule of Faith,' can be used in an absurd, and also in subordinate senses? Why is such a defence set up, except from a feeling that no honest defence is possible; and from a wish to impose upon the unwary the belief, that because, in certain re-

spects, the Bible is not the rule of faith, therefore, there is none in which it stands absolutely and pre-eminently alone? We must hold, then, that by the use of this artifice, Mr Newman has virtually abandoned the attempt of reconciling the tenets of his party with the Articles; and that he must stand convicted of teaching views diametrically opposed to the great central principle of a Church whose doctrines he has solemnly avowed by subscription, and which he as solemnly professes that he abides by, as long as he continues a member of that Church.

The next instance we shall notice of Mr Newman's special pleading, is his explanation of the article on Masses. We must quote the article.—'The offering of Christ once made is that 'perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins 'of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none 'other satisfaction for sin but that alone. Wherefore the sacri-'fice of masses, in the which it was commonly said that the 'priests did offer it for the quick and the dead, to have remis-'sion of pain or guilt, were blasphemous follies and dangerous 'deceits.'—'Nothing can show more clearly,' says Mr Newman, 'than this passage, that the Articles are not written against the 'creed of the Roman Church, but against actual existing errors in 'it, whether taken into its system or not. Here the sacrifice of the 'mass is not spoken of, in which the special question of doctrine 'would be introduced; but "the sacrifice of masses," certain 'observances, for the most part private and solitary, which the 'writers of the Articles saw before their eyes, and knew to have 'been in force in time past, and which involved certain opinions 'and a certain teaching. Accordingly, the passage proceeds— '"in which it *was commonly said*,"—which surely is a strictly 'historical mode of speaking.' Quotations follow, which prove only that there were private and solitary masses; and that they were converted into instruments of gain by the priests. Mr Newman concludes that, 'on the whole, the Article before us neither 'speaks against the mass in itself, nor against its being an offer-'ing for the quick and the dead for the remission of sin; but against 'its being viewed, on the one hand, as independent of, or distinct 'from, the sacrifice on the cross, which is blasphemy; and, on 'the other, its being directed to the emolument of those to whom 'it pertains to celebrate it, which is imposture in addition.'

It would have been but decent if Mr Newman, before fixing so authoritatively, and with no better reason than the use of the plural *masses*, the precise sense of this Article, and then drawing from it, in so triumphant a tone, a general law for expounding the spirit in which the whole of the Articles were written, had taken the pains to enquire whether the framers of the Articles themselves

could not furnish the means of determining their own meaning. This is obviously what every man would have done, who was sincerely anxious to discover the real sense of, and not to put one of his own upon the Articles. To neglect such an enquiry would be discreditable in ascertaining any merely historical question; how much more so, when the object is to enlighten the conscience as to the nature of a solemn oath that has been taken? That Mr Newman's explanation is untrue, we will prove from the words of the two men, 'by whom,' says Bishop Burnett, 'as is 'most probable, the Articles were prepared,'—Cranmer and Ridley. The former says, 'The greatest *blasphemy* and injury that 'can be against Christ, and yet universally used through the pop-'ish kingdom, is this, that the priests make their *mass* a sacrifice 'propitiatory, to remit the sins as well of themselves as of others, 'both quick and dead, to whom they list to apply the same. 'Thus, under pretence of holiness, the papistical priests have 'taken upon them to be Christ's successors, and to make such an 'oblation and sacrifice as never creature made but Christ alone; 'neither made he the same any more times than once, and that 'was by his death upon the cross.'—(*Book of the Sacrament*, v. i.) Again, 'The offering of the priest in the *mass*, or the appoint-'ing of his ministration, at his pleasure, to them that are quick 'or dead, cannot merit and deserve the remission of sins; but 'such popish doctrine is contrary to the doctrine of the gospel, 'and injurious to the sacrifice of Christ; for if *only* the death of 'Christ be the oblative sacrifice and price wherefore our sins are 'pardoned, then the act or ministration of the priest cannot have 'the same office. Wherefore it is an abominable blasphemy to 'give that office or dignity to a priest, which pertaineth only to 'Christ; or to affirm that the Church hath need of any such 'sacrifice; as, who should say, that Christ's sacrifice was not suf-'ficient for the remission of our sins, or else, that his sacrifice 'should depend upon the sacrifice of a priest.'—(v. 6.) Again, as if foreseeing Mr Newman's quibble, he says, 'The Papists, 'to excuse themselves, do say that they make no new sacrifice, 'nor any other sacrifice than Christ made.'—(v. 7.) Similarly the Council of Trent declares, that Christ indeed ordered his disciples to offer him up, but that still there would be only one priest; and that the newly instituted sacrifice, the unbloody, was the same with the original one, the bloody. Again, 'When the 'old fathers called *the mass or supper of the Lord* a sacrifice, they 'meant that it was a sacrifice of lauds and thanksgiving, and so 'as well the people as the priest do sacrifice; or else, that it was 'a remembrance of the very true sacrifice propitiatory of Christ. 'But they meant in no wise that it is a very true sacrifice

'for sin, and applicable by the priest to the quick and dead.'—(v. 16.)

Just as explicit is Ridley. In the protestation that he made in 1555, in the public schools at Oxford, before the Royal Commissioners, in answer to the third proposition asserted by the Roman Catholics, namely, 'In missa est vivificum ecclesiæ sacrificium 'pro peccatis tam vivorum quam mortuorum propitiabile;'—he answered—'Eam non solum esse erroneam, sed adeo quoque esse 'mortis et passionis Christi derogativam, ut non immerito in pre-'tiosissimum Christi sanguinem *blasphema* censeri et possit et 'debeat.' Then follows the 'Explicatio,' in which he speaks of the *Missa Romanensis* and its sacrifice as unmentioned in Scripture; and then in the 'Confirmation,' proves that there is no sacrifice in the mass, in the same way precisely as the 'Article,'—because the one oblation on the cross has made all others unnecessary. Again, in the 'Treatise against Transubstan-'tiation,' he says, 'That in the use of the *Latin mass*, the sacrament 'of the blood is abused when it is denied to the laity. If, then, he '(the priest) will say, the sacrament of the blood is not to be re-'ceived without the offering up and sacrificing thereof unto God the 'Father, both for the quick and the dead, and no man may make 'oblation of Christ's blood unto God but a priest, and therefore 'the priest, and that but in his mass only, may receive the sacra-'ment of the blood—and call ye this *mysterium fidei?* alas, alas! 'I fear me this is, before God, *mysterium iniquitatis.* To speak 'of this oblation, how much it is injurious unto Christ's passion; 'how it cannot, but with high blasphemy, and heinous arrogance, 'and intolerable pride, be claimed of any man, and how plainly 'it repugneth unto the manifest words, the true sense and mean-'ing of Holy Scripture in many places, especially in the Epistle 'to the Hebrews,' &c.—(The passage referred to in the Article.)

Here, then, we have the authors of the Articles giving their own explanation, and that contradictory to Mr Newman's, on every point. They do not speak of private and solitary *masses*, but *the mass*—they treat of it as a sacrifice for the remission of sins of the quick and the dead—they prove that it is no sacrifice, by the same identical proof as that given in the Article—without reference to its being made a means of gain, they pronounce it blasphemy: it must irresistibly follow, that whosoever holds the *mass* to be a sacrifice for the quick and the dead, for the remission of sin, is holding the opinion which the framers of the Article, and from the precise similarity of the language, the Article itself, pronounce to be blasphemous. The third proposition, supported by the Romanists against Ridley, makes it clear beyond dispute, that it is not some masses, but *the mass*, which

is all along in question. Mr Newman, it is true, does not expressly say, that he believes the mass is a sacrifice for the remission of sins; but he shows the same disingenuousness here that pervades the whole of this Tract, by insinuating doctrines to which he does not directly commit himself, but which it is plain are the very doctrines that his followers suppose him to hold, and which he is anxious to show *may* be held along with subscription to the Articles.

Mr Newman's use of verbal subtleties and nice distinctions exhibits itself in others of his comments. Thus, though the eleventh Article lays down, that 'we are justified 'by faith 'alone,' we are, however, assured that we are also 'justified 'by works alone, though in a different sense;' whereby the second cardinal principle of Protestantism, which Luther so strenuously maintained against the Romanists, along with the paramount authority of Scripture, is either evaded or disparaged —and also, that we are 'justified by Baptism alone,'—though it is hard to see where the ground for this condition is found in the New Testament; and how the faith required by the Article can exist in an infant of a day old. Again, we are reminded that it is the *Romanist* doctrine only of purgatory, indulgences, worshipping and adoration of relics, and invocation of saints, which is condemned by Article twenty-second,—'that there was a pri-'mitive doctrine on all these points, that may well be entertained 'as a matter of opinion by a theologian now,' of course by a Church of England one—'that the invocation of unseen beings 'is allowable, because the Psalms call upon the angels to praise 'the Lord,' as indeed they do upon the dews, frosts, whales, &c.; that, as 'the Homilist exclaimed, "Oh heaven! oh earth! oh 'seas!" we shall certainly not be making fond invocations when 'we mean nothing definite by them, addressing them to beings 'which we *know* cannot hear, and using them as interjections.' Further, we are taught that the five rites of confirmation, penance, orders, matrimony, and extreme unction, 'are not denied by 'Article twenty-five to be sacraments, but to be sacraments in *the* '*sense* in which Baptism and the Lord's Supper are sacraments; 'sacraments of the Gospel, sacraments with an outward sign, or-'dained of God.' Mr Newman adds, 'they are not sacraments in '*any* sense, unless the Church has the power of dispensing grace 'through rites of its appointment, or is endued with the gift of 'blessing and hallowing the rites or ceremonies, which, according 'to the twentieth Article, it hath power to decree. But we may 'well believe that the Church has this gift. If, then, a sacra-'ment be merely an outward sign of an invisible grace given 'under it, the five rites may be sacraments.'

Here a serious question of doctrine is raised, directly affecting the writer's agreement with the Church of England. It is undeniable that the word 'sacrament' has been freely used in a great variety of senses. It was commonly applied to any 'emblematical 'action of a sacred import;' or, as the Homily expresses it, 'to 'any thing whereby a holy thing is signified.' In this sense it is perfectly true, that the five rites in question may be rightly called sacraments; but so may a hundred other things besides;—as kneeling in prayer, uncovering the head in church, and the like. But this is not the meaning to which Mr Newman limits the word as applicable to other than the two ceremonies appointed by the Saviour. Whilst he admits that these last alone can be called sacraments of the Gospel, he claims for the Church a power of appointing sacraments substantially the same as those instituted by Christ. He reduces the difference between them to the mere absence of a direct divine appointment. But the substantial virtue, the possession of a specific blessing attached to a specific outward form, is, according to this explanation, as effectually bestowed by the Church as by Christ. Had our reformers held this opinion, they could not have framed the Article in its present form. They could not have said, that they 'had not like nature 'of sacraments with Baptism and the Lord's Supper.' If Mr Newman will content himself with the sense that he quotes from the Homilies—'that whereby any holy thing is signified,'—we find no fault with the application of the term 'sacrament' to these or any other rites: only, then, we do not see why a word bearing meanings so essentially distinct in nature, and yet so easily confounded, should be used. But, if by sacrament, Mr Newman means a rite whereby a great and peculiar spiritual blessing is attached to one fixed outward form, and asserts for the Church the power to select this form, and endow it with this grace, then he is giving it like nature of sacraments with those of the Gospel, and is violating the spirit of this Article.

Thus far we have seen how Mr Newman, by the help of a dexterous use of words, tries to evade the tone and deny the spirit of the Articles which he has subscribed. We shall now show that he can venture to do much greater things. No Jesuit ever taught the art of breaking through the most solemn pledges more palpably, than is done in the comment on the twenty-first Article. We will quote the whole of this extraordinary section; for it well deserves the serious consideration of every man who is anxious for the preservation of truth and honour amongst English gentlemen; and we would not for the world that any portion of the spirit it breathes should be impaired by curtailment.—'General

'Councils,' says the Article, 'may not be gathered together 'without the commandment and will of princes. And when they 'be gathered together, (forasmuch as they be an assembly of 'men, whereof all be not governed with the spirit and word of 'God,) they may err, and sometimes have erred, even in things 'pertaining unto God. Wherefore things ordered by them as 'necessary to salvation, have neither strength nor authority, un-'less it may be declared that they be taken out of Holy Scripture.' On this we have the following comment:—'That great bodies 'of men of different countries may not meet together without the 'sanction of their rulers is plain, from the principles of civil 'obedience and of primitive practice. That when met together, 'though Christians, they will not be all ruled by the spirit or 'word of God, is plain from our Lord's parable of the net, and 'from melancholy experience. That bodies of men deficient in 'that respect may err, is a self-evident truth, *unless*, indeed, they 'be favoured with some divine superintendence, which has to be 'proved before it can be admitted. General councils then may 'err, *unless*, in any case, it is promised as a matter of express 'supernatural privilege that they shall *not* err; a case which lies 'beyond the scope of this Article, or at any rate beyond its deter-'mination. Such a promise, however, *does* exist, in cases where 'general councils are not only gathered together according to the '"commandment and will of princes," but *in the name of Christ*, 'according to our Lord's promise. The Article merely contem-'plated the human prince, not the King of saints. While coun-'cils are a thing of earth, their infallibility, of course, is not 'guaranteed; when they are a thing of heaven, their deliberations 'are overruled, and their decrees authoritative. In such cases, 'they are *Catholic* councils; and it would seem, from passages 'which will be quoted in section XI., that the Homilies recog-'nize four, or even six, as bearing this character. Thus Catholic 'or Œcumenical councils are general councils, and something 'more. Some general councils are Catholic, and others are not. 'Nay, as even Romanists grant, the same councils may be partly 'Catholic, partly not. If Catholicity be thus a *quality* found at 'times in general councils, rather than the *differentia* belonging 'to a certain class of them, it is still less surprising that the Article 'should be silent about it. What these *conditions* are which fulfil 'the notion of a gathering "in the name of *Christ*," in the case 'of a particular council, it is not necessary here to determine. 'Some have included, among these conditions, the subsequent 'reception of its decrees by the Universal Church; others a 'ratification by the Pope. Another of these conditions, however, 'the Article goes on to mention; namely, that in points necessary

'to salvation, a council should prove its decrees by Scripture. 'St Gregory Nazianzen well illustrates the consistency of this 'Article with a belief in the infallibility of Œcumenical councils, 'by his own language on the subject on different occasions. In 'the following passage he anticipates the Article—"My mind is, 'if I must write the truth, to keep clear of every conference of 'bishops; for of conference never saw I good come, or a remedy, 'so much as an increase of evils; for there is strife and ambition, 'and these have the upper hand of reason," *Ep.* 55. Yet, on 'the other hand, he speaks of "the Holy Council in Nicæa, and 'that band of chosen men whom the Holy Ghost brought to-'gether," *Orat.* 21.

We would beg every honourable, every unbiassed man who reads this paragraph, to ask of himself how he would describe it. For our parts we dare not give expression to our feelings. Here is a man, who, on being ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, swore in the most public, the most positive, the most sacred manner, that he believed that General Councils, without the least hint of any exception, may err, in things pertaining to God, and deliberately declaring that some General Councils are infallible. What man after this need hesitate to take any oath, however repugnant to his sentiments, if he may without breach of conscience afterwards insert any exception he chooses? What but the terrors of a court of law, that judges only by the letter, need ever bind a man down to keep, not his promise only, but his oath? What Jesuit needs scruple to uphold the morality of mental reservations, if Mr Newman's exception is moral? Let us suppose some Roman Catholic to have taken the oath of allegiance to the Queen, and to have been afterwards detected in a conspiracy against her throne and her life, and let us suppose such an one to be asked, how he reconciled his treason with his oath; why should he not answer that his oath was intended to be kept only when his duty to the King of kings did not require otherwise, and that the duty of dethroning heretics, when practicable, was a real, though unexpressed exception to his oath? What would be the feeling of all England on hearing such an answer? Why, both in past and present ages, have such mental reservations excited the detestation and abhorrence of all men? Why have all respectable Catholics been so extremely vehement of late years in disclaiming the least participation in them? Because they are loaded with the guilt of falsehood in its most heinous form; because they insert, after the promise, exceptions unexpressed at the time it was made—exceptions contradicting the very words of the pledge given—deceiving the imposer of the pledge—and destroying all confidence in the honour

and good faith of mankind. And where is the difference between the mental reservation of the Jesuit and the exception of Mr Newman? In principle there is none whatever. They both alike are violations of the cardinal rule for the observance of engagements, that they are to be kept in the sense with which he who gives the promise believes the other to impose it. They vitiate the pledge given, and convert it into an instrument of deceit. Indeed we greatly wonder that an English clergyman, admired by a large party, and pretending to be a reviver of holiness and Christian principle, should thus teach his followers how to say one thing and mean another. Had Mr Newman boldly proclaimed that he did not agree with the Article, his offence would have been much less. But to differ from the Article, and then to endeavour to persuade honest and scrupulous consciences that they may lawfully and religiously swear they agree with the Article, yet by means of an arbitrary and unexpressed exception, may believe just the contrary, is something which we will not characterize as it deserves. But let us look a little at the sophistry, and worse than sophistry of the comment. *Unless*, says the Tract, in any case, it is promised as a matter of express supernatural privilege that they shall *not* err—a case which lies beyond the scope of this Article, or at any rate beyond its determination. Well may he say 'at any rate,' because the most ignorant person knows that our Articles were framed by men who were protesting against the Church of Rome; and that the co-ordination of General Councils with Scripture, as a test of infallible truth, was one of the things they most differed from. But, then, 'such a case is beside the Article's determination.' Be it so, but who compels you to sign the Article if you think it wrong or presumptuous? Retire from the Church, and you may honestly plead this objection; but by signing the Articles, as long as you are a teacher in the Church, pertinently or impertinently, *you* decide as well as the Articles, that General Councils may err. Mr Newman next gives a reason for his heresy. 'A promise of 'our Lord's,' he says, 'does exist, that when gathered together in 'his name, General Councils do not err.' Where does he find this promise? In tradition, or in the Bible? His words point pretty plainly to the latter. Is it possible he can mean, that when 'two or three are gathered together in Christ's name,' there—there is an infallible General Council? 'But,' says he, 'the Ar-'ticle contemplates the human prince, not the King of saints.' If so, why was not this limitation expressed? Why did not the Article distinguish in that case between Œcumenical councils and others? Whereas the statement is universal. 'Well, at any rate,' he rejoins, 'the Homilies recognize four, if not six, as bearing

'this character; namely, of being Catholic with guaranteed infal-'libility.' To make out this assertion, he cites such quotations from the Homilies as one could hardly believe to come from so acute a man. 'Constantine, Bishop of Rome,' quotes he, 'assem-'bled a council of Bishops of the West, and did condemn Phi-'lippicus *the Emperor*, and John, Bishop of Constantinople, of 'the *heresy of the Monothelites*, not without a cause indeed, but '*very justly*.' Again, 'those six councils *which were allowed and* '*received of all men!!!*' Of a piece with this palpable sophistry is the winding up of the section, as if Gregory could not have believed the men of the council of Nicæa to have been brought together by the Holy Ghost, without also holding them to be infallible.

We think our readers must, by this time, understand pretty thoroughly the nature of Mr Newman's explanation of the Articles. Need we ask what their opinion of it is, and whether our designation of it is borne out? If his object has been to show how an ingenious and subtle advocate may put any meaning he pleases upon words; if he has wished to display how cleverly he could play the part of a pleader, who cares not what quibbles he utters, what perversions of language he offers to a jury, so that he but gets his client off, then he must be owned to have been successful; but is this mode of proceeding to be made the standard of truth in the gravest matters of life? Is there an English gentleman who would not think it a grievous calumny to have it said of him, that he kept his promises by such a rule? Are all the most solemn obligations in life to be entered into with the understanding that *any* observance of them, which the subtlety and dexterity of a special pleader can adjust to the letter, shall be deemed an honourable and satisfactory fulfilment? Words have no longer any fixed meaning; good faith and truth are just as any man may fashion them, if the 'priestly glossing' of this Tract does not meet with indignant reprobation. And strange, too, that it should come from the author of the 'History of the Arians,' a work in which the imposition of creeds is defended, as 'necessary to satisfy the 'intellect,'—'to restrain it from spontaneous aberrations,' 'as 'excluding heresy,' 'as fixing and stimulating the Christian 'spirit,' 'as tranquillizing the mind,' 'as concentrating the gen-'eral spirit of Scripture,—so as to give security to the Church, 'as far as may be, that the subscriber takes the peculiar view of 'it, that alone is the true one.' How many of these edifying uses of creeds Mr Newman's method and principles of signing would secure for the country, we will not pretend to determine; certain we are, however, that with Mr Newman for an advocate,

we should feel small danger in subscribing them without reading them.

We shall probably be met with the question,—'What, then, is 'every one who subscribes the Articles, obliged to agree with the 'most minute statement contained in them, interpreted in its 'original and fairest sense?' We frankly answer, No. It is impossible that so extensive a document, embracing such a vast number of propositions, varying in importance from the highest principles of religion to mere details of ordinary life, should have remained unaltered for centuries, and yet continue to be in entire harmony with the opinions of men; that the progress of thought and knowledge, the advances made in history, antiquity, criticism, &c., should have left untouched all and each of its many statements. It is an evil very much to be deplored that the Articles, no more than the University statutes, the observance of which is equally enforced upon oath, are not brought in unison with the times. But since it is not so—since men are still called upon to pledge themselves to them in their ancient and unaltered form—the only way in which we conceive it possible for an honest man to justify the act to his conscience is, to satisfy himself that he thoroughly and unreservedly assents to their essential spirit; and that he does not differ from them but upon points which may be departed from without breaking away from the fundamental truths which they lay down as the constitutive principles of the Church of England. Had Mr Newman pursued this course, his task would have been an honourable, if not an easy one. But it did not suit his purpose to do so; for to maintain, in a really upright and straightforward tone of mind, the substantial agreement of the tenets of his school with the doctrines of the Articles, would be impossible. He was acute enough to perceive that verbal agreement with the letter, however strained, however nominal, however much it perverted the real meaning, would be readily embraced by minds in which the love of truth was either originally too weak, or had been too much perverted by habitual sophistry, to make them willing to pay the price at which alone they could consistently and honestly hold their opinions within the Church of England. Mr Newman's offence lies in the attempt to pass off *his interpretation*, on scrupulous consciences, as the *genuine sense* of the Articles. This it is which shocks us, as being destructive of public morality, and one of the worst forms of falsehood. It is very distressing, doubtless, that any man should subscribe to any thing that he does not assent to; it is a most cruel position in which to leave the clergy. But the man who publicly avows his dissent from any statement; who neither hides it from himself

nor from others; and defends himself on the ground that, to the best of his belief, he cordially embraces and maintains *all the vital spirit*, the *essential principles* of what he has pledged his faith to; is morally, before God and man, a totally different person from one who knowingly perverts the sense of the Articles to suit his own views; and who, when he finds others with more of the love of truth in their hearts, distressed with doubts, tries to persuade them to join in the same falsifying interpretations with himself. Such a man is the open enemy of truth. The plea, that to adhere to the spirit of the Articles is a vague rule, affords no excuse for such a man. It is, grieved are we to say it, a vague rule: let the blame rest with those who will have the Church of England administered by no other. Let it be construed with all possible liberality. Let a man but show that he has taken pains to ascertain its spirit; let it be evident that he has not forgotten common honesty in his wish to reconcile his opinions with those of his Church; and however much we may think that he has missed the true character of the creed he interprets, we should be the last to pass a harsh judgment on him. But there are solutions to which nothing but fanaticism or moral obliquity of mind would stoop.

Some there are who look favourably on the 'Tracts for the 'Times,' because they afford ready and very effectual weapons against dissent; others feel, that in them much ability, much learning is often displayed; and that many truths, neglected for years, are revived and developed with eloquence and zeal. But we would call upon such men calmly and impartially to review the position they stand in; and thoroughly to explore the nature and tendency of these Pieces, ere they further commit themselves to support them. Let 'Tract Ninety' be a warning to them of the relation in which they are placed to the Articles. If you are sincerely convinced that his opinions are true, then we ask you, whether you adopt Mr Newman's *morality?* Are you content to remain in the Church on the same terms with him? Are you willing that *his* explanation of his consistency should be reckoned *yours* also? Are you prepared to stake your character for truth and honour on *his* defence of the honesty of holding his views, whilst professing, by the most solemn of assertions, that the doctrines of the Articles are yours also? Nay, much more, are you ready to declare to yourselves, in the sanctuary of your consciences, and in the presence of God, that you are speaking truth, and acting truth in subscribing the Articles? If you are prepared to say so, then we are certain that nothing we can say

farther will avail aught with you; but if you are not, then be assured that what Mr Newman has failed in, no one else will be able to accomplish. You will never have a more skilful or acute advocate. If he has found himself unable to bring his doctrines into harmony with the letter of his creed, without evasion, subterfuge, and mental reservation, the cause will not admit of being defended with truth. We do not ask you to abandon what you really hold to be right. Leave the Church of England, and you will retain the respect of all men. Remember, that upwards of two thousand of the Presbyterians, whom Mr Newman's school look upon as so vile, preferred, on one and the same day, to forfeit their worldly interests rather than their honesty. Remember the Non-Jurors, if their example weighs more with you. But if you think the main principles of the Church of England right, then reflect that you cannot serve two masters; and so act that your integrity and sincerity may be approved to all men; and that you may be able to ask for God's blessing on your righteous dealing.

There are not a few, who think Mr Newman so good a man, that they blindly adopt whatever he says without further enquiry. Indeed, we are told on all sides, that these Oxford theologians are pre-eminent for piety and goodness. Now, we would have all such persons consider, whether by such unreflecting adoration, they are not setting up goodness in a sense opposed to morality. This is one of the most dangerous mistakes; it first destroys the foundation of our moral judgments, and ends in pure fanaticism—the accounting evil good, and good evil. The deadliest effect of fanaticism, is the subversion of the moral principle. It overthrows the equilibrium of the moral and religious sentiments; and produces a character capable of the greatest crimes under the sacred names of religion and morality. It is a vulgar error, and one common to all religions, to mistake religious zeal for piety. Judged by this standard, the Jews must have been very pious and good men; for they had a 'godly zeal,' says one who knew them well. So must also Saul; for where shall we find a soul stirred by such deep religious convictions as that of the persecuting, blaspheming Saul, as painted to us by his own hand? The zealots of the Inquisition, the exterminating Mahometans, must be held forth as models of transcendant piety; for where was there ever zeal more ardent, belief more sincere? But what said the Saviour? He said of those on whom he pronounced his severest judgments, that, whilst following their evil courses, they shall think they are doing God service. Saul, when his eyes were opened to see

the truth, called himself 'a blasphemer, persecutor, and injuri-'ous;' and in one of his letters, as if he foresaw this inveterate propensity of some to confound zeal with piety—especially when accompanied by mortification and self-denial—he declares, that a man may give all his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burned, and it still shall profit him nothing. In a Christian man, what else is goodness but the being like God, and the having those qualities which we ascribe to God in the highest perfection? And what are they but truth, justice, mercy, and love? Morality, indeed, is not religion; but religion is never immoral. What avail austerities, boundless charities, or burning zeal, if truth is despised; if there is no love for it in the heart; if party ends and opinions are preferred to it? These things furnish a far stronger presumption against intrinsic goodness than the former do in its favour. Nor is it truth alone that this school esteem of small moment; nor is this the first time that Mr Newman has exhibited traits of the same character that distinguish this Tract. He took a prominent part in that persecution of Dr Hampden, respecting which Archbishop Whately so excellently remarks—'If persons professing 'an almost unbounded reverence for ecclesiastical rulers, as such, 'and by virtue of their office, are yet found treating with all pos-'sible contumely any individuals of them who refuse to join a 'certain party; and if, though extolling Church authority and 'unity to the highest degree, they are found taking the most ef-'fectual steps to engender schism, by assembling in self-elected 'synods to denounce their brethren as heretics—rejecting all 'appeal to regular ecclesiastical authorities—and appealing in-'stead to an assembly, lawfully constituted indeed in reference to 'its own department, but possessing no more right to decide on 'a charge of heresy than is possessed by a court-martial—if such 'glaring inconsistencies as these are exhibited between men's 'professed principles and their practice, they need not be sur-'prised should it be doubted whether their professions are any 'thing more than a mere pretence.'

Mr Newman was known to be the author of certain elucidations professing to illustrate Dr Hampden's opinions. Whilst making quotations to prove that Dr Hampden's writings would afford shelter to Socinians—and that he 'considered the 'doctrine of the Trinity, as held by himself, to be but one of 'the infinite theories which might be formed from the facts of 'the Scripture revelation'—Mr Newman could leave out such a sentence as the following, though standing immediately before the one with which his extract begins:—'The truth itself of the 'Trinitarian doctrine emerges from these mists of human specu-'lation, like the bold naked land on which an atmosphere of fog

s for a while rested, and then been dispersed,' *—shall we be
ught harsh for saying, that we cannot think highly of the
dness of a man who could so act by a brother upon his trial?
od actions do not always imply a religious state of the heart;
there can be no practice more dangerous to a man's own
nciples and character—none more likely to defeat the great
which religion has in view—than the habit of blindly wor-
pping some idol of piety in another, and of never heeding the
ality of the actions that proceed from him, because conscience
s been so paralyzed as never to have questioned whether they
uld possibly be evil.

There is one class of persons to whose careful perusal we par-
ularly recommend 'Tract Ninety.' In the last session of Par-
ment, the Bishop of London and others signalized themselves
their opposition to a proposal for revising the Formu-
ries of the Church. The learned Prelate said on that occa-
on, that he had never had the misfortune to meet with a
ingle clergyman who did not express his readiness to subscribe
he whole of the Articles. 'I, for one,' continued he, 'should
think I was eating the bread of the Church unworthily, if I were
to subscribe to any Articles which I did not implicitly believe.'
The Bishop has been fortunate, indeed, as yet; but he cannot now
avoid encountering a greater misfortune than *unwillingness* in a
clergyman to sign the Articles. This Tract tells him, that there
is not one clergyman, but many, who sign the Articles and
knowingly hold opinions that contradict them; who not only eat
the bread of the Church unworthily, but, which is infinitely worse,
corrupt the probity and good faith of the clergy. It tells the
Bishop, that he may impose the most absolute assertions on his
clergy; that they may be assented to, and at the same time
annulled by the help of unexpressed exceptions. This is a matter
which calls for the most vigorous measures from the rulers and
guardians of the Church. They ought to perceive, that the resist-
ance to reasonable modifications of the Articles, accustom men to
laxity in their mode of interpreting them; and prevent explana-
tions like that before us from being met with the indignation
they deserve. There can be no stronger argument for a revisal
than this Tract; for it is plain that no one would have dared to
publish it, had it not been felt that there existed in the public
mind a sympathy in favour of a more than liberal construction
of subscription. Public morality is deeply concerned in the
final issue. The Church authorities cannot sit still and be
guiltless.

* Bam. Lec., p. 147.

Since writing the foregoing observations—a task performed more hastily than we could have wished—we have been much gratified by learning that the following Resolution has been passed at Oxford:—'A meeting of the Vice-Chancellor, Heads of 'Houses, and Proctors, in the Delegates' Room, (March 15, 1841,) Considering that it is enjoined in the statutes of the 'University, that every student shall be instructed and examined 'in the Thirty-nine Articles, and shall subscribe to them; con-'sidering, also, that a Tract has recently appeared, dated from 'Oxford, and entitled, "Remarks on certain passages in the "Thirty-nine Articles," being Number Ninety of the Tracts for 'the Times, a series of anonymous publications purporting to 'be written by members of the University, but which are in 'no way sanctioned by the University itself— Resolved, that 'modes of interpretation such as are suggested in the same tract, 'evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine 'Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adop-'tion of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat 'the object, and are inconsistent with the due observance of the 'above-mentioned statutes.'

This is an excellent Resolution, and bespeaks in the Heads of Houses a wise and just care for the honour and character of the University. But we fear that it will not be sufficient to effect its purpose. The Tract party, we understand, openly give out that the Board of Heads in no way represents the University, and is totally unauthorized to declare its opinion or judgment. They consider the Resolution as setting forth the opinion of a certain number of private persons only, and binding on no one who happens to differ from them. We are not prepared to say whether this view is correct or not, according to Academical Law; but it is clear that as long as it is entertained, Mr Newman's disciples will not think themselves prevented by the Resolution of the Heads from entering the University, or holding offices in it. It is very important, therefore, that the University should, by some clear and indisputable act, declare that no man who adopts Mr Newman's interpretation of the Articles can become, or continue a member of its body. And, independently of the questions of morality involved in Mr Newman's explanations, there are very urgent reasons for some official declaration being made on this subject. If such a mode of interpretation is admissible, the problem of the admission of dissenters to the Universities is practically solved. Its flank is turned. The same processes which enable Mr Newman's party to get over its difficulties in subscribing to the Articles, will help each body of Dissenters to get over theirs. There will be no im-

pediment whatever in the way of any Dissenter presenting himself for matriculation, and taking degrees; if he can but conform to that which requires attendance at the college chapels. We do not know whether a Roman Catholic could do this; but certainly the Articles will oppose no difficulty to him. It is not so hard for a Romanist to sign the Article respecting the jurisdiction of the Pope, as for the Tract party to agree to the Article on General Councils. It will be quite easy for the Catholic to say that the Pope has no jurisdiction, 'unless it is promised, in any 'case, as a matter of express supernatural privilege' that he shall have any;—'a case which lies beyond the scope of the Article, or at any rate besides its jurisdiction;' and then, with Dr Wiseman, he will quote the texts which give this supernatural privilege to the Pope. As a matter of practical life, therefore, the Dissenters have a right to be told authoritatively whether they may adopt Mr Newman's method, and send their sons to Oxford. By leaving the question where it now is, Dissenters with tender consciences will lose the benefit of a college education: whilst those who are unscrupulous may disregard the Articles, the Bishop of Exeter, and all the other exclusionists, with impunity.

Mr Newman has also addressed a 'Letter to the Reverend 'Dr Jelf, in explanation of "Tract Ninety,"' We regret very much that want of time and room prevents us from doing more than notice one or two points in it. To say the least, it makes the case no better than it was before. The first part is occupied with establishing a distinction, to which much importance is attached, between the formal 'decrees' of the Church of Rome on the one hand, and its 'authoritative teaching,' 'the doctrine 'of the Schools,' 'its received and established creed,' on the other; and the Thirty-nine Articles are represented as speaking, not 'of certain accidental practices, but of a *body* and *substance* of di-'vinity, and that traditionary, an existing ruling spirit and 'view in the Church.' It would appear from this account that there is nothing wrong in the fundamental principles of the Church of Rome; that 'the one doctrine, which more than an-'other characterizes the present Church of Rome, and on which 'all its obnoxious tenets depend, the doctrine of its *infallibility*, 'is nowhere embodied in its formal decrees;' and that, consequently, as far as these last are concerned, there is no reason why a Protestant should not return into communion with that Church. It is indeed admitted, that its 'present authoritative 'teaching goes very far to substitute another Gospel for 'the true one;' but this, it would seem, need not necessarily exclude union with it, any more than the fact, were it so. But the Bishops, Professors, and other teachers in the Church

of England, being Arminians, would be a compulsory reason on the Calvinists to secede, particularly as there is in 'our own 'church a traditionary system, as well as the Roman, beyond and 'beside the letter of its formularies, and ruled by a spirit far infe-'rior to its own.' If this is so, the Reformation becomes more than ever an act of lawless violence; the persisting in this state of rebellion must be unjustifiable; and it must be the duty of every good Catholic, whether he chance to find himself within the society of Rome or the Church of England, to act in the spirit of Pierre D'Ailli and Chancellor Gerson, to strive for the reformation of the great common mother, *the* Church; and to bring her practice and her teaching up to her theory and her established decrees. The infallibility of the Pope will give no trouble. It will only be necessary to maintain with the Prelates of the Councils of Constance and Basle, 'that a General Council is the Church—'that as such it is infallible; that Popes have erred in matters 'regarding, (1.) Faith. (2.) The extirpation of schism. (3.) The 'reformation of the Church.' All these propositions the Tract party have adopted; and little more than the practical enforcement of them is required to heal the schism of the Reformation. But all this makes nothing for Mr Newman's defence. This is attempted in the latter part of the letter. Two pleas are set up. One is, 'that it may not be supposed utterly unlawful to allow a 'comprecation with the saints, as Bramhall does; or to hold with 'Andrewes that, taking away the doctrine of transubstantiation 'from the mass, we shall have no dispute about the sacrifice; 'or, with Hooker, to treat even transubstantiation as an opin-'ion which by itself need not cause separation; or to hold 'with Hammond, that no general council, truly such, ever 'did, or shall err in any matter of faith,' &c. &c. This argument might prove of some service to Mr Newman, if it were proposed to visit harshly upon him a partial disagreement with the Articles. He might then urge, with some show of justice, that divines of great reputation have not always been thoroughly orthodox; and that it would be hard, therefore, to call him too severely to account for any discrepancy which might be detected between his views and the doctrine of the Articles. But it is quite another, and a monstrous thing to say, that the very point wherein any celebrated divine has deviated from the Articles, shall be made the standard of interpretation of those Articles. In that case, they must have a thousand senses; or rather no sense at all. That Hammond held several councils to be infallible, only shows that Hammond was unorthodox; but does not furnish the smallest atom of proof that the Article meant that general councils *cannot* err, when it asserted that they *may*. It is this Article that con-

demns Hammond, not Hammond that supplies the rule for interpreting the Article. The second plea is, that 'the view of the 'Articles conveyed in extracts made from Bull, Stillingfleet, Laud, 'and Taylor, allows of much greater freedom in the private opin-'ions of individuals subscribing them than I, (Mr N.) have 'contended for.' Now, what is this view? That the Articles are 'pious opinions, fitted for the preservation of peace and uni-'ty;' '*that no man is obliged to believe them*, but only not to con-'tradict them;' and that the Church of England 'only bindeth 'her sons for peace' sake not to oppose them.' It is a very singular fact that Mr Newman should have known of this view of the Articles—a view which allows of an honourable and honest subscription to statements from which the subscriber dissents—and have rejected it for that which he has published; and then that he should quote it in excuse for his own. Whether Bishop Bull is right in thinking that subscription does not of necessity imply agreement with the Articles, is a question which the rulers of the Church must determine; but it is perfectly obvious, that a man who believes that he is not pledging himself to the truth of what he is signing, and that they who demand the subscription of him understand it in the same way that he does, may, without breach of truth, differ from the Articles, and continue a member of the Church. But has Mr Newman adopted this view? Very far from it. Had he done so, we should have spoken of him in quite another tone. On the contrary, he has proceeded all along upon the supposition that he is not at liberty to disagree with the Articles. He confesses that he wrote this Tract expressly for the sake of some of his followers, who felt uncomfortable at their disagreement with them, and were preparing to leave the Church in consequence. These persons thought themselves bound by the sense of the Articles. Mr Newman does not say a word to disturb the propriety of this notion. He writes all along on the supposition that a subscriber honestly believes that he holds the sense of the Articles. The problem he has to solve, is to reconcile the tenets of his party with them. And how does he set to work? A truthful man would first have determined what the Articles really mean, and then have decided afterwards whether he could honestly remain in the Church, or must secede from it. Mr Newman's method is different. His plan is to make the Articles give out the sense which he has previously settled to put upon them; and to this end he operates upon them with every device which the keenest subtlety can contrive. And then, whenever these devices fail, against the explicit and positive statement of the Article, he is obliged to fall back on the unworthy expedient of an unexpressed exception absolutely contradictory of the asser-

tion openly made. And all this he presumes to be done in entire good faith by the subscriber; both towards his own conscience, in giving what he, with no small effrontery, calls '*their one legitimate sense*' to the Articles, and towards the Church, in fulfilling the conditions prescribed for ordination. This it is that makes this Tract so offensive—so destructive of public truth and morality. It teaches men to be reckless of what assertions they make—to pledge themselves with indifference to any opinions, however opposed they may be to what they really believe—provided only verbal sophistry and special pleading may enable them to retain hold of the letter. Nay, which is infinitely worse, this Tract would teach them to be persuaded that, in so doing, they are acting the part of honest men—that they are pious and holy worshippers of the God of truth.

No. CXLVIII. will be published in July.

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No. CXLVIII.

ART. I.—*Reuchlin, Geschichte von Port-Royal. Der Kampf des Reformirten und des Jesuistischen Katholicismus. 1ter Band: bis zum tode Angelica Arnauld.*—(*Reuchlin, History of Port-Royal. The Struggle of the Reformed and the Jesuitical Catholicism. 1st vol.: to the death of Angelique Arnauld.*) 8vo. Leipsic: 1839.

ALL religions, and all ages, have their saints; their men of unearthly mould; self-conquerors; sublime even in their errors; not altogether hateful in their very crimes. If a man would understand the dormant powers of his own nature, let him read the *Acta Sanctorum*. Or, if 'too high this price of know-'ledge,' let him at least acquaint himself with the legends of the later heroes of the Gallican Church. Of all ascetics they were the least repulsive. They waged war on dulness with the ardour of Dangeau and St Simon, and with still better success. While macerating their bodies in the cloisters of Port-Royal, they did not cease to be French men and French women of the Augustan age. While practising the monastic virtue of silence, their social spirit escaped this unwelcome restraint, in a body of Memoirs as copious as those which record the splendour and the miseries of Versailles. In a series of volumes, of which the above is the first, the author is about to tell their story in the language (vernacular and erudite) of his country and his times. A rapid sketch of it may be of use in directing the attention of our readers to one of the most remarkable episodes in ecclesiastical history.

He whose journey lies from Versailles to Chevreuse, will soon find himself at the brow of a steep cleft or hollow, intersecting the monotonous plain across which he has been passing. The brook which winds through the verdant meadows beneath him, stagnates into a large pool, reflecting the solitary Gothic arch, the water-mill, and the dovecot, which rise from its banks; with the farm-house, the decayed towers, the forest-trees, and innumerable shrubs and creepers which clothe the slopes of the valley. France has many a lovelier prospect, though this is not without its beauty; and many a field of more heart-stirring interest, though this, too, has been ennobled by heroic daring; but through the length and breadth of that land of chivalry and of song, the traveller will in vain seek a spot so sacred to genius, to piety, and to virtue. That arch is all which remains of the once crowded monastery of Port-Royal. In those woods Racine first learned the language—the universal language—of poetry. Under the roof of that humble farm-house, Pascal, Arnauld, Nicole, De Saci, and Tillemont, meditated those works, which, as long as civilization and Christianity survive, will retain their hold on the gratitude and reverence of mankind. There were given innumerable proofs of the graceful good-humour of Henry the Fourth. To this seclusion retired the heroine of the Fronde, Ann Genevieve, Duchess of Longueville, to seek the peace which the world could not give. Madame de Sevigné discovered here a place 'tout propre à 'inspirer le désir de faire son salut.' From the Petit Trianon and Marly, there came hither to worship God, many a courtier and many a beauty, heart-broken or jaded with the very vanity of vanities—the idolatry of their fellow mortals. Survey French society in the seventeenth century from what aspect you will, it matters not, at Port-Royal will be found the most illustrious examples of whatever imparted to that motley assemblage any real dignity or permanent regard. Even to the mere antiquarian, it was not without a lively interest.

At the eve of his departure to the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre, the good knight, Matthieu de Marli, cast a wistful gaze over the broad lands of his ancestors, and entrusted to his spouse, Mathilde de Garlande, the care of executing some work of piety by which to propitiate the Divine favour, and to insure his safe return. A Benedictine monastery, for the reception of twelve ladies of the Cistertian order, was accordingly erected, in imitation of the cathedral at Amiens, and by the same architect. Four centuries witnessed the gradual increase of the wealth and dignity of the foundation. Prelates of the houses of Sully and Nemours enlarged its privileges. Pope Honorius the III. authorized the celebration of the sacred office within its walls, even

though the whole country should be lying under a papal interdict; and of the host consecrated on the profession of a nun, seven fragments might be solemnly confided to her own keeping, that, for as many successive days, she might administer to herself the holy sacrament. Yet how arrest by spiritual immunities the earthward tendency of all sublunary things? At the close of the reign of Henry IV., the religious ladies of Port-Royal had learned to adjust their 'robes à grandes manches' to the best advantage. Promenades by the margin of the lake relieved the tedium of monastic life. Gayer strains of music than those of the choir, might be heard from the adjacent woods; and if a cavalier from Paris or Chevreuse had chanced to pursue his game that way, the fair musicians were not absolutely concealed nor inexorably silent. So lightly sat the burden of their vows on those amiable recluses, that the gayest courtier might well covet for his portionless daughter the rank of their lady abbess.

Such at least was the judgment of M. Marion. He was advocate-general to Henry IV., and maternal grandfather of Jaqueline Marie Angelique and of Agnes Arnauld. Of the arts to the invention of which the moderns may lay claim, that of jobbing is not one. M. Marion obtained from 'the father of his 'people' the *coadjuterie* of the abbey of Port-Royal for the high-spirited Jaqueline, then in her eighth year; and that of St Cyr for the more gentle Agnes, over whom not more than five summers had passed. The young ladies renounced at once the nursery and the world. A single step conducted them from the leading strings to the veil. Before the completion of her first decade, Angelique, on the death of her immediate predecessor, found herself, in plenary right, the abbess and ruler of her monastery; and, in attestation of her spiritual espousals, assumed the title and the name of the Mère Angelique, by which she has since been celebrated in the annals of the church.

To the church, however, must not be imputed this breach of ecclesiastical discipline. In the ardour of his parental affections, the learned advocate-general was hurried into acts for which he would have consigned a criminal of lower degree to the galleys. He obtained the requisite bulls from Rome by forged certificates of his granddaughter's age; and to this treason against the holy see, Henry himself was at least an accessary after the fact. Hunting in the valley of Port-Royal, the gay monarch trespassed on the precincts of the sacred enclosure. To repel the royal intruder, a child, bearing in her hand the crosier, which bespoke her high conventual rank, issued from the gates of the abbey at the head of a solemn procession of nuns, and rebuked her sovereign with all the majesty of an infant Ambrose. Henry laughed

and obeyed. Marion's detected fraud would seem to have passed for a good practical joke, and for nothing more. In the result, however, no occurrence ever contributed less to the comedy of life, or formed the commencement of a series of events more grave or touching. It would be difficult or impossible to discover, in the history of the church, the name of any woman who has left so deep an impress of her character on the thoughts and the conduct of the Christian commonwealth.

The family of Arnauld held a conspicuous station among the noblesse of Provence, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In a later age, a member of that house enjoyed the singular honour of at once serving Catharine de Medicis as her procureur-general, and of defeating, sword in hand, at the head of his servants, the force sent to assassinate him on the day of St Bartholomew. Returning to the bosom of the church, which had thus roughly wooed him, he transmitted his fortune and his office to his son, Antoine Arnauld, the husband of Catharine Marion. They were the happy parents of no less than twenty children. Of these the youngest was the great writer who has imparted to the name of Arnauld an imperishable lustre. Five of the daughters of the same house assumed the veil, in the abbey of Port-Royal. Their mother, Catharine Marion, was admitted in her widowhood into that society. Pomponne, the minister of Louis XIV.; Le Maitre, unrivalled among the masters of forensic eloquence in France; and De Saci, the author of the best version of the Holy Scriptures into the French language, were three of her grandsons. Before her death, the venerable matron had seen herself surrounded, in the monastery and the adjoining hermitages, by eighteen of her descendants in the first and second generations; nor until the final dispersion of the sisterhood, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, had the posterity of Antoine and Catharine Arnauld ceased to rule in the house of which the Mère Angelique had, seventy years before, been the renowned reformer.

To those who believe that the psychological distinction of the sexes may be traced to physical causes, and that, where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, those distinctions will for ever disappear, the character of Angelique is less perplexing than to the advocates of the opposite theory. Her understanding, her spirit, and her resolves, were all essentially masculine. She was endued with the various faculties by which man either extorts or wins dominion over his fellow-men;—with address, courage, fortitude, self-reliance, and an unfaltering gaze fixed on objects at once too vast to be measured, and too remote to be discerned but by the all-searching eye of faith. Among the

Israelites of old, she would have assumed the office of Judge; or would have given out oracles in the forests of ancient Germany. Born in the reign, and educated near the court of a Bourbon, the lighter and more gentle elements of her nature found exercise even under the paralysing influences of an ascetic life; for Angelique was gay and light of heart, and St Benedict himself might have forgiven or applauded the playful sallies of his votary. In scaling the heights of devotion, she could call to her own aid, and that of others, all the resources of the most plaintive or impassioned music. To flowers, and the glad face of nature, she gave back their own smiles with a true woman's sympathy. With such literature as might be cultivated within the walls of her convent, she was intimately conversant; and would have eclipsed Madame de Sevigné's epistolary fame, had it been permitted to her to escape from theological into popular topics. Concentrated within a domestic circle, and bestowed on a husband or a child, the affections which she poured out on every human being who claimed her pity, would have burned with a flame as pure and as intense as was ever hymned in poetry or dreamt of in romance. A traveller on the highways of the world, she must have incurred every peril except that of treading an obscure and inglorious path. Immured by superstition in a cloister, she opened the way at once to sublunary fame and to an immortal recompense; and has left an example as dangerous as it may be seductive to feebler minds, who, in a desperate imitation of such a model, should hazard a similar self-devotion.

Angelique, indeed, might be fitted for a nunnery; for such was the strength, and such the sacred harmony of her spirit, that while still a sojourner on earth, she seemed already a denizen of heaven. When a child, she understood as a child; enjoying the sports, the rambles, and the social delights which the habits of Port-Royal had not then forbidden. With advancing years came deeper and more melancholy thoughts. She felt, indeed, (how could she but feel?) the yearnings of a young heart for a world where love and homage awaited her. But those mysteries of our being, of which the most frivolous are not altogether unconscious, pressed with unwonted weight on her. A spouse of Christ; a spiritual mother of those who sustained the same awful character—her orisons, her matins, and her vesper chants, accompanied by unearthly music and by forms of solemn significance; the Gothic pile beneath which she sat enthroned; and the altar where, as she was taught, the visible presence of her Redeemer was daily manifested—all spoke to her of a high destiny, a fearful responsibility, and of objects for which all sublunary ties might well be severed, and a sacrifice wisely made of every selfish feeling. Nor

need a Protestant fear to acknowledge, that on a heart thus consecrated to the service of her Maker, rested the holy influence, familiar to all who meekly adore the great source of wisdom, and reverently acquiesce in his will. As a science, religion consists in the knowledge of the relations between God and man; as a principle, in the exercise of the corresponding affections; as a rule of duty, in the performance of the actions which those affections prescribe. The principle may thrive in healthful life and energy, though the science be ill understood, and the rule imperfectly apprehended. For, after all, the great command is Love; and He from whom that command proceeded, is himself Love; and amidst all the absurdities (for such they were) of her monastic life, Angelique was still conscious of the presence of a Father, and found the guidance of a friend.

When, at the age of eleven years, Angelique became the abbess of Port-Royal, few things were less thought of by the French ladies of the Cistertian order than the rule of their austere founder. During the wars of the League, religion, by becoming a watchword, had almost ceased to be a reality; civil war, the apology for every crime, had debased the national character; and the profligacy of manners which the last generation expiated by their sufferings, may be distinctly paid back to the age of which Davila has written the political, and Bassompierre the social history. Society will still exert a powerful influence even over those by whom it has been abandoned. When Gabrielle d'Etrees reigned at the Louvre, beads were told and masses sung in neighbouring cloisters, by vestals who, in heathen Rome, would have been consigned to a living sepulchre. In a monastery, the spiritual thermometer ranges from the boiling to the freezing point with but few intermediate pauses. From the ecstasies of devotion there is but one step to disgust, and thence to sensuality, for most of those who dare to forego the aids to piety and virtue which divine wisdom has provided in the duties and the affections of domestic life.

While this downward progress was advancing at Port-Royal, it happened that a Capuchin friar sought and obtained permission to preach there. Of the man himself, the chroniclers of the house have left a scandalous report; but they gratefully acknowledge the efficacy of his sermon. Angelique listened, and was converted. Such, at least, is her own statement; and unstirred be all the theological questions connected with it. How deep was the impression on her mind, may be gathered from her own words:—'Often,' she exclaims, 'did I wish to fly a hundred 'leagues from the spot, and never more to see my father, mother, 'or kindred, dearly as I love them. My desire was to live apart

'from every one but God, unknown to any human being, con-
'cealed and humble, with no witness but himself, with no desire
'but to please him.' Her dignity as abbess she now regarded as a burden. Even her projected reforms had lost their interest. To live where her holy aspirations would be thwarted, and where examples of holiness would *not* be found, was to soar to a more arduous, and therefore a more attractive sphere of self-denial. That such fascinations should dazzle a young lady in her seventeenth year, is, it must be confessed, no very memorable prodigy; but to cherish no ineffectual emotions was one of the characteristics of the Mère Angelique, as it is, indeed, of all powerful minds. To abdicate her ecclesiastical rank, and by breathing a tainted moral atmosphere, to nourish by the force of contrast the loftier Christian graces, were purposes ultimately executed, though for awhile postponed. She paused only till the sisterhood of Port-Royal should have acquired, from her example or teaching, that sanctity of manners in which her creed informed her that the perfection of our nature consists. To the elder ladies, the prospect had few charms. But the will of their young abbess prevailed. They laid at her feet their separate possessions, abandoned every secular amusement, and, closing the gates of their monastery against all strangers, retired to that uninterrupted discharge of their spiritual exercises to which their vows had consigned them. Much may be read, in the conventual annals, of the contest with her family to which the Mère Angelique was exposed by the last of these resolutions. On a day, subsequently held in high esteem as the 'Journée du Guichet,' her parents and M. D'Andilly, her eldest brother, were publicly excluded, by her mandate, from the hallowed precincts, despite their reproaches and their prayers, and the filial agonies of her own heart. That great sacrifice accomplished, the rest was easy. Poverty resumed his stern dominion. Linen gave place to the coarsest woollens. Fasting and vigils subdued the lower appetites; and Port-Royal was once more a temple whence the sacrifices of devotion rose with an unextinguished flame to heaven, thence, as it was piously believed, to draw down an unbroken stream of blessings to earth.

Far different were the strains that arose from the neighbouring abbey of Maubisson, under the rule of Mde. d'Etrees. That splendid mansion, with its dependent baronies and forests, resembled far more the palace and gardens of Armida, than a retreat sacred to penitence and prayer. She was the sister of the too famous Gabrielle, to whose influence with Henry she was indebted for this rich preferment. Indulging without restraint, not merely in the luxuries but in the debaucheries of the neighbouring capital, she had provoked the anger of the king, and the alarm of the

general of the order. A visitation of the house was directed. Madame d'Etrees imprisoned the visiters, and wellnigh starved them. A second body of delegates presented themselves. Penances, at least when involuntary, were not disused at Maubisson. The new commissioners were locked up in a dungeon, regaled with bread and water, and soundly whipped every morning. Supported by a guard, the general himself then hazarded an encounter with the formidable termagant. He returned with a whole skin, but boasting no other advantage. Next appeared at the abbey gates a band of archers. After two days of fruitless expostulation, they broke into the enclosure. Madame now changed her tactics. She took up a defensive position, till then unheard of in the science of strategy. In plain terms, she went to bed. A more embarrassing manœuvre was never executed by Turenne or Condé. The siege was turned into a blockade. Hour after hour elapsed; night succeeded to day, and day to night; but still the abbess was recumbent—unappalled, unapproachable. Driven thus to choose between a ludicrous defeat and a sore scandal, what Frenchman could longer hesitate? Bed, blankets, abbess and all, were raised on the profane shoulders of the archers, lifted into a carriage, and most appropriately turned over to the keeping of the *Filles Penitentes* at Paris.

And now was to be gratified the lofty wish of Angelique to tread in paths where, unsustained by any human sympathy, she might cast herself with an undivided reliance on the Arm which she knew could never fail her. From the solemn repose of Port-Royal, she was called, by the general of the order, to assume the government of the ladies of Maubisson. Thetis passing from the ocean caves to the Grecian camp, did not make a more abrupt transition. At Maubisson, the compromise between religious duties and earthly pleasures was placed on the most singular footing. Monks and nuns sauntered together through the gardens of the monastery, or angled in the lakes which watered them. Fêtes were celebrated in the arbours with every pledge except that of temperance. Benedictine cowls and draperies were blended in the dance with the military uniform and the stiff brocades of their secular guests; and the evening closed with cards and dice and amateur theatricals, until the curtain fell on scenes than which none could more require that friendly shelter. Toil and care might seem to have fled the place, or rather to have been reserved exclusively for the confessor. Even for him relief was provided. Considerately weighing the extent of the labours they habitually imposed on him, his fair penitents drew up for their common use certain written forms of self-arraignment, to which he, with equal tenderness, responded by other established forms of conditional absolution.

But the lady entered, and Comus and his crew fled the hallowed ground which they had thus been permitted to defile. She entered with all the majesty of faith, tempered by a meek compassion for the guilt she abhorred, and strong in that virgin purity of heart which can endure unharmed the contact even of pollution. 'Our health and our lives may be sacrificed,' she said to her associates in this work of mercy; 'but the work is the 'work of God:' and in the strength of God she performed it. Seclusion from the world was again established within the refectory and the domain of Maubisson. Novices possessing a 'gen-'uine vocation' were admitted. Angelique directed at once the secular and the spiritual affairs of the convent. All the details of a feudal principality, the education of the young, the care of the sick, the soothing of the penitents, the management of the perverse, the conduct of the sacred offices, alternately engaged her time; and in each she exhibited a gentleness, a gayety, and a firmness of mind, before which all resistance gave way. The associates of Madame d'Etrees retained their love of good cheer, and Angelique caused their table to be elegantly served. They sang deplorably out of tune, and the young abbess silently endured the discord which racked her ear. To their murmurs she answered in her kindest accents. Their indolence she rebuked only by performing the most menial offices in their service; and inculcated self-denial by assigning to herself a dormitory, which, to say the truth, would have much better suited the house-dog. The record of the strange and even sordid self-humiliations to which she thought it right to bow, can hardly be read without a smile; but, whatever may have been the errors of her creed, a more touching picture has never been drawn of the triumphs of love and of wisdom, than in the record left by Madame Suireau des Anges of this passage of the life of Angelique Arnauld.

But Madame d'Etrees was not yet at the end of her resources. A company of young men, under the guidance of her brother-in-law Count de Sauzé, were observed one evening to loiter near the house of the *Filles Penitentes*. By the next morning she was under their escort at the gates of Maubisson. Burst open by main force, they again admitted the ejected abbess. The servant who opposed her entrance was chastised on the spot. Patients who now occupied as an hospital the once sumptuous chambers of the Abbatial lodge, instantly found themselves in much more humble lodgings. Cooks resumed their long neglected art, and Madame d'Etrees provided a dinner worthy of her former hospitality and her recent privations. But in the presence of Angelique, the virago was abashed. To intimidate or to provoke her rival proved alike impossible: it might be more

easy to overpower her. De Sauzé and his confederates made the attempt. They discharged their pistols and flourished their drawn swords over her head, with unmanly menaces. She remained unmoved and silent. The screams which the occasion demanded, were accordingly supplied by the intrusive abbess. Clamour and outrage were alike ineffectual. At length Madame d'Etrees and her respectable confessor, aided by De Sauzé, laid their hands on Angelique, and thrust her from the precincts of the monastery. Thirty of the nuns followed her in solemn procession. Their veils let down, their eyes cast on the earth, and their hands clasped in prayer, they slowly moved to a place of refuge in the neighbouring town of Pontoise.

But alas, for the vanity of human triumphs!—waving banners, and burnished arms glitter through the advancing column of dust on the road from Paris to Maubisson. Scouts announce the approach of two hundred and fifty well-appointed archers: Madame d'Etrees and her cavaliers escape by the postern. A desperate leap saves the worthless life of her confessor. Her partizan, the Mère de la Sure, 'a nun by profession, but otherwise resembling 'a trooper,' mounts through a trapdoor to a hiding-place in the ceiling, thence to be shamefully dragged by an archer whom she still more shamefully abused. Then might be seen through the gloom of night, a train of priests and nuns drawing near with measured steps to the venerable abbey; on either side a double file of cavalry, and in each horseman's hand a torch, illuminating the path of the returning exiles. Angelique resumed her benignant reign; but not in peace. Brigands led by De Sauzé, and encouraged by her rival, haunted the neighbouring forests; and though protected by the archers, the monastery remained in a state of siege. Shots were fired through the windows, and the life of Angelique was endangered. Strong in the assurance of Divine protection, she demanded and obtained the removal of the guard. Her confidence was justified by the event. Madame d'Etrees was discovered, was restored to her old quarters at the *Filles Penitentes*, and in due time transferred—not without good cause—to the Chatelet; there to close in squalid misery, in quarrels, and intemperance, a career which might, with almost equal propriety, form the subject of a drama, a homily, or a satire.

For five successive years Angelique laboured to bring back the ladies of Maubisson to the exact observance of their sacred vows. Aided by her sister Agnes, the abbess of St Cyr, she established a similar reform in a large proportion of the other Cistertian nunneries of France. All obstacles yielded to their love, their prudence, and their self-devotion. A moral plague was stayed, and excesses which even the sensual and the

worldly condemned, were banished from the sanctuaries of religion. That in some, the change was but from shameless riot to hypocritical conformity; that in others, intemperance merely gave way to mental lethargy; and that even the most exalted virtues of the cloister held but a subordinate and an equivocal place in the scale of Christian graces, is indeed but too true: yet assuredly it was in no such critical spirit as this, that the labours of Angelique were judged and accepted by Him, in the lowly imitation of whom she had thus gone about doing good. 'She has done what she could,' was the apology with which he rescued from a like cold censure the love which had expressed itself in a costly and painful sacrifice; nor was the gracious benediction which rewarded the woman of Bethany withheld from the abbess of Port-Royal. To that tranquil home she bent her steps, there to encounter far heavier trials than any to which the resentment of Madame d'Etrees had exposed her.

Accompanied by a large number of the nuns of Maubisson, Angelique returned to the valley of Chevreuse. They brought with them neither silver nor gold, though rich in treasures of a far higher price in the account of their devout protectress. Poverty, disease, and death, were however in their train. Rising from the marshes below, a humid fog hung continually on the slopes of the adjacent hills, and the now crowded monastery was soon converted into one great hospital. But for a timely transfer of the whole establishment to a hotel purchased for them by the mother of Angelique in the Faubourg St Jaques at Paris, their remaining history might all have been compressed into a chapter on the influence of *malaria*.

The restoration of the community to health was not, however, the most momentous consequence of the change. It introduced the abbess to the society and the influence of Hauranne de Verger, the abbot of St Cyran, one of the most memorable names in the ecclesiastical annals of that age. When Richelieu was yet a simple bishop, he distinguished among the crowd of his companions one whose graceful bearing, open countenance, learning, gayety, and wit, revealed to his penetrating glance the germs of future eminence. But to an eye dazzled by such prospects as were already dawning on the ambitious statesman, those which had arrested the upward gaze of his young associate were altogether inscrutable. With what possible motive De Verger should for whole days bury himself in solitude, and chain down that buoyant spirit to the study of the Greek and Latin fathers, was one of the few problems which ever engaged and baffled the sagacity of M. de Luçon. They parted; the prelate to his craft, the student to his books; the one to extort the reluctant admiration of the world, the other to toil and to suffer in the cause of

piety and truth. They met again; the cardinal to persecute, and the abbot to be his victim. Death called them both to their account; leaving to them in the world they had agitated or improved, nothing but historical names, as forcibly contrasted as they had been strangely associated.

Great men (and to few could that title be more justly given than to Richelieu) differ from other men chiefly in the power of self multiplication; in knowing how to make other men adopt their views and execute their purposes. Thus, to subjugate the genius of St Cyran, the great minister had spared neither caresses nor bribes. The place of first almoner to Henrietta of England, the bishoprics of Clermont and Bayonne, a choice among numerous abbacies, were successively offered and refused. 'Gentlemen, I introduce to you the most learned man in Europe,' was the courteous phrase by which the Cardinal made known the friend of his youth to the courtiers who thronged his levee. But human applause had lost its charm for the ear of St Cyran. The retired and studious habits of his early days, had not appeared more inexplicable to the worldly-minded statesman than his present indifference. Self-knowledge had made Richelieu uncharitable. Incredulous of virtues of which he detected no type in the dark recesses of his own bosom, he saw in his former companion a treacherous enemy, if not a rival. There were secrets of his early life of which he seems to have expected and feared the disclosure. St Cyran was at least the silent, and might become the open enemy of the declaration by which the parliament and clergy of Paris had annulled the marriage of Gaston Duke of Orleans, to pave the way for his union with the niece of the cardinal. To his long-cherished scheme of erecting the kingdom of France into a Patriarchate in his own favour, there could arise no more probable or more dangerous opponent. To these imaginary or anticipated wrongs, was added another, which seems to have excited still more implacable resentment. An aspirant after every form of glory, Richelieu had convinced himself, and required others to believe, that his literary and theological were on a level with his political powers. He was the author of a Catechism where might be read the dogma, that contrition alone, uncombined in the heart of the penitent with any emotions of love towards the Deity, was sufficient to justify an absolution at the Confessional. One Seguenot, a priest of the Oratory, maintained and published the opposite opinion. Rumour denied to Seguenot the real parentage of the book which bore his name, and ascribed it to St Cyran. From speculations on the love of God to feelings of hatred to man, what polemic will not readily pass, whether his cap be red or black? Seguenot's

errors were denounced by the Sorbonne, and the poor man himself was sent to the Bastille, there, during the rest of his great opponent's life, to obtain clearer views on the subject of contrition. Impartial injustice required that the real, or imputed, should fare no better than the nominal author; and St Cyran was conducted to Vincennes, to breathe no more the free air of heaven till Richelieu himself should be laid in the grave.

Never had that gloomy fortress received within its walls a man better fitted to endure with composure the utmost reverses of fortune. To him, as their patriarch or founder, the whole body of the Port-Royalists, with one voice, attribute not merely a pre-eminence above all their other teachers, but such a combination of intellectual powers and Christian graces, as would entitle him not so much to a place in the calendar, as to a place apart from, and above, the other luminaries in that spiritual galaxy. Make every deduction from their eulogies which a rational scepticism may suggest, and it will yet be impossible to evade the accumulated proofs on which they claim for St Cyran the reverence of mankind. Towards the close of the first of the four volumes which he has dedicated to the attempt, Claude Lancelot confesses and laments the difficulty of conveying to others by words any definite image of the sublime and simple reality which he daily contemplated with more than filial reverence. He describes a man moving through the whole circle of the virtues which the Gospel inculcates, with a step so firm as to indicate the constant aid of a more than human power, and with a demeanour so lowly as to bespeak a habitual consciousness of that divine presence. He depicts a moral hero, by whom every appetite had been subdued, and every passion tranquillized, though still exquisitely alive to the pains and the enjoyments of life, and responding with almost feminine tenderness to every affectionate and kindly feeling—a master of all erudition, but never so happy as when imparting to little children the elementary truths on which his own heart reposed—grave, nay, solemn in discourse, but with tones so gentle, a wisdom so profound, and words of such strange authority to animate and to soothe the listener, that, in comparison with his, all other colloquial eloquence was wearisome and vapid—rebuking vice far less by stern reproof than by the contrast of his own serene aspect, at once the result and the reflection of the perfect peace in which his mind continually dwelt,—exhibiting a transcript, however rudely and imperfectly, yet faithfully drawn, of the great example to which his eye was ever turned, and where, averting his regard from all inferior models, it was his wont to study, to imitate, and to adore. In short, the St Cyran of Lancelot's portraiture is one of those

rare mortals whose mental health is absolute and unimpaired—whose character consists not so much in the excellence of particular qualities, as in the symmetry, the balance, and the well-adjusted harmonies of all—who concentrate their energies in one mighty object, because they live under the habitual influence of one supreme motive—who are ceaselessly animated by a love embracing every rational being, from Him who is the common parent of the rest, to the meanest and the vilest of those who were originally created in his image and likeness.

Nor was Lancelot a man inapt to discriminate. He was the author of the Port-Royal Grammars, Greek, Latin, and Italian, now fallen into disuse, but so well known to such of us as ploughed those rugged soils during the first ten years of the present century. His biographical labours are not without a tinge of his style as a grammarian;—a little tedious perhaps, and not a little prolix and over-methodical, but replete in almost every page with such touches of genuine dignity in the master, and cordial reverence in the disciple—with a sympathy so earnest for the virtues he celebrates, and so simple-hearted a consciousness of his own inferiority—that, in the picture he undesignedly draws of himself, he succeeds more than in any other way in raising a lofty conception of the man by whom he was held in such willing and grateful subjugation. And he had many fellow-subjects. Richelieu himself had felt his daring spirit awed by the union, in the friend of his youth, of a majestic repose and unwearied activity, which compelled the great minister to admit that the heart of man might envelope mysteries beyond his divination. Pascal, Nicole, Arnauld, and many others, eminent in that age for genius and piety, submitted themselves to his guidance in their studies as well as in their lives, with the implicit deference of children awaiting the commands of a revered and affectionate father. He was a most voluminous writer; but of his published works, one only attained a transient celebrity, and of that book his authorship was more than doubtful. If he did not disown, he never claimed it. Of the innumerable incidents recorded of him during his imprisonment at Vincennes, few are more characteristic than the sale of a considerable part of a scanty collection of books he had brought there, to purchase clothes for two of his fellow-prisoners, the Baron and Baroness de Beau Soleil. 'I entreat 'you,' he says to the lady to whom he gave this commission, 'that the cloth may be fine and good, and befitting their station 'in society. I do not know what is becoming; but, if I remember, some one has told me that gentlemen and ladies of their 'condition ought not to be seen in company without gold lace 'for the men, and black lace for the women. If I am right

'about this, pray purchase the best, and let every thing be done 'modestly, yet handsomely, that when they see each other, they 'may, for a few minutes at least, forget that they are captives.' It is in the moral, rather than in the intellectual qualities of St Cyran, that his claim to the veneration of posterity must now be rested. He occupies a place in ecclesiastical history as the founder of Jansenism in France.

Of that system of religious belief and practice, the origin is to be traced to the joint labours of St Cyran and Cornelius Jansen, during the six years which they passed in social study at Bayonne. Returning to his native country, Jansen became first a Professor of divinity at Louvain, and afterwards Bishop of Ypres. There he surrendered himself to a life of unremitting labour. Ten times he read over every word of the works of Augustine; thirty times he studied all those passages of them which relate to the Pelagian controversy. All the fathers of the church were elaborately collated for passages illustrative of the opinions of the Bishop of Hippo. At length, after an uninterrupted study of twenty years, was finished the celebrated *Augustinus Cornelii Jansenii*. With St Austin as his text and guide, the good Bishop proceeded to establish, on the authority of that illustrious father, those doctrines which, in our times and country, have been usually distinguished by the terms Calvinistic or Evangelical. Heirs of guilt and corruption, he considered the human race, and each successive member of it, as lying in a state of condemnation, and as advancing towards a state of punishment; until an internal impulse from on high, awakens one and another to a sense of this awful truth, and infuses into them a will to fly from impending vengeance. But this impulse is imparted only to the few; and on them it is bestowed in pursuance of a decree existing in the divine intelligence before the creation of our species. Of the motives of their preference not even a conjecture can be formed. So far as human knowledge extends, it is referable simply to the divine volition; and is not dependent on any inherent moral difference between the objects of it, and those from whom such mercy is withheld. This impulse is not, however, irresistible. Within the limits of his powers, original or imparted, man is a free agent;—free to admit and free to reject the proffered aid. If rejected, it enhances his responsibility—if admitted, it leads him by continual accessions of the same supernatural assistance to an acquiescence in those opinions, to the exercise of those affections, and to the practice of those virtues, which collectively form the substance of the Christian system. Such is the general result of the labours of Jansen. On the day which witnessed the completion of them, he was removed by

the plague to a state of being where he probably learned at once to rejoice in the fidelity, and to smile at the simplicity of those sublunary toils. Within an hour of his death he made a will, submitting his work to the judgment of the Church of Rome, in the communion of which he had lived and was about to die. He addressed to Pope Urban the Eighth a letter, laying the fruits of his studies at the feet of his holiness, 'approving, condemning, 'advancing, or retracting, as should be prescribed by the thunder 'of the apostolic see.' Both the will and the letter were suppressed by his executors. Two years from the death of its author had not elapsed, before the *Augustinus* appeared in print. It was the signal of a contest which for nearly seventy years agitated the Sorbonne and Versailles, fired the enthusiasm of the ladies and the divines of France, and gave to her historians and her wits a theme, used with fatal success, to swell the tide of hatred and of ridicule—which has finally swept away the temporal greatness, and for a while silenced the spiritual ministrations, of the Gallican Church.

Having aided largely in the composition of this memorable treatise, St Cyran exerted himself with still greater effect in building up a society for the maintenance and promulgation of the principles it established. Angelique Arnauld and the sisterhood of Port-Royal were now settled at Paris, but they were still the proprietors of the deserted monastery; and there were gradually assembled a college of learned men, bound by no monastic vows, and living according to no positive rule, Benedictine or Franciscan. They were chiefly disciples of St Cyran, and under his guidance had retired from the world to consecrate their lives to penitence, to their own spiritual improvement, and to the instruction of mankind.

Of this number was Antoine Le Maitre. At the age of twenty-seven, he had been advanced to the rank of Councillor of State, and enjoyed at the bar an unrivalled reputation for learning and for eloquence. When he was to speak, even the churches were abandoned. Quitting their pulpits the preachers assisted to throng the hall of the palace of justice; and some of the most celebrated among them, actually obtained from their superiors a permanent dispensation from their ecclesiastical duties at such seasons, that they might improve in the arts of public speaking by listening to the great advocate. When he spoke, the delight of the audience broke out into bursts of applause, which the Judges were unable or unwilling to repress. 'I would rather be the object 'of those plaudits than enjoy all the glory of my Lord the Car-'dinal,' was the somewhat hazardous exclamation of one of his friends, as he joined, heart and hand, in the universal tumult.

Far different was the estimate which his devout mother had formed of the prospects of her son. She was one of the sisters of Angelique Arnauld, and amidst the cares of conjugal life cherished a piety at least as pure and as ardent as ever burned in the bosom of a Carthusian. In the wealth and glory which rewarded his forensic eminence she could see only allurements, to which (so she judged) his peace on earth, and his meetness for a holier state of being beyond the grave, must be sacrificed. She mourned over his fame, and prayed that her child might be abased, that so in due season he might be exalted. It happened that his aunt Madame D'Andilly, in the last awful scene of life, was attended by her kindred, and amongst the rest by Le Maitre. Her fading eye was fixed on the crucifix borne in the hand of St Cyran, as she listened to his voice, now subdued to its gentlest accents, and breathing hope, and peace, and consolation. It was as though some good angel had overpassed the confines of the earthly and the heavenly worlds, to give utterance, in human language, to emotions sacred as his own high abode, and to thoughts as lofty as his own celestial nature. The great orator listened, and wondered, and wept. An eloquence such as even his fervent imagination had never before conceived, enthralled and subdued his inmost soul. It was but a soft whisper in the chamber of death; but in those gentle tones, and to that weeping company, were spoken words, compared with which his own eloquence appeared to him trivial, harsh, and dissonant as the howlings of the forest. And when his dying relative's last sigh was heard, accompanied by the solemn benediction, 'Depart, O Christian 'soul! from this world, in the name of the Almighty God who 'created you,' Le Maitre felt that the bonds which attached him to that world were for ever broken. He yielded himself to the spiritual guidance of St Cyran; resigned his office and his calling; and plunged into a retreat, where in solitude, silence, and continued penances, he passed the remaining twenty-one years of his life. By the advice of his confessor, the execution of this design was postponed till the close of the annual session of the courts. In the interval he resumed his ordinary employments, but the spirit which till then had animated his efforts was gone. He became languid and unimpressive; and one of the judges was heard to mutter, that, after all, the real power of Le Maitre was that of persuading to sleep. This was too much even for a penitent. Fixing his eye on the critic, he once more summoned his dormant strength, and pouring forth all the energies of his soul in one last and most triumphant speech, he for ever quitted the scene of his forensic glories. At Port-Royal he appropriately charged himself with the care of the proprietary interests of the house. A

village judge in the neighbourhood was once attended by the illustrious advocate, on a question of the purchase of some bullocks. Astounded by his eloquence, (so runs the story,) the judge fell on his knees before the pleader, professing his unworthiness to preside in his presence, and imploring that they might exchange places. A more likely tale records that the booksellers had got up, during Le Maitre's retreat, an edition of his speeches full of interpolations and errors. At 'the request 'of friends,' though not with the consent of his confessors, the orator undertook a corrected edition. His spiritual guides interfered. They prescribed, as a new species of penance, that he should silently acquiesce in this inroad on his fame as a speaker. The penitent submitted, but not so the booksellers. They (worldly men!) talked loudly of violated promises, and of sheets rendered useless. He listened to discourses on the duty of mortifying these last movements of vain glory. Under the excitement of the dispute, his health, already enfeebled by his mode of life, gave way. A fever decided the question against the publishers; and Le Maitre was doomed at length to die the victim of the brilliant career he had so long and resolutely abandoned.

His brother Mons. de Sericourt was another of the converts of St Cyran. De Sericourt had served with distinction under Condé. He was taken prisoner at the siege of Philipsberg, and effected his escape by leaping from the walls of the fortress at the imminent hazard of his life. Under the deep impression, which this incident left on his mind, of the protecting care of Providence, he returned to Paris, where his first object was to visit his brother, the report of whose retreat from the bar had filled him with astonishment. He found him (the words are Fontaine's) in a kind of tomb, where he was buried alive; his manner bespeaking all the gloom of penitence. De Sericourt was shocked, and in vain endeavoured to recognize Le Maitre in the person who stood before him. Immediately changing his demeanour, Le Maitre embraced his brother with looks full of gayety and spirit, exclaiming, 'Behold the Le Maitre of former 'days! He is dead to the world, and now desires only to die to 'himself. I have spoken enough to men. Henceforth I wish 'to converse only with God. I have exerted myself in vain to 'plead the cause of others. Now I am to plead my own. Do 'you intend to pay me the same compliment which I receive 'from the world at large, who believe and publish that I have 'gone mad?' Nothing could be more remote from the judgment of the soldier. Instead of regarding his brother as mad, he aspired to share his solitude, and succeeded. Under the direction of St Cyran, he joined in the silence and austerities of the

advocate. During the war of the princes he once more took up arms for the defence of Port-Royal; but his monastic life was soon brought to a close. Philipsberg had in reality been attended with less danger. At the age of thirty-nine, he died, a premature victim to fastings, vigils, confinement, and probably to ennui. Recruits for Port-Royal were but seldom drawn from the armies of the Most Christian King, and could hardly have been draughted from a less promising quarter.

In this memorable brotherhood there was yet a third, Louis Isaac Le Maitre de Saci. At the early age of fourteen he was placed by his aunt, the Mère Angelique, under the guidance of St Cyran. From that prophetic eye the future eminence of his pupil was not hidden. 'God will restore him to you, for his 'death would probably be the greatest loss which the church 'could sustain'—was the prediction with which St Cyran at once disclosed his own hopes and allayed the fears of De Saci's mother, as he watched over the sick-bed of her child. To ensure the fulfilment of those hopes, the mind of the boy was sedulously trained. Absolute, unhesitating submission to human authority, as representing the divine, was the cardinal principle of his education. Though himself one of the most conspicuous teachers of his age as a guide to others, he, on no single question, presumed to guide himself. If no other director could have been had, he would have placed himself under the direction of his valet, was the praise with which his friends expressed their admiration of his illustrious docility. By the advice or commands of St Cyran, he accordingly, like his brothers, became one of the recluses of Port-Royal; and, like them, transferred to the support of the monastery all his worldly wealth. With them also he surrendered himself up to penitence, to solitude, and to silence; and in their company supplied his emaciated frame with food which rather mocked than satisfied its wants. Le Maitre thus describes one of the *petits soupers* of Port-Royal:—'It is, you know, but a 'slight repast which they serve up for us in the evening; but it 'engages my brother De Saci as completely as the most sumptuous meal. For my own part, such is the warmth of my temperament, the end of my good cheer follows so hard on its 'beginning, that I can hardly tell which is which. When all is 'over with me, and I have nothing left to do but to wash my 'hands, I see my brother De Saci, as composed and as serious 'as ever, take up his quarter of an apple, peal it deliberately, 'cut it up with precision, and swallow it at leisure. Before he 'begins, I have more than half done. When his little all is 'over, he rises from table as light as when he sat down, leaving 'untouched the greater part of what was set before him, and

'walks off as seriously as a man who had been doing great 'things, and who never fasted except on fast-days.' Poor Le Maitre! the gay spirit which had animated the palace of justice had its transient flashes even in his 'living tomb;' though the smile was in this case lighted up at an absurdity which had well-nigh conducted his brother to that tomb where all life is extinct. Under these solemn parodies on what usually goes on at the dinner table, De Saci pined away; and was rescued, not without extreme hazard, from the effects of his suicidal abstemiousness. He returned from the gates of death with a spirit unsubdued and undaunted; for it was animated by hopes, and sustained by convictions which gave to that last enemy the aspect and the welcome of a friend. Admitted, in reluctant obedience to his confessor, to ordination as a priest, he assumed the office of director to the recluses of either sex at Port-Royal. Nature struggled in the bosom of Le Maitre against laying bare all the secrets of his soul to the inspection of his younger brother. But authority prevailed. Their mother led the way, by placing herself under the direction of her son. Blaize Pascal himself meekly took the law of his conscience from the same revered lips. Days of persecution followed; and De Saci was driven from his retreat, and confined for more than two years in the Bastille. There was fulfilled the prediction of St Cyran. Fontaine, the bosom friend of De Saci, was the associate of his prison hours. They were hours of suffering and of pain. But they had been ill exchanged for the brightest and the most joyous passed by the revellers in the gay city beneath them. In those hours, De Saci executed, and his friend transcribed, that translation of the Holy Scriptures which to this moment is regarded in France as the most perfect version in their own or in any other modern tongue. While yet under the charge of St Cyran, the study of the divine oracles was the ceaseless task of De Saci. In mature life, it had been his continual delight; in the absence of every other solace, it possessed his mind with all the energy of a master passion. Of the ten thousand chords which there blend together in sacred harmony, there was not one which did not awaken a responsive note in the heart of the aged prisoner. In a critical knowledge of the sacred text, he may have had many superiors, but none in that exquisite sensibility to the grandeur, the pathos, the superhuman wisdom, and the awful purity of the divine original, without which none can truly apprehend, or accurately render into another idiom, the sense of the inspired writers. Even the habitual prostration of his judgment to a human authority, believed to be divine, aided him as a translator. It forbade, indeed, the correction of errors, but it imparted freedom and con-

fidence to the expression of all that he acknowledged as truth. Protestants may with justice except to many a passage of De Saci's translation; but they will, we fear, search their own libraries in vain for any, where the author's unhesitating assurance of the real sense of controverted words permits his style to flow with a similar absence of constraint, and an equal warmth and glow of diction.

Fontaine, the humble companion of his biblical labours, had also been one of the penitents of De Saci. He was a man of learning, and his 'Memoires sur M. M. de Port-Royal,' bespeak a nature gentle, affectionate, and devout. But to saturate his memory with the discourse of minds more exalted than his own, and to minister to them in collating or transcribing the books on which they were employed, limited his humble desires. He was successively the amanuensis of De Saci, and the secretary of the 'great Arnauld.' With the exception of Pascal, a name so great does not appear among the disciples of St Cyran, or the inmates of Port-Royal.

Antoine Arnauld was the youngest child of the parents of the Mère Angelique: he was consequently the uncle of Le Maitre, De Sericourt, and De Saci. From his earliest years the reputation of his genius and learning had rendered him the object of universal notice and expectation. Richelieu himself is recorded to have stolen silently into his chamber, to enjoy the unpremeditated conversation of the young student. The Cardinal had no apparent reason to dread that in this case his advances would be repulsed; for Arnauld possessed several rich benefices, dressed in the fashion, and even kept a carriage. But repulsed they were, and by the influence of the man to whom similar allurements had been presented in vain. In his dungeon at Vincennes, St Cyran received a visit from the young abbé. That almost magical influence was again exerted with irresistible power. Arnauld renounced his preferments, assumed the garb of penitence, and became the companion of his nephews, Le Maitre and Sericourt, in their austere retirement. This abandonment of the world was not, however, so absolute, but that he still sought the rank of a *socius* or fellow of the Sorbonne. By the authority of Richelieu, his claims were rejected. But not even the Cardinal could obstruct the advancement of so eminent a scholar and divine to the dignity of a doctor in divinity. 'To defend the truth, if necessary, 'to the death,' was in those days one of the vows of such a graduate—vows, it is to be feared, light as air with most men, but, in this instance, engraven as with a pen of iron on the soul of the new professor of theology. A year had scarcely elapsed since he had received from the lips of his dying mother an adjuration

to be faithful in the defence of truth at the expense, were it possible, of a thousand lives. Touched with the coincidence of his academical oath and of this maternal precept, he thenceforward existed but to combat for what he at least esteemed the truth; and endured poverty, exile, and reproach, as he would have cheerfully submitted to death, in that sacred warfare. In controversy he found his vocation, his triumph, and perhaps his delight. The author of more than a hundred volumes, he was engaged in almost as many contests. His great work, *La frequente Communion*, is essentially controversial. He warred with the Jesuits as a body; and with several of their most eminent writers, as Sirmond, Nouet, and De Bonis, he carried on separate debates. Apologies for St Cyran, Jansenius, and for the ladies of Port-Royal, flowed copiously from his ever ready pen. He assailed the metaphysical meditations of Des Cartes, and Malebranche's theory of miracles. Even with his friend and associate, Nicole, he contended, on an attempt to apply certain geometrical principles to the solution of some problems in divinity. Claude, Maimbourg, and Annat, were among his adversaries. The mere list of his works occupies twenty-six closely printed octavo pages. A rapid analysis of them fills a large volume. If that compilation may be trusted, (he would be a bold man who should undertake to verify it,) the vast collection of books which bear the name of Antoine Arnauld scarcely contain a tract, except those on mathematics, in which he is not engaged in theological or scientific strife with some antagonist. In the catalogue, of course, appears the celebrated treatise *De la Perpetuité de la Foi sur l'Eucharistie*, a work rewarded with higher applause than any other of his avowed writings. Twenty-seven Bishops and twenty Doctors prefaced it with eulogies on the learning, piety, talents, and orthodoxy of the illustrious author. He dedicated it to Clement IX., and was repaid with the most glowing compliments. Perhaps a still more gratifying tribute to his success was the conversion to the Roman Catholic faith of Turenne, of which this book was the occasion; and yet nothing is more certain than that the real author was not Arnauld, but Nicole. In the title-page of a book, designed to refute the formidable Claude, the two friends judged the name of a Doctor of the church would avail more than that of a simple *tonsuré*—a literary and pious fraud, which it is impossible to excuse; and, on the side of Nicole, an example of zeal for a man's cause triumphing over his love of fame, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel. Such, however, was the height of Arnauld's reputation, and such the affluence of his mind, that it is scarcely reasonable to attribute this disingenuous proceeding to selfish motives. Few men have

been more enamoured of the employments, or less covetous of the rewards, of a literary life. For nearly threescore years he lived pen in hand, except when engaged in devotion, or in celebrating the offices of the church of Port-Royal on occasions of peculiar dignity. His was one of those rare natures to which intellectual exertion brings relief rather than lassitude; thus giving to feebler understandings the assurance, that the living spirit which is in man, if disunited from the burdens of mortality, would be capable of efforts commensurate with an immortal existence.

His book, *De la frequente Communion*, was the commencement of the seventy years religious war which ended in the destruction of Port-Royal. To restore the severe maxims of Christian antiquity respecting the spiritual qualification of communicants, and thus to raise a standard of church membership incomparably more exalted than that which prevailed in his own generation, was the avowed object of Arnauld. His scarcely concealed purpose was to chastise the lax morality to which the Jesuits had lent their sanction; and to repel their attacks on the more rigid system of St Cyran. Revised in his prison by that father of the faithful, and sheltered by the commendation of divines of every rank and order, the book—forbearing in style, lofty in sentiment, replete with various learning, and breathing an eloquence at once animated by unhesitating faith, and chastened by the most profound humility—broke like a peal of thunder over the heads of his startled antagonists. Such was the fury of their resentment, that the Marshal de Vihé sagaciously observed, 'There must be some secret in all this. The Jesuits are 'never so excited when nothing but the glory of God is at stake.' Though at first struck down by the censures of a conclave of Bishops, with Mazarin at their head, Nouet, the great advocate of the society, returned again and again to the assault. Pulpits fulminated, presses groaned. On the one side, the Sorbonne invoked the aid of the civil power, then in feeble hands; on the other, the Jesuits appealed to the Papal See, then rising in new vigour from the disasters of the preceding century. Arnauld was cited by the Pope, and required by the Cardinal minister of France to appear in his own defence at Rome. Against this infringement of the Gallican liberties, the university, the Sorbonne, and the Parliament of Paris remonstrated, but Mazarin was inflexible.

The Holy See took cognizance of the cause, though the person of the accused was beyond their reach. In his absence, that infallible tribunal decided not to let the world know whether, of the thirty erroneous opinions imputed to Arnauld, twenty and nine were heretical or not. Arnauld himself, however, was un-

able to stand his ground. For twenty-five years together, he was compelled to live in a voluntary concealment; which his enemies had not the power, nor perhaps the wish, to violate. His retirement was passed in the monastery of Port-Royal, or in one of the adjacent hermitages.

That ancient seat of their order had now been long deserted by his sister Angelique and her associates. Their residence at Paris had not been unfruitful of events. They had exchanged the jurisdiction of the general of their order for that of the archbishop of Paris. On the resignation of Angelique, the abbatial dignity had been made elective in their house. An ineffectual scheme of devoting themselves to the perpetual adoration of the Holy Eucharist, had deeply exercised their thoughts. Occasional miracles had awakened or rewarded their piety. An inspired litany (so it is believed) had fallen insensibly from the pen of sister Agnes, which eight Doctors censured, St Cyran vindicated, and the Pope suppressed. From his prison at Vincennes, their great apologist directed their consciences, and guided them to the office of educating children of their own sex—a wise and happy project, which brought back into the sphere of ordinary duties, minds soaring with indefinite aims into the regions of mysticism, and wasting, in efforts for an ideal perfection, talents eminently fitted to bless and to improve mankind. To restore the sisterhood to the quiet valley where their predecessors had worshipped, was the next care of St Cyran. True it threatened their lives; but 'is it not,' he asked, 'as well to serve God in an hospital as in 'a church, if such be his pleasure?' 'Are any prayers more ac- 'ceptable than those of the afflicted?' Angelique's heart had a ready answer to such questions from such an enquirer. In that sequestered church where angels, and a still more awful presence, had once dwelt, they could not but still abide, (such was his assurance,) and she returned to seek them there. She came attended by a large proportion of the ladies of Port-Royal, hailed by the poor and aged, whom in former times she had cherished, and welcomed by her kinsmen and the companions of their religious solitude. It was their first and only meeting. Les Granges (a farm-house on the hill-side) became the residence of the recluses, the gates of the monastery closing on the nuns. Bound by no monastic vows, the men addressed themselves to such employments as each was supposed best qualified to fill. Schools for the instruction of youth in every branch of literature and science were kept by Lancelot, Nicole, Fontaine, and De Saci. Some laboured at translations of the fathers, and other works of piety. Arnauld applied his ceaseless toils in logic, geometry, metaphysics, and theological debate. Physicians of high celebrity exercised

their art in all the neighbouring villages. Le Maitre and other eminent lawyers addressed themselves to the work of arbitrating in all the dissensions of the vicinage. There were to be seen gentlemen working assiduously as vine-dressers; officers making shoes; noblemen sawing timber and repairing windows; a society held together by no vows; governed by no corporate laws; subject to no common superior; pursuing no joint designs, yet all living in unbroken harmony; all following their respective callings; silent, grave, abstracted, self-afflicted by fastings, watchings, and humiliations—a body of penitents on their painful progress through a world which they had resolved at once to serve and to avoid. From year to year, till death or persecution removed them from the valley of Port-Royal, the members of this singular association adhered pertinaciously to their design; nor among their annals will be found more, we think, than a single name on which rests the imputation of infidelity, or fickleness of purpose. To the nuns, indeed, no such change was possible. Like the inhabitants of Les Granges, they employed themselves in educating the children of the rich and the poor, in almsgiving, and in other works of mercy. Their renunciation of secular cares was combined (no common alliance) with an entire superiority to all secular interests. Angelique, now the elected abbess, and in that character the ruler of the temporalities of the convent, exhibited a princely spirit of munificence—nourished and sustained by the most severe and self-denying economy. She and her sisterhood reserved for themselves little more than a place in their own list of paupers. So firm was her reliance on the Divine bounty, and so abstemious her use of it, that she hazarded a long course of heroic improvidence, justified by the event and ennobled by the motive; but at once fitted and designed rather to excite the enthusiasm of ordinary mortals, than to afford a model for their imitation. Buildings were erected both at Port-Royal de Paris, and Port-Royal des Champs; in the serene majesty of which the worshipper might discern an appropriate vestibule to the temple made without hands, towards which his adoration was directed. Wealth was never permitted to introduce, nor poverty to exclude any candidate for admission as a novice or a pupil. On one occasion twenty thousand francs were given as a relief to a distressed community; on another, four times that sum were restored to a benefactress, whose heart repented a bounty which she had no longer the right to reclaim. Their regular expenditure exceeded by more than sevenfold their certain income; nor were they ever disappointed in their assurance, that the annual deficiency of more than forty thousand francs would be supplied by the benevolence of their fellow Christians. What was the constraining force of charity, Angelique had

learned from the study of her own heart, and she relied with a well-founded confidence in the same generous impulse in the hearts of others. The grace, the gayety, and tenderness of her nature, which might have embellished courts and palaces, were drawn into continual exercise to mitigate the anguish of disease, to soothe the wretched, and to instruct the young. Her hands minstered day and night to the relief of those whose maladies were loathsome or contagious, and her voice allayed their terrors. With playful ingenuity she would teach her associates how to employ the vestments, the furniture, and, when other resources failed, even the sacred plate of the monastery, in clothing the naked, though it left themselves in want, and in feeding the hungry, though it deprived themselves of all present resources. While distributing not merely to the necessities of the indigent, but to the relief of persons of her own rank in life, there was in the bosom of Angelique a feeling which revolted, not against dependence on alms, for her vows of poverty required it, but against soliciting aid even from her nearest kindred;—a feeling condemned as human, perhaps, in her stern self-judgment, but assuredly one of those emotions which the best of our race are the last to relinquish. And if it be true, as true it surely is, that to the culture and exercise of the benevolent affections as an ultimate end, all other ends of human life—knowledge, practical skill, meditative power, self-control, and the rest—are but subservient means, who shall deny to such a course of life as that of the nuns of Port-Royal, the praise of wisdom, however ill he may judge of the wisdom which established and maintained conventical institutions? Some affections, indeed, they could not cultivate. Two of the deepest and the richest mines of their nature, maternal and conjugal love, lay unwrought and unexplored. Yet they lived, as wisdom we are told ought to live, with children round their knees; training them for every office in life, if not with a mother's yearnings, with perhaps something more than a mother's prudence. Over this singular theocracy, male and female, presided St Cyran, exercising from his dungeon a supreme authority; and under him ruled Antoine Singlin, the general confessor both of the recluses and the nuns. In the conduct of souls, (such is the appropriate style,) Singlin was supposed to excel all the professors of that most critical science. Pascal, De Saci, and Arnauld sat at his feet with child-like docility. Ministers of state, advocates, and bishops, crowded reverently round his pulpit; yet by the confession, or rather the boast, of his disciples, he was distinguished neither by learning, talents, nor eloquence. The mystery of his absolute dominion over intellects so incomparably superior to his own, is partly, at least, dispelled by what remains of his writings. They indicate

a mind at once discriminating and devout, conversant alike with human nature and with the Divine, exerting all its powers to penetrate the labyrinth of man's heart, and recruiting these powers by habitual communion with the source of wisdom.

Guided by such pastors, the Port-Royalists were following out a progress more tranquil than that of John Bunyan's Pilgrim, when the wars of the Fronde rudely scattered the shepherd and the flock. Most of the nuns fled for refuge to Paris, but the recluses (they were Frenchmen still) appeared three hundred strong, in defence of their sequestered valley. Above their hair-shirts glittered coats-of-mail. As the last notes of the anthem died away, the trumpet summoned the worshippers to military exercises. Spears and helmets flashed through the woods—plumes waved over many a furrowed brow—intrenchments, which may still be traced, were thrown up; and the evening-gun, the watch-word, and the heavy tread of cavalry, broke a silence till then undisturbed, except by the monastic choir, or the half-uttered prayer of some lonely penitent. De Sericourt felt once again his pulse beat high as he drew out the martial column, and raised the long-forgotten words of peremptory command. But erelong a voice more subdued, though not less peremptory, was heard to silence his. De Saci's heart mourned over this reliance on an arm of flesh. Watching the first pause in the new enthusiasm of his associates, he implored them to lay aside their weapons; and in long-suffering to submit themselves and their cause to the Supreme Disposer of events. At an instant the whole aspect of Port-Royal was changed. Students returned to their books, penitents to their cells, and handicraftsmen to their ordinary labours. It was a change as sudden and as complete as when, at the bidding of the Genius, the crowded bridge and the rushing river disappeared from the eyes of Mirza, leaving before him nothing but the long hollow Valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing on the sides of it.

To one inmate of Port-Royal the terrors of an impending war had brought no disquietude. Angelique remained there, the guardian angel of the place. Hundreds of ruined peasants were daily fed by her bounty. 'Perhaps I shall not be able' (the quotation is from one of her letters written at the time) 'to send 'you a letter to-morrow, for all our horses and asses are dead 'with hunger. Oh! how little do princes know the detailed 'horrors of war. All the provender of the beasts we have been 'obliged to divide between ourselves and the starving poor. We 'have concealed as many of the peasants and of their cattle as we 'could, in our monastery, to save them from being murdered 'and losing all their substance. Our dormitory and the chap-

'ter-house are full of horses;—we are almost stifled by being 'pent up with these beasts, but we could not resist the piercing 'lamentations of the starving and the heart-broken poor. In the 'cellar we have concealed forty cows. Our court-yards and 'out-houses are stuffed full of fowls, turkeys, ducks, geese, and 'asses. The church is piled up to the ceiling with corn, oats, 'beans, and peas, and with caldrons, kettles, and other things 'belonging to the cottagers. Our laundry is filled by the aged, 'the blind, the maimed, the halt, and infants. The infirmary is 'full of sick and wounded. We have torn up all our rags and 'linen clothing to dress their sores; we have no more, and are 'now at our wits' end. We dare not go into the fields for any 'more, as they are full of marauding parties. We hear that the 'abbey of St Cyran has been burned and pillaged. Our own is 'threatened with an attack every day. The cold weather alone 'preserves us from pestilence. We are so closely crowded, that 'deaths happen continually. God, however, is with us, and we 'are at peace.'

That inward peace which Angelique was thus enabled to maintain during the horrors of civil war, was soon to be exposed to a more arduous trial. To the baffled antagonists of Arnauld, Port-Royal was an abomination. There dwelt in safety their intended victim, plying his dreaded pen, surrounded by his kindred, his scholars, and his allies; and all engaged in the same contest with the casuistry, the theology, and the morals of the society of Jesus. Against these devoted enemies one Brisacier, a Jesuit, led the assault. His articles of impeachment bore that they despised the Eucharist, that they had neither holy water or images in their churches, and that they prayed neither to the Virgin nor the Saints. Vain the clearest refutation of calumnies so shocking to Catholic ears, and vain the archiepiscopal thunders which rebuked the slanderer. Father Megnier, of the same holy company, denounced to the astonished world a secret conspiracy against the religion of Christ, the leaders of which were the Abbot of St Cyran and Antoine Arnauld—the Voltaire and the Diderot of their age. But human credulity has its limits, and Megnier had overstepped them. For a moment the assailants paused; but at last, the womb of time, fertile in prodigies, gave birth to the far-famed 'five propositions' of Father Coruet—a palpable obscure, lying in the dim regions of psychological divinity, and doomed for successive generations to perplex, to exasperate, and to overwhelm with persecution, or with ridicule, no inconsiderable part of the Christian world. That these five dogmas on the mystery of the divine grace, were to be found within the *Augustinus* of Jansenius, was not the original charge.

They were at first denounced by Coruet as opinions drawn from the work of the Bishop of Ypres, by Arnauld and other Doctors of the Gallican Church, and by them inculcated on their own disciples. Innocent the Tenth condemned the propositions as heretical; and to the authority of the Holy See, Arnauld and his friends implicitly bowed. In a woodcut prefixed to this papal constitution by the triumphant Jesuits, Jansenius appeared in his episcopal dress, but accoutred with the aspect, the wings, and the other well-known appendages of an evil spirit, around whom were playing the lightnings of the Vatican. The man and the heresy thus happily disposed of, a single question remained—Were the peccant propositions to be found in the *Augustinus?* Arnauld declared that he had studied the book from end to end, and could not find them there. That there they were nevertheless to be found, the Jesuits as strongly asserted. To have quoted by chapter and page the offensive passages, would have spoiled the most promising quarrel which had arisen in the Church since the close of the Tridentine Council. Still-born must then have perished the ever-memorable distinction of the *droit* and the *fait*—the *droit* being the justice of the papal censure, which all Catholics admitted—the *fait* being the existence, in the *Augustinus*, of the censured propositions, which all Jansenists denied. The vulgar mode of trial by quotation, being discarded, nothing remained but trial by authority. Annat, the King's Confessor, a Jesuit in religion, and Mazarin, the King's Minister, a Jesuit in politics, each, from different motives, found his account in humiliating the Port-Royalists. Selected by them, a conclave of Parisian Doctors decreed that the five propositions were in the book, and should be in the book. A papal bull affirmed their sentence, and then a second conclave required all the ecclesiastics, and all the religious communities of France, to subscribe their assent to the order which had thus affiliated these bastard opinions on poor Jansensius. That such a defender of the faith as Antoine Arnauld, should receive their mandate in silence, the authors of it neither wished nor expected. In words exactly transcribed, though not avowedly quoted, from Chrysostom and Augustine, he drew up his own creed on the questions of grace and free-will; and in good round terms acquitted the Bishop of Ypres of having written more or less. A third conclave censured the apologist, unconscious apparently that their fulminations would reach the holy fathers of Constantinople and Hippo. They at least reached the object at which they in reality aimed. 'Could the most Christian King permit that 'penitent recluses and young children should any longer as-'semble for instruction, under the influence of a man convicted

'of heresy on the subject of efficacious grace, and unable or 'unwilling to find in the *Augustinus* what the Pope himself 'had said might be found there?' Anne of Austria listened, Mazarin whispered, and she obeyed. Armed with her authority, her lieutenants appeared at Port-Royal to restore Les Granges and the forests around it to their ancient solitude; and then had for ever fallen the glories of that sacred valley, but for an incident so strange and opportune, as to force back the memory to the precipitate descent from Mount Ida of the Homeric Deities, to rescue, in the agony of his fate, some panting hero on the field of Troy.

Mademoiselle Perrier was the niece of Blaize Pascal. She was a child in her eleventh year, and a scholar residing in the monastery of Port-Royal. For three years and a half she had been afflicted with a *fistula lacrymalis*. The adjacent bones had become carious, and the most loathsome ulcers disfigured her countenance. All remedies had been tried in vain; the medical faculty had exhausted their resources. One desperate experiment remained—it was the actual cautery. For this the day was appointed, and her father had set out on a journey to be present at the operation. Now it came to pass that M. de la Potherie, who was at once a Parisian ecclesiastic, a great-uncle of Angelique and of Arnauld, and an assiduous collector of relics, had possessed himself of one of the thorns composing the crown of which we read in the Evangelists. Great had been the curiosity of the various convents to see it, and the ladies of Port-Royal had earnestly solicited that privilege. Accordingly, on the 24th of March, in the year 1656, the day of the week being Friday, and the week the third in Lent, a solemn procession of nuns, novices, and scholars, moved along the choir of the monastic church, chanting appropriate hymns, and each one, in her turn, kissing the holy relic. When the turn of Mademoiselle Perrier arrived, she, by the advice of the schoolmistress, touched her diseased eye with the thorn, not doubting that it would effect a cure. She regained her room, and the malady was gone! The cure was instantaneous and complete. So strict, however, was the silence of the abbey, especially in Lent, that, except to the companion who shared her chamber, Mademoiselle Perrier did not at first divulge the miracle. On the following day the surgeon appeared with his instruments. The afflicted father was present; exhortations to patience were delivered; every preparation was complete, when the astonished operator for the first time perceived that every symptom of the disease had disappeared. All Paris rang with the story. It reached the ear of the queen-mother. By her command, M. Felix, the principal surgeon to the king,

investigated and confirmed the narrative. The royal conscience was touched. Who but must be moved with such an attestation from on high, of the innocence of a monastery divinely selected as the theatre of so great a miracle? Anne of Austria recalled her lieutenant. Again the recluses returned to their hermitages; the busy hum of schoolboys was heard once more at Port-Royal; and in his ancient retreat Arnauld was permitted to resume his unremitting labours.

Time must be at some discount with any man who should employ it in adjusting the 'balance of improbabilities' in such a case as this. But there is one indisputable marvel connected with it. The greatest genius, the most profound scholar, and the most eminent advocate of that age, all possessing the most ample means of knowledge, all carefully investigated, all admitted, and all defended with their pens, the miracle of the Holy Thorn. Europe at that time produced no three men more profoundly conversant with the laws of the material world, with the laws of the human mind, and with the municipal law, than Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maitre; and they were all sincere and earnest believers. Yet our Protestant incredulity utterly rejects both the tale itself and the inferences drawn from it, and but for such mighty names, might yield to the temptation of regarding it as too contemptible for serious notice. Why is this?—a question which volumes might be well employed to answer. In this place, a passing notice is all that can be given to it.

Antecedently to their investigation of the evidence, Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maitre, may be supposed to have reduced their reasonings on the subject to the following syllogism:—The true Church is distinguished from all others by the perennial possession of miraculous gifts: But the Church of Rome is the true church. Therefore, when a miracle is alleged to have happened within her fold, the presumption is not against, but in favour of the truth of the statement; and therefore, aided by that presumption, credit is due in such a case to testimony which would be insufficient to substantiate the fact under any other circumstance. *Negamus majorem.* It is not in the spirit of paradox, far less in that of irreverence or levity, that we would maintain the reverse—namely, that a church, really distinguished by the permanent exercise of miraculous powers, would presumably be not a true church, but a false.

Probability is the expectation of the recurrence of usual sequences. Certainty is the expectation of the recurrence of sequences believed to be invariable. The disappointment of such an expectation may be the disclosure of some uniform sequence hitherto unknown; that is, of one of the laws of nature, or

it may be a miracle—that is, the disturbance of those laws by some power capable of controlling them. He who alleges a miracle, alleges the existence of natural laws; for there can be no exception where there is no rule. Now, to ascribe the laws of nature to any power but that of God, is atheism. To ascribe a *habitual* infringement of these laws to powers at once subordinate and opposed to the divine, is consistent alike with piety and with reason. The analogies of natural and revealed religion not only permit, but require, us thus to judge. For example; the moral law of God is love. That law is habitually infringed by human selfishness. Submission to the legitimate exercise of legitimate authority, is a law from Heaven. That law is habitually infringed by human self-will. That within the range of his powers of action, man should be a free agent, is the divine law. That law, as we learn from the Gospels, was habitually infringed in the case of demoniacs. That the blood of the dead should corrupt and not liquefy; that houses should be built and not fly; that diseases should be cured by therapeutics, or not at all, are all physical laws of nature—that is, of God. Those physical laws, we are told, are habitually infringed within the fold of the Roman Catholic Church. Be it so. But if so, what is the inference? That the Roman Catholic Church is the depositary of divine truth, and the special object of divine favour?—We wot not. Where such truth resides, and such favour rests, there will be a harmony, not elsewhere to be found, with the general laws of the divine economy, and the general principles of the divine government. The law is higher than the anomaly. The rule is more worthy than the exception. That conformity to the eternal ordinances of Heaven, whether psychological or physical, should indicate the possession of truth and holiness in a Church, is intelligible. That a systematic counteraction of any such ordinances should indicate the same, is not intelligible. If in any society any law of the divine government is habitually reversed, the inference would seem to be, that such a society is subject to the control of some power opposed to the divine. Will it be answered that every disturbance of the laws of God must proceed from the Author of those laws, and attest his agency and approbation? Why so? His moral laws are violated every instant by rebel man, why not his physical laws by rebel angels? Moses and Paul, and that divine teacher to whom Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maitre bowed their hearts, and desired to bow their understandings, all assure us that this is no impossible supposition. Or will it be answered that such reasonings impugn the miracles of Christ himself? If so, we at least abandon them fallacious; for, sooner should our right hand forget its cun-

ning, than be employed to write one word having that tendency. But the cases are utterly dissimilar. Assume the reality both of the series of miracles recorded in the gospels, and of the perennial series of miracles recorded in the Roman Catholic legends, and it is perfectly consistent to discern in the one the seal of truth, and in the other the impress of error. Our Redeemer's miracles blend in perfect harmony, though not in absolute unison, with those laws, physical and moral, which he established in the creation, and fulfilled in the redemption of the world. In their occasion—in their object—in their fulfilment of prophecy—in their attendant doctrine—and in their exceptional character, they are essentially distinguished from the perennial miracles of Rome. These are in absolute discord with the laws which the miracles of Christ fulfil. If compelled to believe them true, we should not be compelled to refer them to a divine original. But that the truth of such stories as that of the Holy Thorn should ever have commanded the assent of such men as Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maitre, is, after all, a standing wonder, and can be accounted for only by remembering that they assumed as inevitable, and hailed as invaluable, an inference which, as it seems to us, is not to be drawn from the premises, even if established.

Judge as we may of the miraculous attestation to the innocence of Port-Royal, which commanded the assent of Pascal, sentence is irreversibly passed by mankind on the prodigies wrought, at the same time and in the same cause, by the pen of that wonder-working controversialist. In the whole compass of literature, ancient and modern, there is probably nothing in the same style which could bear a comparison with the 'Provincial Letters.' Their peculiar excellence can be illustrated only by the force of contrast; and, in that sense, the 'Letters of Junius' may afford the illustration. To either series of anonymous satires must be ascribed the praise of exquisite address, and of irresistible vigour. Each attained an immediate and a lasting popularity; and each has exercised a powerful influence on the literature of succeeding times. But here all resemblance ends. No writer ever earned so much fame as Junius, with so little claim to the respect or gratitude of his readers. He embraced no large principles; he awakened no generous feelings; he scarcely advocated any great social interest. He gives equally little proof of the love of man, and of the love of books. He contributed nothing to the increase of knowledge, and but seldom ministered to blameless delight. His topics and his thoughts were all of the passing day. His invective is merciless and extravagant; and the veil of public spirit is barely thrown over his personal antipathies and inordinate self-esteem. No man was ever so greatly indebted to mere style; yet, with all its recommendations, his is a style eminently

vicious. It is laboured, pompous, antithetical—never self-forgetful, never flowing freely, never in repose. The admiration he extorts is yielded grudgingly; nor is there any book so universally read which might become extinct with so little loss to the world as 'The Letters of Junius.' Reverse all this, and you have the characteristics of the 'Provincial Letters.' Their language is but the transparent, elastic, unobtrusive medium of thought. It moves with such quiet gracefulness as entirely to escape attention, until the matchless perspicacity of discussions, so incomprehensible under any management but his, forces on the mind an enquiry into the causes of so welcome a phenomenon. Pascal's wit, even when most formidable, is so tempered by kindness, as to show that the infliction of pain, however salutary, was a reluctant tribute to his supreme love of truth. His playfulness is like the laugh of childhood—the buoyancy of a heart which has no burden to throw off, and is gay without an effort. His indignation is never morose, vindictive, or supercilious: it is but philanthropy kindling into righteous anger and generous resentment, and imparting to them a tone of awful majesty. The unostentatious master of all learning, he finds recreation in toils which would paralyse an ordinary understanding; yet so sublimated is that learning with the spirit of philosophy, as to make him heedless of whatever is trivial, transient, and minute, except as it suggests or leads to what is comprehensive and eternal. But the canons of mere literary criticism were never designed to measure that which constitutes the peculiar greatness of the author of the 'Provincial Letters.' His own claim was to be tried by his peers—by those who, in common with him, possess a mental vision purified by contemplating that light in which is no darkness at all, and affections enlarged by a benevolence which, having its springs in heaven, has no limits to its diffusion on earth. Among his ascetic brethren in the valley of Port-Royal, he himself recognised the meet, if not the impartial judges of his labours. They hailed with transport an ally who, to their own sanctity of manners, and to more than their own genius, added popular arts to which they could make no pretension. Perhaps they were taught by the excellent M. Singlin to regard and censure such exultation as merely human. That great spiritual anatomist probably rebuked and punished the glee which could not but agitate the innermost folds of Arnauld's heart, as he read his apologist's exquisite analysis of the *Pouvoir Prochain*, and of the *Graces Suffisantes qui ne sont pas efficaces*. For history records the misgivings of Mademoiselle Pascal, how far M. Singlin would put up with the indomitable gayety which would still chequer with some gleams of mirth her brother's cell at Les Granges, even after his preternatural inge-

nuity had been exhausted in rendering it the most desolate and cheerless of human abodes.

Whatever may have been his treatment of his illustrious penitents, the good man was not long permitted to guide them through their weary pilgrimage. The respite obtained for Port-Royal by the Holy Thorn and the 'Provincial Letters,' expired with the death of Mazarin and with the authority of the Queen-mother. Louis began, as he believed, to act for himself—a vain attempt for a man who could never think for himself. The genius, such as it was, of the dead minister, had still the mastery over the inferior mind of the surviving monarch. Louis had been taught by the Cardinal to fear and to hate De Retz, Jansenism, and Port-Royal. Poor Singlin was therefore driven away, and in due time consigned to the Bastille. At the bidding of the King, a synod of the clergy of France drew up an anti-Jansenist test, to be taken by all ecclesiastics, and by all religious communities, male and female; fortified, of course, by effective penalties. They were all required to subscribe their names to a declaration that the 'five propositions,' in their heretical sense, were to be found in the *Augustinus*, with no exception in favour of those who had never seen the book, or of those who could not read Latin. Nor was this an ineffectual menace. Blow after blow fell on those who refused, and even on those who were expected to refuse, thus to condemn the Bishop of Ypres. Port-Royal was foremost among such obdurate recusants. Their schools, male and female, were dispersed. Arnauld and the other recluses were banished from the valley. The admission of novices and postulantes was interdicted to the abbess; and her ancient monastery was threatened with suppression as contumacious and heretical.

Angelique Arnauld was now sinking under the pressure of infirmity and of old age. Half a century had elapsed since the commencement of her reforms, and her tale of threescore years and ten had been fully told; but ere she yielded her soul to him who gave it, she rose from her dying bed to make one more effort for the preservation of the house, so long devoted, under her guidance, to works of mercy and to exercises of penitence and prayer. Surrounded by a throng of weeping children, and by her elder associates maintaining their wonted composure, she, for the last time, quitted Port-Royal des Champs, giving and receiving benedictions, and went to die at the convent of Port-Royal de Paris. She found the gates guarded, and the court-yards filled by a troop of archers, the executioners of the royal mandate for expelling the scholars, novices, postulantes, and other unprofessed inmates of the house. During eight successive days, one after another of these helpless women was torn

from the place around which their affections had twined; and from the arms of the dying mother, whom they loved with the tenderness of children, and regarded with more than filial reverence. Seventy-five persons were thus successively separated from her, as from hour to hour she descended to the tomb, under bodily and mental sufferings described with fearful minuteness in the obituaries of Port-Royal. 'At length our good Lord has seen 'fit to deprive us of all. Fathers, sisters, disciples, children—all 'are gone. Blessed be the name of the Lord.' Such was her announcement to Madame de Sevigné of the emptying of this first vial of kingly wrath. To the Queen-mother, she addressed herself in a loftier, though not in a less gentle tone. At each momentary remission of her agonies, she dictated to Anne of Austria a letter, long and justly celebrated as a model of epistolary eloquence. It has no trace of debility, still less of resentment. Her defence is as clear and as collected, as though, in the fulness of health, she had been conducting the cause of another. Without a reproach or a murmur, she exposes the wrongs of her sisterhood, and the error of her persecutors. For herself she asks no sympathy; but, from the verge of the world she had so long renounced, and was now about to quit for ever, she invokes from the depositaries of worldly power, the justice they owed to man, and the submission due to the ordinances of heaven. 'Now, my 'earthly business is done!' was her grateful exclamation as this letter was closed; and then commenced a mental and bodily strife, recorded, perhaps, but too faithfully by her biographers. These pages, at least, are no fit place for the delineation of a scene over which the sternest spectator must have wept, and the most hardened must have prayed fervently for the sufferer and for himself. From the dark close of a life so holy and so blameless, and from the hope, and peace, and joy, which at length cast over her departing spirit some radiance from that better state on the confines of which she stood, lessons may be drawn which we have no commission to teach, and which are perhaps best learned without the intervention of any human teacher. Yet, even in Port-Royal itself, there were not wanting some to whom this admonition of the vanity of human things was addressed in vain.

Among that venerable society, the Sœur Flavie Passart was unrivalled in the severity of her self-discipline, and the splendour of her superhuman gifts. As often as illness confined her to her bed, so often did a miracle restore her. The dead returned to her with messages from the other world. No saint in the calendar withheld his powerful influence in the court of heaven when she invoked it. Like many wiser folks, Sœur Flavie discovered at last, and doubtless to her own surprise, that she had become (there are none but masculine terms to express it) a liar and a

knave. The same discovery was opportunely made by her associates, and arrested her progress to the elective dignities of the abbey. A penitent confession of her Jansenist errors, a denunciation of the more eminent ladies of Port-Royal as her seducers, and a retractation of her heretical belief in the innocence of Jansenius, might, however, still pave her way to the abbatial throne. So judged the Sœur Flavie, and so decided M. Perifixe, the then archbishop of Paris. She merely asked the imprisonment of twenty-six of her rivals. He cheerfully accorded so reasonable a boon. Repairing in pontifical state to the Parisian monastery, he again tendered the anti-Jansenist test. Angelique was gone; but her spirit and her constancy survived. The simple-hearted nuns thought that it would be a mere falsehood to attest the existence of 'five propositions' in a book which they had never seen, and could not read; and truth, they knew, was the command of God, let Pope, Cardinal, or Archbishop, say what they would to the contrary. Perifixe interdicted their admission to the holy sacrament. 'Well, my lord,' they replied, 'there is in heaven a 'Judge who reads the heart, and to him we commend our cause.' 'Ay, ay,' rejoined the exemplary prelate, 'when we get to 'heaven it will be time enough to consider that, and see how 'things go there.'

Eight days elapsed; and still no change of purpose, no subscription to the test. Preceded by his crosier, the mitre on his brows, his train borne by ecclesiastics, and followed by a long line of archers, the Archbishop reappeared. Much he discoursed respecting his own mildness, and much of the obduracy of the nuns. In proof of both, twenty-three of their number were conveyed to separate places of confinement. But the fruits of her treachery were not reaped by the Sœur Flavie. By the influence of the Archbishop, the Sœur Dorothée Perdreau was elected abbess. That lady established her residence at Paris; she effected a final separation of the two monasteries; and gave entertainments at the Parisian convent which might vie with the most brilliant of any which formed the boast of the neighbouring hotels. For ten months her exiled sisters remained in prison. Perifixe then ordered their return to Port-Royal des Champs, there to be excluded from the sacraments of the church, and to die unanointed and unannealed. The recluses of the valley were to be seen there no more. They lived in hiding-places, or pined away in dungeons. Singlin died of extremity of suffering in the Bastille. It must be admitted that if the existence of the 'five propositions' in the *Augustinus* was not verified by the attestation of a score or two of old ladies, Louis and his clergy have not to bear the responsibility of so great a misfortune to the church.

Twelve years before, the miracle of the Holy Thorn and the genius of Pascal had rescued Port-Royal from impending destruction. A person scarcely less unlike the common herd of mortals than the author of the 'Provincial Letters,' and whose elevation had been owing to events which some may think more miraculous than the cure of Pascal's niece, now interposed in their behalf, and with not inferior success.

Anne Genevieve de Bourbon was born in the year 1619, in the castle of Vincennes, where her father, Henry, Prince of Orleans, was then confined. The misfortunes of her family, and especially the execution of the Constable Montmorency, her maternal uncle, had predisposed in early youth, to serious thought, a mind distinguished to the last by an insatiable craving for strong emotions. To renounce the world, and to take the veil among the sisterhood of Carmelites of the Faubourg St Jaques, were the earliest of the projects she had formed to baffle the foul fiend ennui. A counter-project, devised by her mother, was, that the young princess should present herself at a court ball. Maternal authority, perhaps inclination, on the one side, and conscientious scruples on the other, balanced and distressed the spirit of the high-born maiden. She betook herself for guidance to the Faubourg St Jaques. A council on the arduous question was held with all the forms, conventual and theatrical, which the statutes of the order and the fancy of the nuns required or suggested. As presidents, sat two of their number, one impersonating the grace of Penitence, the other the virtue of Discretion. From the judgment-seat so occupied, went forth the sentence that Anne Genevieve de Bourbon should attend the ball, and should surrender herself 'de bonne foi' to all the dress and ornaments prepared for her; but that in immediate contact with her person she should be armed with the penitential girdle, commonly called a *cilice*. Above the talisman which thus encircled that young and lovely form, glowed the bright panoply of the *marchande des modes*. Beneath it throbbed a heart responsive in every pulse to the new intoxication. Penitence and Discretion took their flight, no more to return till after the lapse of many a chequered year, the *cilice* was again bound over a heart, then, alas! aching with remorse, and bowed down with the contrite retrospect of many a crime and many a folly. At the Hotel de Rambouillet, she was initiated, with her brother, afterwards 'the great Condé,' into the Parisian mystery of throwing over the cold hard lineaments of downright selfishness, the fine woven draperies of polite literature, of sentimentality, and of taste. She had scarcely read any books; but she could discourse eloquently on all. Mistress of the histrionic art, all words fell bewitchingly from a voice with which every

look, and gesture, and attitude, combined in graceful harmony. De Retz notices the exquisite effect of the sudden bursts of gayety which would at times dispel her habitual, but not inexpressive languor. Sarazin and Voiture were proud to receive their laurels from her hand, or to beg them at her feet. Statesmen and generals sought, or seemed to seek, her counsels. Even her mitred correspondents infused into their pastoral admonitions a delicacy and a glow of language, which reveal alike her skill to fascinate, and their desire to please.

Vows of celibacy no longer promised an escape from lassitude. At the age of twenty-three, she gave her hand to Henry D'Orleans, Duc de Longueville, who had already numbered forty-seven years. The Duke repaired as plenipotentiary to the conferences at Munster. The Duchess remained at Paris, the idol of the court. Unexplored, at least by us, be the scandalous chronicle of a scandalous age. She rejoined him in time to shelter, if not entirely to save her reputation. As she floated down the Meuse in a royal progress, (for such it really was,) the sister of Condé was received with more than royal honours. Troops lined the banks; fortresses poured forth their garrisons to welcome her approach; the keys of Namur, then held by Spain, were laid at her feet; complimentary harangues hailed her arrival at Liege, Maestricht, and Ruremonde; and amidst the roar of cannon, and the acclamations of ten thousand voices, the triumphant beauty was restored to the arms of her husband. At Munster she exhibited the state and splendour of a crowned head. But her heart was depressed by ennui, if not agitated by more guilty emotions. Tours were undertaken, palaces built, wars of etiquette successfully waged with rival princesses; diplomatic intrigues twisted and untwisted; but gloom still settled in the spirits of her to whose diversion all other minds were ministering. She returned to Paris. Condé had exalted the glories of her house. Mazarin got up an Italian opera for her amusement. Benserade and Voiture referred to her award the question then agitating the whole Parisian world, of the comparative excellence of their rival sonnets. She became a mother. On every side the tedium of existence was assailed by new excitements; but melancholy still brooded over her. Relief was however at hand. The dissensions, the wars, the intrigues of the *Fronde*, filled the void which nothing else could fill. Her share in that mad revel is known to all the readers of De Retz, La Rochefoucalt, De Monspensier, and De Motteville. Her younger brother, the Prince de Conti, was but a puppet in her hands. With Condé, she quarrelled one day, and made it up the next. De Retz was alternately her ruler and her dupe. Marsaillac alone acquired a lasting influence over her

mind. He flattered, amused, animated, and governed her, to whose government alone the factious and the frivolous were alike willing to bow. With her infant in her arms, she appeared on the balcony, at the Hotel de Ville, 'beautiful,' says De Retz, 'with her dress apparently, but not really, neglected, while at 'the Grêve, from the pavement to the tiles, was a countless 'multitude of men shouting with transport, and women shedding 'tears of tenderness.' Never did mob-idolatry assume a more bewitching aspect. Hushed into affectionate silence were the harsh voices of the many-headed monster, as the peerless dame gave birth to 'Charles Paris,' her second son. Crowded even was that sick-chamber with black-robed councillors, and plumed officers, soliciting her commands for the defence of the blockaded capital. Peace came, and she met almost on equal terms the haughty widow and mother of the kings of France. For her brother and her husband, she demanded and obtained the government of provinces; for herself, a state ball at the Hotel de Ville, with the presence of the queen-mother to grace her triumph; for Marsaillac the entrée at the Louvre in his carriage; for his wife a tabouret. There are limits to human endurance. Against the entrée and the tabouret the whole nobility of France awoke in generous resentment. Astræa once more took her flight. Condé, Conti, and poor De Longueville himself, were conducted to Vincennes; our heroine fled to Normandy. Besieged in the castle of Dieppe, she escaped on foot, and, after a march of some leagues along the coast, reached a fishing-boat, which lay at anchor there, awaiting her arrival. A storm was raging; but, in defiance of all remonstrances, she resolved to embark. In an instant she was struggling for life in the water. Rescued with difficulty, but nothing daunted, she mounted behind a horseman, and for fifteen days evaded the pursuit of her enemies, in mean and desolate hiding-places. At length, reaching Havre, an English vessel conveyed her to Rotterdam. From that disastrous eclipse, she emerged with undiminished splendour. From Stenay, Turenne advanced to meet her at the head of all his forces. She became a party with him to the convention by which the King of Spain bound himself to maintain the war with France till the liberation of the three captive princes; and sixty-thousand crowns were promised for the support of the table and equipages of Turenne and the Princesse de Longueville. That more tender bonds than those of war and treason did not unite them, is ascribed by her biographers to her preference for one La Moussaye, the commandant of Stenay. There she braved the denunciations of her sovereign, opposing one manifesto to another, and adding to her other glories the praise of diplomatic eloquence. Again the

centre of all intrigue, the delirium, whether ambitious or voluptuous, of her heart, yielded for a while (and where beats the heart which is not enigmatical?) to remembrances, at once bitter and soothing, of the Carmelites of St Jaques, with whom, in days of youth and innocency, she had joined in far different aspirations. But in the *phantasmagoria* at Paris, the scenes are again shifted. The Parliaments remonstrate, the Princes are enlarged, the Cardinal exiled, and a royal declaration attests the innocence of Mademoiselle de Longueville, 'Vous n'etes plus 'criminelle si ce n'est de lèse amours,' was the greeting on this occasion of her favourite Sarazin. She rewarded the poet with an embassy to the Spanish government; for the Duchess had now undertaken a negotiation for peace between the two crowns. Her second triumph, however, was still incomplete. She returned in all the pomp of a conqueror to Paris, and once more met on equal terms the majesty of France.

It may reasonably be doubted whether there exists at this day one human being who has found leisure and inclination to study, with exact attention, the history of the wars of the 'Fronde.' But that they disturbed the peace, and postponed the rising greatness of a mighty nation, they would have as little to commend them to serious regard, as the cabals one may suppose to distract the fair council presiding over the internal economy of Almacks. To assert, during the weakness of a long minority, some popular rights not otherwise to be maintained, and to restore the greater nobility to the powers of which Richelieu had dispossessed them, were indeed motives which gave some show of dignity to the first movements of the Frondeurs; but meaner passions, more frivolous questions, interests more nakedly selfish, or in themselves more contemptible, never before or since roused a people to war, or formed a pretext for rebellion. Cardinals, Judges, Monarchs, Princesses, Courtiers, and Generals, whirl before the eye in that giddy maze—intriguing, lying, jesting, imprisoning, and killing, as though Bacchus, Momus, and Moloch, had for a while usurped a joint and absolute dominion over the distracted land. Among the figurantes in this dance of death, none is more conspicuous than the Duchess de Longueville. In the third and last of those preposterous wars, the royal authority triumphed, and her star declined; but it now set to rise again in a new and far purer radiance. Like the wisest of the sons of men, she had applied her heart to see if there was any good thing under the sun; and, like him, she returned with a spirit oppressed by the hopeless pursuit, and proclaiming that all is vanity. 'I have no wish so ardent' (such is her confession to the Prioress of the Carmelites) 'as to see this 'war at an end, that, for the rest of my days, I may dwell with

'you, and apart from all the world besides. Till peace is concluded, I may not do so. My life seems to have been given me but to prove how bitter and how oppressive are the sorrows of this mortal existence. My attachments to it are broken, or rather crushed. Write to me often, and confirm the loathing I feel for this sublunary state.'

It was a weary way which the returning penitent had to retrace. Now rising towards the heaven to which she aspired, her fainting spirit would again sink down to the earth she had too much loved. Long and arduous was the struggle—tardy, and to the last precarious, the conquest. But the conquest was achieved. Gainsay it who will, the spirit of man is the not unfrequent, though the hidden scene of revolutions, as real as that which, from the seed corrupting in the soil beneath us, draws forth the petals, diffusing on every side their fragrance, and reflecting in every varied hue the light of heaven. He who, with disappointed hopes, and the satiety of all the pleasures which earth has to offer, seeks refuge in that sanctuary which in the heat and confidence of youth he had despised, may well expect that human judges will note the change with incredulity or derision: nor, perhaps, has he much right to complain. There ever must be some ground for others to doubt whether the seeming love of long-neglected virtues be more than a real distaste for long-practised vices. That the *rouée* should pass into the *ennuyée*, and the *ennuyée* into the *devotée*, may appear as natural as that the worm should become a chrysalis, and the chrysalis a butterfly. To the wits be their jests, and to the mockers their gibes. To those who can feel for some of the deepest agonies of our common nature, such jests will be at least less welcome than the belief that, when innocence is gone, all is not lost; and the conviction, that over the soul blighted and depraved by criminal indulgence, may still be effectually brooding an influence more gentle than a mother's love, and mightier than all the confederate powers of darkness and of guilt. Few readers of the later correspondence of the Duchess of Longueville, will doubt that the change in her character was the result of such a renovating energy. At the age of thirty-four she finally retired from the cabals in which she had borne so conspicuous a part. Condé had now taken up arms against her native country, and Turenne commanded her armies. The Duchess mourned alike the success and the reverses of her brother. De Longueville, a kind-hearted man, hailed with unabated tenderness her return to the paths of wisdom and peace. She watched with true congenial care over his declining years, and even extended her kindness to one of his illegitimate daughters.

Touched by her altered conduct, the King and the Queen's mother admitted her not merely to their favour, but to a high place in their regard; nor are there many incidents in the life of Louis so amiable, as the affectionate gentleness of his demeanour to this once dangerous but now self-humbled enemy. On the death of her husband, she expended immense sums in the attempt to repair, in some degree, the calamities which the war of the Princes had inflicted on the peasantry. In a single year she restored to freedom, at her own expense, nine hundred persons imprisoned for debt; and had a list of no less than four thousand prisoners subsisting altogether on her bounty. The austere penances, which at least attested her sincerity, were combined on all becoming occasions with the princely magnificence due to her exalted station. Her eldest son, the Comte Du Dunois, a feeble-minded youth, turned Jesuit, took orders, escaped to Rome, and was placed under permanent restraint. The Comte St Paul, her only other child, was a wild profligate. He enjoyed ecclesiastical benefices of the annual value of 50,000 crowns, which she compelled him to resign unconditionally to the disposal of the King. Louis revered and applauded such unwonted disinterestedness, and exerted all the magic of his flattery to win her back again to the court and to the world. But she had learned a salutary lesson of self-distrust. In the valley of Port-Royal she built a modest residence, where she found repose, if not serenity; and soothed with humble hopes a spirit too deeply contrite to be visited by more buoyant feelings. Her own hand has traced the history of her declining years; nor have the most pathetic preachers of that age of pulpit eloquence, bequeathed to us a more impressive admonition. Whoever would learn what are the woes of ministering, by reckless self-indulgence, to the morbid cravings of the heart for excitement; or how revolting is the late return to more tranquil pursuits; or how gloomy is the shadow which criminal passions, even when exorcised, yet will cast over the soul they have long possessed; or how, through that gloom, a light pure as its divine original, may dawn over the benighted mind with still expanding warmth and brightness—should study the Letters and the Confessions of Anne Genevieve, Duchesse de Longueville.

To explain what was the task she undertook, we must return a little in our former steps.

Such, and so conversant with the ways of the world was the diplomatist who at length appeared for the rescue of the ladies of Port-Royal. No less skilful hand could have unraveled the folds in which the subject had been wrapped by intrigue and bigotry.

The original anti-Jansenist test had been promulgated by a synod of the clergy of France, adopted by the Sorbonne, and

enforced by Louis. To the remonstrances of the nuns against being required to attest by their signatures a matter of fact of which they had, and could have no knowledge, the King had answered only by reiterating the demand for a 'pure and simple' subscription. 'His Majesty,' observed the Princess de Guemene, 'is supreme. He can make princes of the blood, bishops, 'and archbishops. Why not martyrs also?' It was a branch of the royal prerogative which he was nothing loath to exercise. De Retz abdicated the see of Paris, and was succeeded by De Marca, the author of the Formulary. Availing themselves of so happy an occasion, the Jesuits at Clermont drew up a thesis, in which was propounded, for the acceptance of the faithful, the naked dogma of Papal infallibility, not only on points of doctrine, but as to mere matters of fact. Arnauld and his friends protested. Their protest was refuted by the hand and the torch of one of the great polemics of that age—the public executioner. De Marca did not live long; and his death brought with it a truce in this holy war. His successor in the see of Paris, M. de Perifixe, resumed it, but with greater subtlety. He taught that it was enough if a matter of fact, asserted by the Pope, were believed not *d'une foi divine*, but *d'une foi humaine*. Whether, in the Virgilian elysium, the recompense awarded to the inventors of useful arts awaits the authors of useful distinctions, has not been revealed to us; but if so, De Perifixe may there have found his recompense. On earth it was his hard fate to be refuted by Nicole, to be laughed at by the Parisians, and to be opposed by the ladies of Port-Royal. They had no faith, divine or human, and they would profess none, as to the contents of a large folio written in a language of which they were entirely ignorant. 'Pure as angels,' said the incensed Archbishop; 'they are proud as devils!' How he punished their pride has already been recorded.

When a great dignitary has lost his temper, there is nothing which he should more studiously avoid than the being hooked into the sort of contemporary record which the French call a *procès verbal*. In the midst of the nuns of Port-Royal, De Perifixe had stormed and scolded more in the style of a *poissarde* than of an Archbishop of Paris; and when the chronicle of all his sayings and doings on the occasion stole into light, with all the forms of notarial certificates, he found himself, to his unutterable dismay, the hero of as broad a farce as had ever delighted that laughter-loving city. It was the single joke of which the nuns had ever been either the willing or the unintentional authors; and they soon found to their cost that it was no light matter to have di-

rected the current of ridicule against an archi-episcopal, and, through him, against a royal censor.

The invincible opposition of the Port-Royalists to the test, had awakened a more extended resistance. Men had begun to deny the right of assemblies of the clergy, or of the King himself, to impose such subscriptions. To retreat was, however, no longer possible. Louis, therefore, by the advice of the Jesuits, desired the Pope himself first to draw up a Formula, which should declare his own infallible knowledge of matters of fact; and then to require the universal acceptance of it. Alexander the Seventh exultingly complied. Subscription to De Marca's test was now exacted by papal authority, with the addition that the subscribers should call on the Deity himself to attest their sincerity. To this demand the great body of the clergy of France submitted; but still the resistance of the nuns of Port-Royal was unsubdued. Four years of persecution—of mean, unmanly, worrying persecution—followed. The history of it fills many volumes of the Conventual Annals, exciting in the mind of him who reads them, feelings of amazement and disgust, of respect and pity, strong enough to carry him through what it must be confessed is but a wearisome task. From the poor remnant of earthly comforts which these aged women had retained, the mean-spirited king, his bigoted confessors, and his absurd archbishop, daily stole whatever could be so pilfered. From their means of preparing for the world where the wicked cease from troubling, every deduction was made which sacerdotal tyranny could enforce. But no tyranny could induce them to call on the God of Truth to attest a lie. One after another went down, with no priestly absolution, to graves which no priest would bless; strong, even amidst the weakness and the mortal agonies of nature, in the assurance, that the path to heaven could not be found in disobedience to the immutable laws which Heaven itself had established.

Among the bishops of France, four had been faithful enough to insist on the *droit* and the *fait*. In publishing the papal bull, they attached to it an express statement of their dissent from this new pretension of Rome. Of these prelates, one was a brother of the great Arnauld, and bore the same name. Alexander the Seventh was now on his death-bed; he had even received extreme unction. But at that awful hour he retained enough of human or of papal feeling to launch against the four prelates a brief, full of menaces, which it devolved on his successor, Rospigliosi, to execute. But Clement the Ninth was a man of a far greater and more Christian spirit. He had mourned over the distractions of the Church, and had made it his appropriate glory to mediate between the contending crowns of Spain and Portugal. To him

the Duchesse De Longueville addressed herself on behalf of Port-Royal, in a letter of the most insinuating and impressive eloquence. His nuncio at Paris was made to feel all the powers of that fascinating influence which she still knew how to employ. At her hotel, and in her presence, a secret committee met daily for the management of this affair. It was composed of three bishops, aided by Arnauld and Nicole. Condé himself was induced by his sister to lend the weight of his authority to her projects. Even Le Tellier was circumvented by the toils spread for him by this great mistress of intrigue. For nearly eighteen months she laboured to overcome the obstacles which the pride of Rome and of Louis, and the ill-will of the Father Annat, his confessor, opposed to her. All difficulties at length yielded to her perseverance and her diplomatic skill. The four bishops were content to denounce the 'five propositions' as heretical, and to promise 'a submission of respect and discipline' as to the *fact*, declaring that 'they would not contest the papal decision, but 'would maintain an absolute silence on the subject.' One of them insisted on adding an express statement of the fallibility of the Church respecting such matters of fact as the contents of a book. Clement the Ninth was, however, satisfied. Peace was restored to the Gallican Church. Medals were struck, speeches made, and solemn audiences accorded by Louis to Arnauld and his associates. De Saci and his fellow-prisoners were set at liberty. Port-Royal was once more permitted to recruit her monastery, to open her schools, and to give shelter to her dispersed recluses. Among the events which signalized the pacification of Clement the Ninth, one demands especial notice. Malebranche had signed the Formulary. He now frankly avowed that he had condemned Jansenius without reading his book, and implored the pardon of God and of man for his guilty compliance. It may perhaps be consolatory to some, in our own times, to be informed, that in censuring as heretical the book of a professor of divinity, of which they knew nothing but the title-page, they might have pleaded the example of so great a man—a comfort, however, to which they will not be entitled, unless they imitate also the example of his repentance.

Ten years elapsed from this pacification before the close of the extraordinary career of the Duchess of Longueville; and they were years distinguished in the chronicle of Port-Royal by little else than the peaceful lives and the tranquil deaths of many of the inhabitants of the valley. In their annals are to be found more than a century of names, to which their admirers have promised not only an eternal reward, but such immortality as the world has to bestow. Overburdened as we are by the ever increasing debt of admira-

tion to the illustrious dead, these promises will hardly be fulfilled, at least by our busy age: nor is it easy even for one who has carefully travelled through the whole of these biographies, to select from among the female candidates for posthumous renown, those to whom such homage is especially due. Their portraitures have a strong resemblance to each other. To each, in her turn, is awarded the praise of passive virtue, of fervent piety, and of austerities from which nature shrinks. If a sense of the ludicrous will occasionally provoke a passing smile, or if a sigh must now and then be given to the melancholy superstitions of which they were the blameless victims, it is at least impossible to contemplate, irreverently or unmoved, the image of purity and peace, of mutual kindness and cheerful acquiesence in the Divine will, which discloses itself at each successive aspect of that holy sisterhood. The sternest Protestant cannot rouse himself at once from the influence of this course of reading; nor resume without an effort his conviction, that it is amidst the charities of domestic life that female virtue finds the highest exercise, and female piety the most sublime elevation. He knows, indeed, that exuberant as is the charter of his faith in models of every human virtue, and in precepts of wisdom under every varied form, it contains not so much as a single example, or a solitary admonition, from which the Confessors of Port-Royal could have shown that a retreat to such cloisters was in accordance with the revealed will of God. He knows also, that thus to counteract the eternal laws of nature, and the manifest designs of providence, must be folly, however specious the pretext or solemn the guise which such folly may assume. He is assured that filial affection, cheerfully, temperately, bountifully, and thankfully using the gifts of heaven, is the best tribute which man can render to Him who claims for himself the name and the character of a Father. But with all this knowledge, the disciple of Luther or of Calvin will yet close the *vies edificates* and the *necrologies* of these holy women, not without a reluctance to doubt, and a wish to believe, that they really occupied the high and awful station to which they aspired; and stood apart from the world, its pollutions, and its cares, to offer with purer hearts than others, and with more acceptable intercessions, the sacrifice of an uninterrupted worship, replete with blessings to themselves and to mankind. Peace then to their errors, and unquoted be any of the innumerable extravagances which abound in the records of their lives. To the Recluses who shared, without ever breaking their solitude, we rather turn for illustrations of the spirit which animated and characterized the valley of Port-Royal.

On the pacification of Clement IX., Louis Sabastian le Nain

de Tillemont, who had been educated in the schools of Nicole and Lancelot, returned in the maturity of his manhood to a hermitage which he had erected near the court-yard of the abbey. Such had been his attainments as a boy, that the pupil had soon exhausted the resources of those profound teachers, and in his twentieth year had commenced those works on ecclesiastical history, which have placed him in the very foremost rank, if not at the head, of all who have laboured in that fertile though rugged field. To the culture of it, his life was unceasingly devoted. Though under the direction of De Saci he had obtained admission to holy orders, he refused all the rich preferments pressed on him by the admirers of his genius. Year after year passed over him, unmarked by any event which even the pen of his affectionate biographer, Fontaine, could record. 'He lived,' says that amiable writer, 'alone, and with no witness but God himself, who was 'ever present with him, and who was all in all to him.' It was only in a habitual and placid communion with that one associate, that he sought relief from his gigantic toils; and with a spirit recruited by that communion, he returned to the society of the Emperors, the Popes, the Fathers, and the Saints, who were to him as companions and as friends. To a man long conversant with the anxieties of a secular calling, the soft lights and the harmonious repose of such a picture may perhaps exhibit a delusive aspect; yet it can hardly be a delusion to believe, that for such colloquy with the minds which yet live in books, and with that Mind which is the source of all life, would be well exchanged whatever ambition, society, fame, or fortune, have to confer on their most favoured votaries.

So at least judged one, whom fame and fortune wooed with their most alluring smiles. Racine had been trained at Port-Royal, in the same schools and by the same masters as Tillemont. For the great dramatist, no sympathy could of course be expressed by the austere dwellers in the desert; and perhaps the friendship of Boileau may have consoled him for the alienation of his old teacher Nicole. But when, in his *visionnaires*, that devout and learned man denounced the writers of stage-plays as the *Empoisonneurs publics des âmes*, Racine keenly felt and resented the reproach. Like most controversialists, he lived to repent the asperity of his language: but his repentance yielded fruits, the like of which have rarely been gathered from that bitter stem. The author of *Andromaque* not only sought the pardon, and regained the friendship of Arnauld and Nicole, but actually renounced the drama, exhorted his son to abandon poetry, and became the advocate and the historian of Port-Royal, and secured for his bones a resting-place in that consecrated soil. Happily

for the world, a method was afterwards discovered of reconciling the exercise of Racine's genius with the severe principles which Nicole had instilled into him when a boy, and had revived with such decisive effect in his riper days. *Esther* and *Athalie* were allowed, even at Port-Royal, to be works not unseemly for a man whose single talent was that of writing verses, and who, if he could do nothing better, was at least acknowledged to do that well. But alas for human consistency! He who traced those majestic scenes where reliance on the Divine arm triumphs over all human regards and terrors, was doomed himself to pine away and to die of a hard saying of the hard master it was his ill fate to serve. His guilt was to have drawn up a Memoir on the means of relieving the starving poor at Paris. His punishment, the indignant exclamation of the great Louis, 'Because 'he is an all-accomplished versifier, does he presume that he 'knows every thing? Because he is a great poet, does he mean 'to become a minister?' Well might the sensitive spirit which such a feather could crush, wish with Wolsey that he had served his God as faithfully as his King, and repine amidst the pageantries of Versailles for the devout composure of Port-Royal!

And many were the eminent men who sought and enjoyed that repose. There dwelt the Prince de Conti, one of the heroes of the Fronde, and still more memorable for his penitence and restitutions; of whom it is recorded, that his young children were so impressed by his absolute devotedness to the Divine will, as to conceal from him the story of Abraham, lest the example of the sacrifice of Isaac should be imitated at their own expense. There, too, resided the Duc de Laincourt, on whom fortune had exhausted all her bounties, and who, under the loss of them all, rose to the utmost heroism of a meek, unrepining, and cheerful resignation. Pontchateau, a noble, a courtier, an ambassador, and at length the apostolical prothonotary at Rome, brought all the strange vicissitudes of his life to an end, by becoming, under the name of Le Mercier, a common labourer in the gardens, and a devout worshipper in the church of Port-Royal. But this chronicle of worthies, spreading out into interminable length, must give place to a very brief account of the events which reduced to a desert the solitudes which they had cultivated and adorned.

Amidst the contentions of the Gallican Church, full proof had been given of the keen edge of those weapons which might be borrowed from the papal arsenals. It readily occurred to the sufferers, that the resource which the Jesuits had so successfully employed, might be turned against themselves. Pascal had startled the civilized world with the exposure of Molinist errors, hostile not merely to the Catholic creed, but to those principles of virtue

which are the very cement of human society. They had imputed to Jansenius five heresies on the obscure subjects of divine grace and human freedom; but who could number the propositions in which Escobar and his associates had spurned the authority of the decalogue itself? The assiduity of the bishops of Arras and St Pons collected sixty-five of these scandalous dogmas, and these they transmitted to Rome in a memorial of which Nicole was believed to be the writer, and known to be the translator. Righteous, unqualified, and decisive was the papal condemnation of the morality of the Jesuits; but fatal to the repose of Port-Royal was this triumph of one of her brightest ornaments. The Duchesse de Longueville had lately died, and with her had disappeared the motive which had induced Louis to show some forbearance to the objects of her affectionate solicitude. Harlai now governed the see of Paris. He was a man of disreputable character, and the mere instrument of the king. Louis was in bondage to Madame de Maintenon, and she to the Jesuits. Their vengeance scarcely sought a pretext, and soon found its gratification.

In the exercise of his archi-episcopal authority, Harlai banished De Saci, Tillemont, and Pontchateau, from the valley of Port-Royal. Nicole and Arnauld sought shelter in the Netherlands from his menaces. The postulantes and scholars were once more expelled, and the admission of novices was again forbidden.

At this epoch, another lady of the house of Arnauld—a cousin and namesake of the Mère Angelique—was invested with the dignity of abbess. Her genius, her virtue, and her learning, are the subject of eulogies too indistinct to be impressive, and too hyperbolical to win implicit credence. Yet, if she was the writer of the memoir in defence of her monastery which bears her name, there was no apparent obstacle, but her sex and her profession, to her successful rivalry of the greatest masters of juridical eloquence in France. Ineffectual, however, would have been all the rhetoric which ever adorned the parliament of Paris, to avert the threatened doom of the stronghold of Jansenism. As he approached the tomb, Harlai's resentment became more deep and settled. He left it a fatal inheritance to his successor, the Cardinal de Noailles. A weak and obstinate, but not an unfeeling man, De Noailles owed his promotion to the see of Paris to his fixed hostility to Port-Royal, and his known willingness to hazard the odium of subverting that ancient seat of piety and learning. The apology soon presented itself.

Several years had elapsed since the dispute about 'Le Droit et le Fait de Jansenius' had apparently reached its close. Revolving this passage of bygone history, a priest had improved or

amused his leisure, by drawing up, for the decision of the Sorbonne, 'a case of conscience,' which, it must be owned, was a hard problem for the most expert easuist. Of two infallible Popes, one had with his dying breath affirmed, as a momentous truth, a proposition, which the other had abandoned, if not retracted. What was it the duty of the faithful to believe on the subject? Forty doctors answered, that it was enough to maintain a respectful silence as to the 'fait de Jansenius.' Archiepiscopal mandaments, treatises of the learned, royal orders in council, and parliamentary arrêts, flew thick and fast through the troubled air, and obscured the daylight of common sense. Again the eldest son of the church invoked the authority of her spiritual father. In oracular darkness went forth from the Vatican, the sentence, that 'respectful silence is not a sufficient deference for apostolical constitutions.' This is what is called, in ecclesiastical story, the bull 'Vineam Domini Sabaoth.' Under shelter of an abstract theorem which no Catholic could deny, it ingeniously concealed the conflict of opinion of two infallible Pontiffs. Subscription of their unqualified assent to the bull 'Vineam' was demanded from the nuns of Port-Royal, and from them alone. They cheerfully subscribed; but with the addition, that their signature was not to be understood as derogating from what had been determined on the pacification of Clement IX. This was their final and their fatal act of contumacy. Decree after decree was fulminated by De Noailles. He forbade the admission of any new members of their house. He prohibited the election of an abbess. He despoiled them of a large part of their estates. He interdicted to them all the sacraments of the church. He obtained a papal bull for the suppression of their monastery; and, in October 1709, he carried it into effect by an armed force, under the Marquis D'Argenson.

There is in Westminster Hall a tradition that an eminent advocate of our own times, addressed to the House of Peers during sixteen successive days a speech, in the course of which (such is the calculation) he employed all the words in Johnson's Dictionary, one with another, just thirty-five times over. Neither boasting the copiousness, nor presuming on the patience which were at the command of that great lawyer, we have compressed into a few sentences the history of a contest, which, if not so abridged, would have swollen to the utmost limits of that unparalleled oration. But to those who have leisure for such studies, and who delight in a well-fought forensic field, we can promise that pleasure in the highest degree from a perusal of the contest between the aged ladies of Port-Royal, and their royal, mitred, and ermined antagonists. Never was a more gal-

lant struggle against injustice. After exhausting all the resources of legal defence, those helpless and apparently feeble women disputed every inch of ground by protests, remonstrances, and petitions, which, for the moment at least, held their assailants in check, and which yet remain a wondrous monument of their perseverance and capacity, and of the absolute self-control which, amidst the outpourings of their griefs, and the exposure of their wrongs, restrained every expression of asperity or resentment. Never was the genius of the family of Arnauld exhibited with greater lustre, and never with less effect.

In a grey autumnal morning, a long file of armed horsemen, under the command of D'Argenson, was seen to issue from the woods which overhung the ill-fated monastery. In the name of Louis he demanded and obtained admission into that sacred inclosure. Seated on the abbatial throne, he summoned the nuns into his presence. They appeared before him veiled, silent, and submissive. Their papers, their title-deeds, and their property were then seized, and proclamation made of a royal decree which directed their immediate exile. It was instantly carried into effect. Far and wide, along the summits of the neighbouring hills, might be seen a thronging multitude of the peasants whom they had instructed, and of the poor whom they had relieved. Bitter cries of indignation and of grief, joined with fervent prayers, arose from these helpless people, as, one after another, the nuns entered the carriages drawn up for their reception. Each pursued her solitary journey to the prison destined for her. Of these venerable women, some had passed their eightieth year, and the youngest was far advanced in life. Labouring under paralysis and other infirmities of old age, several of them reached at once their prisons and their graves. Others died under the distress and fatigues of their journey. Some possessed energies which no sufferings could subdue. Madame de Remicourt, for example, was kept for two years in solitary confinement; in a cell lighted and ventilated only through the chimney; without fire, society, or books. 'You may persecute, but you will never 'change Madame de Remicourt,' said the archbishop; 'for' (such was his profound view of the phenomenon) 'she has a square 'head, and people with square heads are always obstinate.' Last in the number of exiles appeared at the gates of the abbey, the prioress, Louise de St Anastasie Mesnil de Courtiaux. She had seen her aged sisters one by one quit for ever the abode, the associates, and the employments of their lives. To each she had given her parting benediction. She shed no tear, she breathed no murmur, nor for a moment betrayed the dignity of her office, or the constancy of her mind. 'Be faithful to the end,' were

the last words which she addressed to the last companion of her sorrows. And nobly did she fulfil her own counsels. She was conducted to a convent, where, under a close guard, she was compelled to endure the utmost rigours of a jail. Deprived of all those religious comforts which it is in the power of man to minister, she enjoyed a solace, and found a strength, which it was not in the power of man to take away. In common with the greater part of her fellow-sufferers, she died with no priestly absolution, and was consigned to an unhallowed grave. They died the martyrs of sincerity; strong in the faith that a lie must ever be hateful in the sight of God, though infallible popes should exact it, or an infallible church, as represented by cardinals and confessors, should persuade it.

Unsatiated by the calamities of the nuns, the vengeance of the enemies of Port-Royal was directed against the buildings where they had dwelt, the sacred edifice where they had worshipped, and the tombs in which their dead had been interred. The monastery and the adjacent church were overthrown from their foundations. Workmen, prepared by hard drinking for their task, broke open the graves in which the nuns and recluses of former times had been interred. With obscene ribaldry, and outrages too disgusting to be detailed, they piled up a loathsome heap of bones and corpses, on which the dogs were permitted to feed. What remained was thrown into a pit, prepared for the purpose, near the neighbouring churchyard of St Lambert. A wooden cross, erected by the villagers, marked the spot where many a pilgrim resorted to pray for the souls of the departed, and for his own. At length no trace remained of the fortress of Jansenism to offend the eye of the Jesuits, or to perpetuate the memory of the illustrious dead with whom they had so long contended. The solitary Gothic arch, the water-mill, and the dovecot, rising from the banks of the pool, with the decayed towers and the farm-house on the slopes of the valley, are all that now attest that it was once the crowded abode of the wise, the learned, and the good. In that spot, however, may still be seen the winding brook, the verdant hills, and the quiet meadows, nature's indestructible monuments to the devout men and holy women who nurtured there affections which made them lovely in their lives, and hopes which rendered them triumphant in death. Nor in her long roll of martyrs has history to record the names of any who suffered with greater constancy, or in a nobler cause; for their conflict was with the very church they most profoundly revered, and their cause was that of devotedness to sincerity and the abhorence of falsehood.

Amongst the interpreters of the counsels of Divine Providence

in that age, there were not wanting many who found, in the calamities which overwhelmed the declining years of Louis, the retribution of an avenging Deity for the wrongs inflicted on Port-Royal. If it were given to man to decipher the mysterious characters engraven on the scroll of this world's history, it might not be difficult to find, in the annals of his reign, other and yet more weighty reasons for the awakening of Nemesis in France at the commencement of the eighteenth century. But of the mere chronological fact, there is no doubt. The deaths of the three Dauphins, and the victories of Eugene and Marlborough, followed hard on the dispersion of the nuns. With his dying breath, Louis cast the responsibility on the Jesuits who stood round his bed. 'If, indeed, 'you have misled and deceived me'—such was his last address to his confessors—'you are deeply guilty, for in truth I acted 'in good faith. I sincerely sought the peace of the church.' The humiliation of his spiritual advisers quickly followed. It was preceded by the retirement and death of Madame de Maintenon, who had both provoked and derided the sufferings of the Port-Royalists. The very type of mediocrity out of place, she is to our mind the least winning of all the ladies of equivocal or desperate reputation who in modern times have stood on the steps of European thrones. Her power was sustained by the feebleness of the mind she had subdued, and by the craftiness of those who had subjugated her own. Her prudery and her religiousness, such as it was, served but to deepen the aversion which her intriguing, selfish, narrow-minded, and bigoted spirit excite and justify; although, in her own view of the matter, she probably hoped to propitiate the favour of heaven and the applause of the world, by directing against the unoffending women of Port-Royal the deadly wrath of the worn-out debauchee, whose jaded spirits and unquiet conscience it was her daily task to sustain and flatter. De Noailles, the instrument of her cruelty, lived to bewail his guilt with such strange agonies of remorse, as to rescue his memory from all feelings of hatred, although it is difficult to contemplate, without some failure of respect, the exhibition of emotions which, however just in themselves, deprived their victim of all powers of self-control, and of every semblance of decorous composure. His howlings are described by the witness of them, to have been more like those of a wild beast or a maniac, than of a reasonable man.

If these slight notices of the heroes and heroines of Port-Royal, (slight, indeed, when compared with the original materials from which they have been drawn,) should be ascribed by any one to a pen plighted to do suit and service to the cause of Rome, no surmise could be wider of the mark. No Protestant can read the

writings of the Port-Royalists themselves, without gratitude for his deliverance from the superstitions of a church which calls herself Catholic, and boasts that she is eternal. That the Church of Rome may flourish as long as the race of man shall endure, is indeed a conclusion which may reasonably be adopted by him who divines the future only from the past. For where is the land, or what the historical period, in which a conspicuous place has not been held by phenomena essentially the same, however circumstantially different? In what age has man not been a worshipper of the visible? In what country has imagination—the sensuous property of the mind—failed to triumph over those mental powers which are purely contemplative? Who can discover a period in which religion has not more or less assumed the form of a compromise between the self-dependence and the self-distrust of her votaries—between their abasement to human authority and their conviction of its worthlessness—between their awe of the divine power and their habitual revolt against the divine will? Of every such compromise, the indications have ever been the same—a worship of pomp and ceremonial, a spiritual despotism exercised by a sacerdotal caste, bodily penances and costly expiations, and the constant intervention of man, and of the works of man, between the worshipper and the supreme object of his worship. So long as human nature shall continue what it is, the religion of human nature will be unchanged. The Church of Rome will be eternal, if man, such as he now is, is himself eternal.

But for every labour under the sun, says the Wise Man, there is a time. There is a time for bearing testimony against the errors of Rome, why not also a time for testifying to the sublime virtues with which those errors have been so often associated? Are we for ever to admit and never to practise the duties of kindness and mutual forbearance? Does Christianity consist in a vivid perception of the faults, and an obtuse blindness to the merits of those who differ from us? Is charity a virtue only when we ourselves are the objects of it? Is there not a church as pure and more catholic than those of Oxford or Rome—a church comprehending within its limits every human being who, according to the measure of the knowledge placed within his reach, strives habitually to be conformed to the will of the common Father of us all? To indulge hope beyond the pale of some narrow communion, has, by each Christian society in its turn, been denounced as a daring presumption. Yet hope has come to all, and with her faith and charity, her inseparable companions. Amidst the shock of contending creeds, and the uproar of anathemas, they who have ears to hear, and hearts to understand, have listened to gentler and

more kindly sounds. Good men may debate as polemics, but they will feel as Christians. On the universal mind of Christendom is indelibly engraven one image, towards which the eyes of all are more or less earnestly directed. Whoever has himself caught any resemblance, however faint and imperfect, to that divine and benignant Original, has in his measure learned to recognize a brother wherever he can decern the same resemblance.*

There is an essential unity in that kingdom which is not of this world. But within the provinces of that mighty state there is room for endless varieties of administration, and for local laws and customs widely differing from each other. The unity consists in the one object of worship—the one object of affiance—the one source of virtue—the one cementing principle of mutual love, which pervade and animate the whole. The diversities are, and must be, as numerous and intractable as are the essential distinctions which nature, habit, and circumstances have created amongst men. Uniformity of creeds, of discipline, of ritual, and of ceremonies, in such a world as ours!—a world where no two men are not as distinguishable in their mental as in their physical aspect; where every petty community has its separate system of civil government; where all that meets the eye, and all that arrests the ear, has the stamp of boundless and infinite variety! What are the harmonies of tone, of colour, and of form, but the result of contrasts—of contrasts held in subordination to one pervading principle, which reconciles without confounding the component elements of the music, the painting, or the structure? In the physical works of God, beauty could have no existence without endless diversities. Why assume that in religious society—a work not less surely to be ascribed to the supreme Author of all things—this law is absolutely reversed? Were it possible to subdue that innate tendency of the human mind, which compels men to differ in religious opinions and observances, at least as widely as on all other subjects, what would be the results of such a triumph? Where would then be the free comparison, and the continual enlargement of thought; where the self-distrusts which are the springs of humility, or the mutual dependencies which are the bonds of

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* See on this subject a book entitled 'Catholic Christianity,' the anonymous work of the Rev. E. M'Vicar, now a minister of the Church of Scotland in Ceylon. Why such a book should not have attained an extensive celebrity, or why such a writer should have been permitted to quit his native land, are questions to which we fear no satisfactory answer could be given by the dispensers of fame or of church preferment.

love? He who made us with this infinite variety in our intellectual and physical constitution, must have foreseen, and foreseeing, must have intended, a corresponding dissimilarity in the opinions of his creatures on all questions submitted to their judgment, and proposed for their acceptance. For truth is his law; and if all will profess to think alike, all must live in the habitual violation of it.

Zeal for uniformity attests the latent distrusts, not the firm convictions of the zealot. In proportion to the strength of our self-reliance, is our indifference to the multiplication of suffrages in favour of our own judgment. Our minds are steeped in imagery; and where the visible form is not, the impalpable spirit escapes the notice of the unreflecting multitude. In common hands, analysis stops at the species or the genus, and cannot rise to the order or the class. To distinguish birds from fishes, beasts from insects, limits the efforts of the vulgar observer of the face of nature. But Cuvier could trace the sublime unity, the universal type, the fontal Idea existing in the creative intelligence, which connects as one the mammoth and the snail. So, common observers can distinguish from each other the different varieties of religious society, and can rise no higher. Where one assembly worships with harmonies of music, fumes of incense, ancient liturgies, and a gorgeous ceremonial, and another listens to the unaided voice of a single pastor, they can perceive and record the differences; but the hidden ties which unite them both escape such observation. All appears as contrast, and all ministers to antipathy and discord. It is our belief that these things may be rightly viewed in a different aspect, and yet with the most severe conformity to the divine will, whether as intimated by natural religion, or as revealed in holy scripture. We believe that, in the judgment of an enlightened charity, many Christian societies, who are accustomed to denounce each other's errors, will at length come to be regarded as members in common of the one great and comprehensive church, in which diversities of forms are harmonized by an all-pervading unity of spirit. For ourselves, at least, we should deeply regret to conclude that we were aliens from that great Christian Commonwealth of which the Nuns and Recluses of the valley of Port-Royal were members, and members assuredly of no common excellence.

ART. II.—1. *Cecil; or, The Adventures of a Coxcomb.* 3 vols. 8vo. Second edition. London: 1841.

2. *De Clifford; or, The Constant Man.* By the Author of '*Tremaine*,' and '*De Vere*.' 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1841.

THE last two years have been more than ordinarily productive of good novels; and novels form too important a branch of modern literature, to be neglected in any periodical publication professing to guard and direct the taste of the public. It is our intention, accordingly, to take the earliest convenient opportunity to examine the novels alluded to; but we have meanwhile selected for immediate notice two of the latest, as particularly inviting remark by their contrasts, and the notoriety they have otherwise attained. The one is anonymous, and has given rise to more guessing as to its authorship than any late unacknowledged production of the press; the other claims the respectable parentage of Mr Ward, and introduces itself as the offspring of his seventy-sixth year.

The ostensible objects of both these novels are the same —to give sketches of life and manners during the last thirty or forty years, to speculate largely and loosely on things in general, and read the rising generation a lecture on the art of rising in the world. But no two books, heroes, or authors, ever presented a more striking contrast. The one light, gay, and glancing—the other sober, staid, and meditative: the one carelessly skimming the surface of society—the other cautiously fathoming its depths: the one teaching by action and example—the other arguing us into wisdom, worldliness, or self-complacency. Both are books of undoubted merit; both contain passages of thought and feeling, equally creditable to the understanding and the heart; both will have or have had their champions amongst the novel (much the most numerous and voluminous) readers of the day; but we recommend these to avoid invidious comparisons; for it would be hardly possible to name a defect in either, without suggesting materials for a retort. If, for example, Cecil spoils the effect of his good sense by flippancy, De Clifford equally impairs the influence of just reflection and observation by tediousness: if Cecil appears to take an undue pride in *persiflage*, De Clifford certainly makes too great a parade of principle: if Cecil's excessive pretension occasionally becomes vulgar, De Clifford's extreme goodness (to borrow a phrase from Coleridge) not unfrequently degenerates into *goodiness*. Nor need the con-

trast stop here; for 'Cecil' has been most read in town, and 'De Clifford' in the provinces; so that we can hardly calculate on a general familiarity with either; and, to make ourselves perfectly clear to all classes, we must preface our observations with a brief analysis of the plots; though neither has much to boast of in the way of artifice, contrivance, or ingenuity.

Cecil, the Honourable Cecil Danby, the son of Lord—that is, as he somewhat disrespectfully corrects himself, of Lady—Ormington, first saw the light in the first year of the French Revolution. His mother was a fashionable beauty; his father a prosy, matter-of-fact, and highly respectable member of the Upper House. In imitation of those biographers who are fond of attributing the disposition of their heroes to heroic sources, he is 'free to confess' that the leading trait of his character had its origin in the first glimpse he caught of himself at twelve months old, in the swing-glass of his mother's dressing-room. 'I looked, and became a coxcomb for life.' This laudable propensity is encouraged by his mamma, at whose toilet he was as regular an attendant as her waiting-maid; and there is an excuse for her partiality, which most mammas who have ranked as beauties will appreciate. His elder brother, the Honourable John, squinted, and his only sister, the Honourable Julia, had red hair—

'From the day of my birth, on the contrary, nurses and toadies were unanimous in protesting that I was the living image of my sweet mamma; and as my sweet mamma was the daughter of a country Squire, whose face had been her fortune, and whose fortune it was to win the heart and hand, or rather the hand and coronet, of the Right Honourable Lord Ormington, she might be reasonably excused for some maternal partiality for her miniature, adorned with a satin cockade and twelve yards of superfine French cambric.

'My mother's instinctive vocation was for the toilet. Her beauty had been her stepping-stone to distinction; and she seemed to think too much care could not be bestowed on its adornment, as devotees erect a shrine to a favourite divinity. It was true, the worship was gratuitous. There was nothing further to gain; no more hands at least, and no more coronets. As for hearts, it is to be hoped that Lady Ormington neither brandished the powder puff, nor spread the rustling hoop, with any mal-intentions towards those fragile superfluities of the human frame divine.

'But if fashionable notoriety constituted the object of her desires, the ambition was gratified. There was an Ormington *pouf* and an Ormington *vis-à-vis;* an Ormington green and an Ormington minuet. In those unlettered times annuals were not: but the languishing portrait, limned by Cosway, was charmingly engraved by Bartolozzi; and the Right Hon. Lady Ormington, leaning on a demi-column, with "sacred to friendship" engraven on the plinth, a stormy sunset in the background, and a bantam-legged silken spaniel staring its eyes out in the

foreground, figured in all the printsellers' windows; immortalized by certain stanzas, silken as the spaniel and flat as the landscape, from what Dr Johnson and courtesy used to call "the charming pen of Mrs Greville."'

The charming pen of Mrs Greville (the authoress of the *Ode to Indifference*) was most assuredly never employed to immortalize such a portrait; nor was it then a matter of course for a beauty *à la mode* to figure in the printsellers' windows. The generation that has just passed away were, in many respects, less fastidious, and possibly less refined, than the present; but the greatest *roué* amongst them, would have been somewhat startled at finding the likeness of his handsome wife or pretty sister suspended over the mantelpiece in a gay friend's dressing-room.

After undergoing the horrors of a preparatory seminary at Chiswick, the embryo coxcomb is sent to Eton, where, along with other miseries, he is obliged to undergo that of being called Danby junior; being the only Etonian, we fancy, who was ever distinguished by the appellative. Christchurch is his next place of martyrdom, despite of the maternal protest: 'What was the 'use of college? I should only become a brute of a foxhunter! 'It was quite enough for John to acquire a taste for buckskins 'and High Toryism, without infecting me with these Oxonian 'propensities.' This aversion to High Toryism in the wife of a steady supporter of Mr Pitt, is not quite in keeping; but we can heartily sympathize in her feelings when her second-born's ulterior destination was unfolded to her:—'The horror of being 'mother to a parson, a privileged preacher of prose. After all, 'I believe, some feeling of maternal affection lingered at the 'bottom of her heart; for, as I held the salts-bottle to her nose, 'she faintly ejaculated, "Cecil, were I to see you in a shovel-'hat, I would not survive it!"' He soon relieves her from all apprehensions on this score by getting rusticated, an affront which he repays by a not altogether gratuitous expression of contempt.

'I commenced this chronicle of my adventures with a predetermination against "University intelligence." College life—a cursed vulgar stupid thing in itself—has been written down still lower of late years by smart periodicals and fashionable novelists. Instead, therefore, of sketches of Christchurch in the year of (dis)grace, 180—, suffer me to favour you, gentle public, with the "Portrait of a Young Gentleman," as I figured that season in the eyes of the fair sex and the foul, in the city of high-churchmen and sausages.

'Standing five feet seven in my pumps, and five feet ten in my boots, with a trifling hint of the Piping Faun softening the severity of my Roman nose and finely chiselled mouth, I should, perhaps, have passed for effeminate, but that the sentimental school was just then in the ascendant. People went to the play to cry at the "Stranger" or "Penrud-

dock," and subscribed to a circulating library to weep over "The Father and Daughter." The severest poetry tolerated by May Fair was that of Hayley, William Spencer, and Samuel Rogers. In short, people had supped full of horrors during the Revolution, and were now devoted to elegiac measures. My languid smile, and hazel eyes, were the very thing to settle the business of the devoted beings left for execution.'

As Mr Cecil Danby takes care to tell us soon afterwards that he is twenty and a half, and has already told us that he came into existence with the National Assembly, we must be now in the year 1809, when Byron was bringing out Childe Harold; and Scott, Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, &c. &c., were effecting as complete a change in the poetic world, as Mirabeau, Sieyes, or Napoleon himself, had accelerated or wrought in the political. William Spencer and Samuel Rogers were certainly more than tolerated in May Fair, but the Hayley dynasty was at an end; and the public taste imperatively demanded something of a more stirring and bracing kind than his choicest elegiac measures—if indeed his poetry can be characterized as elegiac. We must therefore look about for some more satisfactory solution of Cecil's success, than the felicitous adaptation of his peculiar style of beauty to the times. Perhaps it is to be found in the quality thus candidly revealed: 'Self-reliance was one of the strong points of my character. I had always a predisposition to woman-slaughter, with extenuating circumstances, as well as a stirring consciousness of the exterminating power.' If those can conquer who believe they can, and if—

> 'Women, born to be controll'd,
> Yield to the forward and the bold'—

the hero of this work was clearly predestined to be a lady-killer. One Jack Harris, another personification of impertinence, imposes on him at the outset; but following unconsciously the advice of Lord Chesterfield, he places himself under the tuition of a woman of three-and-thirty, and speedily contracts the gay, easy, supercilious tone and bearing of the man of fashion (no longer wit and pleasure) about town. He is fortunately enabled to follow this vocation by his father, who procures him a clerkship in the Foreign Office, and gives him four hundred a year to help out his official salary of seventy-five pounds per annum. This arrangement is concluded through the medium of his lordship's solicitors, Messrs Hanmer and Snatch; and on a visit to these worthies in Chancery Lane, Cecil meets with an adventure which completely changes the whole current of his life. The elder partner has a lovely ward, Emily Barnet, with whom

our hero falls sufficiently in love to justify him, in his own eyes, for paying her all those little nameless attentions which unsophisticated young ladies are apt to mistake for unerring tokens of sincerity; and the result is, that whilst the utmost sacrifice he ever dreams of making for her, is a white-bait dinner with his more modish acquaintance, or a ball, her best affections are irretrievably engaged. The episode of her innocent entanglement, with the bursts of sensibility it calls forth, pleasingly relieve the scenes of folly, and ebullitions of heartlessness, which it is the author's pleasure to present as specimens of the art of living and the mode of feeling in the world. The colloquies with Lady Ormington, the jealousy at the parliamentary reputation achieved by his elder brother, the eternal sneers at patrons, patronesses, friends, companions, father, mother, aunts, and sisters, would probably have repelled the best sort of readers before the end of the first volume, had not Emily stepped in to conciliate them with her freshness, frankness, natural manner, purity, and truth. Nor is it the least agreeable of the reminiscences or associations connected with her, that she involuntarily becomes the instrument of detaching Cecil, during a brief season, from the habits and pursuits of coxcombry, and giving a somewhat more manly and ennobling cast to his character.

She suddenly quits London for her father's house at Lisbon; vague visions of broken hearts and wasted forms haunt Cecil in his gayest, brightest moods: he tries the most approved modes of inducing forgetfulness, including downright intoxication, but in vain; till, driven to desperation, he volunteers to become the substitute of a fellow clerk charged with despatches for Sir Charles Stewart, and at an hour's warning, without consent asked or leave granted from either of his respectable parents, he is off for the banks of the Tagus. The first thing that awaits him there is a brain fever, and it is only at the end of a month's lightheadedness that he is able to prosecute his search. With ardent hopes, yet still undefined intentions, he at length sets out for Cintra, and is soon directed to Mr Barnet, a mysterious old gentleman, accompanied by a very mysterious-looking friend. His reception is kind to cordiality, but odd; broken allusions and unaccountable enquiries startle him; he follows through room after room, and grove after grove, that seem redolent of the dear truant, but still no Emily; when slowly, reverently, and silently, they proceed to the remotest corner of a small green enclosure, and the old man sinks down upon her grave. She had died three weeks before, and the doting father had gone mad. Cecil, to do him justice, is on the point of following both the father's and the daughter's example; but after a second fever, and due deliberation, on

the impossibility of confronting London, cold heartless London, after such a catastrophe, he resolves to spare himself the guilt of suicide by imposing the labour of killing him on the French, and joins Beresford's brigade as a volunteer. The result is told in a few of those plain strong sentences, which so amply redeem this book from the imputation of frivolity :—

'After a few months' desperate service, after volunteering in every rash attempt—leading a forlorn hope or two—and fording a river or so under the enemy's fire—new desires presented themselves. I still wished to die; but to die the death of the glorious. I hoped that a laurel might wave over my tomb, as a bay-tree over that of Emily. I trusted that, though my days were not to be long in the land, the fame of them might survive me.

'The man who cherishes a strong ambition, of whatever nature, is in no immediate danger of dying of a broken heart. At the close of the year, instead of having accomplished my promises to myself or to the memory of the dead, I was alive, strong, vigorous—a good soldier—almost a good man!'

With a sneer at 'the pipeclay novelists,' which, surely, can hardly be meant for 'Cyril Thornton,' and a passing compliment to Mr Gleig, he surrenders all intention of interweaving any of his campaigning adventures in this narrative; and within a few weeks after the battle of Toulouse, where he is returned amongst the killed, he rattles into Hanover Square in a post-chaise and four, and prepares to resume his old part, with variations adapted to the popular taste. The military mania was then at its height; your fighting lion was the only animal of the species that had a chance; and had Cecil Danby calculated beforehand how three years could be best employed with the view to fashion and notoriety, he could have hardly applied them better than in bronzing his complexion on the Peninsula.

'That was a strange epoch in the history of the female society of Great Britain! The knight who suddenly flings aside his armour, is more defenceless than the simple clown habitually *in cuerpo;* and the English women who, during the visit of the allied sovereigns, laid aside their prudery to make a virtue of hero-hunting, certainly went lengths in the excitement of the hour, which it would be difficult to match in the *histoire galante* of less highly reputed countries. Had Byron lived to complete "Don Juan," he would have put anecdotes on record, in some of which I was an actor; in some, himself—such as might have made the tales of the Queen of Navarre either blush, or turn pale with envy.'

By a sort of natural reaction, he takes a sudden fancy, at the end of a three months' orgy, for ruralities, and is quietly passing his time between Ormington Hall and his brother's cottage, when Lady Ormington takes a sudden fancy for Paris, and he finds himself under the absolute necessity of escorting her. This visit

is obviously contrived for the purpose of introducing some of the author's notions of French society, and a clever sketch, *à la Balzac*, of a *femme incomprise*—the petted wife of a fat Councillor of State, who takes a lover as the only means of making herself understood. At the end of some sixty or seventy pages, in the course of which French morals are discussed, French politics fixed, and French cookery apostrophized, we are brought back to England, to admire a beautiful picture of domestic happiness, and then see it irretrievably destroyed.

The elder brother has now achieved the highest literary and parliamentary distinction, but is residing quietly in the country, devoted to his wife and child—a beautiful boy, worthy of the hereditary rank and honours in store for him. 'There he was '—little joyous fellow—passed lovingly from knee to knee, ques-'tioned by each of us in succession, with the view of eliciting 'the treasures of a spirit, bright as the souls of children, where-'upon still lingers the effulgence of the eternal dayspring from 'whence they have so lately emanated.' Cecil grows as fond of him as the rest of the family, and is beginning to find a healthful consolatory repose in such companionship, when, in an evil hour, he is induced to take his little nephew before him on horseback, the horse becomes unmanageable, and the boy is killed upon the spot. To add to the bitterness of his remorse, the servants had been throwing out hints as to the imprudence of trusting Master Arthur so much with his uncle; and Lady Susan (a trait worthy of Shakspeare) had been induced to consent to the fatal ride, from an unwillingness to lend a momentary sanction to their fears. 'You see, Uncle Cecil, they *could* trust you to 'take care of me!' said Arthur, just as we reached Sandpit Gate; 'Coulson was a foolish old man, wasn't he?'

The death of little Arthur acts as a second sentence of banishment, and this time Germany is the country of his choice. He takes up his temporary abode at Coblentz, and falls in love with a road-inspector's wife; but is cured in a single day by her portentous appetite, unsentimental husband, and spitting-box. The termination of this adventure is kindly held forth as a beacon to the unsophisticated youth of Britain, who annually repair to Germany in search of Gretchens and Charlottes; but suppose some German novelist were to portray the feelings of a Viennese or Dresden exquisite, dining on roast mutton in July, in the back parlour of a tax-collector at Birmingham, or listening to one of Mozart's overtures played on a cracked piano by some boarding-school miss, whom he had mistaken for a goddess as she passed the inn window on her way to church in a new straw bonnet and a white muslin frock.

The breaking up of this illusion drives him to Switzerland, where he is joined the following year by no less a person than Lord Byron, his very dear friend, on whose poetry, theology, passions, principles, and domestic or undomestic habits, he takes frequent occasion to philosophize:—

'Gad! how we talked them over! The young women who had wanted to marry us, and the old ones we had wanted to unmarry! The suppers at Watier's, the dinners at Holland House, the breakfasts in James's Place! I cannot conceive how Byron, conscious as he was of the deep sympathy of the few, could trouble himself about the antipathy of the many. All the master-spirits of the age went hand in hand with him. All the first-rate women and first-rate men despised the absurd calumnies which encircled him, innocuous as serpents hissing round the pedestal of a statue.'

Rather hard measure is dealt out to Lord Byron's female favourites, and it is quite clear to us that Mr Cecil Danby was never, in point of fact, admitted to the noble poet's intimacy; or he would have learned to speak in widely different terms of some of them. If ever there was a woman who did not belong to the 'Betty Finnikin' school, or to whom the term vulgarity was less applicable than another, it was the Guiccioli.

English, Portuguese, Spanish, French, and German love passages, we have had already. Of course it was impossible to pass a winter in Venice without adding an Italian one to the list. The lady is of the gipsy, or, at any rate, vagrant tribe—a Mignon of a larger growth; she pays him a visit at dead of night for the sole purpose of relating her history, and he sees no more of her till she is drowned. He attends her funeral; Byron suggests a motto—a very hackneyed motto—for her tombstone; and her name Franszetta, is intertwined with that of Emily (no great compliment to the latter) in his reminiscences.

This Italian interlude is over, and he is again in London, at the age of thirty-two; not, as he modestly anticipated, a stopgap at dinners and a supernumerary at balls, but, to use his own expression, enormously the fashion. Manœuvring mammas and husband-hunting daughters were the making of him; for, since the death of his nephew, he is second in succession to the peerage and thirty-five thousand a-year. In particular, a dead set is made at him by a certain Lady Winstanley, a match-maker of the highest celebrity, who perseveres in forcing him into society with her daughter, 'a tall, graceful, queenly creature, a Duchess D. 'G——, or at all events, by the letters-patent of nature,' till she (Helena) follows the example, and eventually shares the fate of poor Emily, by dying of a broken heart. Whilst she is pining away, he is once again a wanderer, yachting it about the world

in the company of a friend. On his return, he at length condescends to accept an appointment in the royal household; and the book concludes with a promise that, though the public are to expect no Diary of a Gentleman by way of pendant to that of the Lady of the Bedchamber, his leisure will be entirely at their service, should they (through the medium of his bookseller) express a decided wish to hear more of him.

It is obvious from this rapid analysis that the author is a genuine disciple of Le Sage—that this is pre-eminently one of that class of novels, 'where the heroes pass from one situation in life, 'or from one stage of society, to another totally unconnected, ex-'cept that, as in ordinary life, the adventures recorded, though not 'bearing upon each other, or on the catastrophe, befall the same 'personage—where characters are introduced and dropped with-'out scruple; and, at the end of the work, the hero is found sur-'rounded by a very different set of associates from those with 'whom his fortune seemed at first indissolubly connected.'* Indeed, so rapid is the change of situation, and so frequently are we ordered off from one part of the globe to the other, that it would seem as if, in this author's opinion, the increased facility of locomotion conferred by steam had freed his craft from the necessity of paying the slightest attention to unity of place.

This plan, or absence of plan, however, has its advantages both for the writer and the reader. The one can seldom be wearied, and the other can never be dried up. When he has nothing more to say for the moment on English society, he can begin speculating about France or Germany;—a campaign in Portugal may succeed a flirtation at the opera; and Byron in Venice is no bad relief to Brummell in May Fair. It is quite clear that the book before us is indebted for the better half of its popularity to its digressive and discursive character; to the reckless abandonment of rule, social as well as critical, which enables him to blend himself with such a boundless variety of associations, to titillate so many vanities, to afford such ample room for commentary, to say something teasing, pleasing, coaxing, hoaxing, complimentary, or satirical, to every body. 'La Comedie des Visionnaires,' says Madame de Sevigné, 'nous rejouit beaucoup: nous trou-'vames que c'est la représentation de tout le monde; chacun a 'ses visions plus ou moins marquées.' Just so with this novel. The young ladies sympathize with Emily Barnet; the elderly ones with Lady Winstanley; the literary folks discuss the justice of the reflections on Byron and his associates; the dowager

* Sir Walter Scott's Life of Smollett.

dandies rather roughly question the accuracy of their *soi-disant* contemporary; every budding politician burns to emulate John Danby's career; the exclusives are gratified by the fastidiousness, and the reformers of all grades by the liberalism. There is more than meets the eye in the list of master spirits (vol. iii. p. 292) who, could they be induced to combine, might be confident against the world in arms. How far the men and women of genius may like being classed with the quacks, is another question: the passage sets them or their acquaintance talking, and the object is attained. Yet let us not be misunderstood on this point. 'Cecil' could hold his own against the best novels of the season without the aid of personality or charlatanry; and books of far higher pretension might be searched a long time without producing half as many fine allusions or pregnant thoughts as are scattered through his pages with apparent carelessness,—as if to verify his own maxim: 'the wisdom which is let fall is always surest to be picked up; as the gorgeous Buckingham at 'the court of Anne of Austria gained more credit by the jewels 'he wore ill set, that they might be scattered to attract notice, 'than by the finer brilliants ostentatiously displayed in his cap.' It is dangerous to tear a sentence from the context, but we will risk an example or two:—

'Day after day, month after month, year after year, I have still been waiting, still been watching; my aimless destiny unaccomplished, eternity flowing through my hand like the limpid waters of a fountain through the unconscious, unenjoying lips of some marble Triton.

'A very great mind is seldom restless. It is into the depths of still water that the diver plunges fearlessly, certain of bringing up pearls such as Cleopatra might have matched with her "pendants worth a province," whilst the roaring ocean throws up only tatters of weed or fragments of wreck.'

Still, the main purpose of a work of fiction is to interest, of a work of amusement to amuse; and we must turn to the sketches of character, the scenes of pathos, and the representations of society, to enable us to decide whether it is fairly entitled to the applauses it has won.

John Danby is incomparably the finest and most original conception in the book. His high intellectual resources, their slow but sure development, his bursts of eloquence, his political far-sightedness, his domestic virtues, his affectionate disposition, his magnanimity—all these are admirably portrayed or shadowed out; and, considering the people he is mixed up with, the reader's tone of thought is both refined and elevated by dwelling on them.

Emily Barnet, again, cannot well fail to please. A merchant's

daughter, residing with a matter-of-fact attorney in the proscribed region of Bloomsbury, going about in hackney-coaches, and ignorant of the very existence of Carlton House, was not very likely to command the respectful adoration of an exquisite; yet how skilfully is the very notion of vulgarity repelled by her foreign habits, feminine tastes, and infantine simplicity of demeanour?—

'A child could not have let fall its words more artlessly than Emily, when describing the habits of her early life; her father's house at Cintra; her orange-gardens, her mountains, her thickets of myrtle, her choir of nightingales; her despair when apprized of the necessity of quitting all these, to dwell among strangers in a foreign country—a *northern* country—a Protestant country!

'"And yet," she added with a smile, "how far I was from surmising all the horrors of England, or imagining the mean narrowness of a house of business in Southampton Buildings!—I have heard my father speak of Mr Hanmer as enormously wealthy. Yet what enjoyment does he allow himself?—In what intellectual effort does he indulge?—Books, music, flowers, are as much unknown in his house as if such things had no existence. *My* father, too, is a man of business. *My* father is a mere merchant; but our house is bright with pictures—our gardens gay with flowers! A day spent without music or reading, would seem as lost to *us!* How is this?—Are all your professional people as dull, cold, and inelegant, as those I see?—Is conversation considered, in all your societies, an idle waste of words?"'—Vol. i. pp. 184, 185.

We fear we must admit the charge. The middle classes of our great towns are models of practical good sense, but they have no taste for elegant enjoyments; and an occasional visit to the theatres is the only intellectual gratification enjoyed in common by the family.

The comparison of Emily's manner with that of the London fine ladies is well worth quoting:—

'I had always lived in the company which has the assurance to call itself the best. In that best, Lady Ormington was cited for the elegance of her manners. The world, that superficial observer, is apt to mistake appearance for deportment; and the merit for which a woman is indebted to the amount of her milliner's bill and the slenderness of her waist, is often set down to grace of manner. I do not mean to say that my mother's were faulty. She could be charming enough when worth her while. But she never played to empty benches. Like the country manager, who could not afford to give the snow-storm in his Christmas pantomime with white paper when the audience was thin, she often "snowed brown," and was peevish and ungracious till further notice.

'Lady Harriet, too, was a person remarked for what the great world calls high-breeding. *My* notion of high-breeding is the manner that raises others to your level, without at any moment allowing you to descend to theirs—the essential characteristic of high birth. But Lady

Harriet, instead of placing other people at their ease, only contrived to show how much she was at ease herself, often at the cost of comfort to her associates. She was restless, too—nay, worse, she was artificial. Her *naïveté* was calculated, her impromptus were *faits à loisir*. She could be courtly and refined enough, it is true; but to be courtly does not imply to be well-bred.

'In Emily's manner, on the contrary, I descried indications of that intuitive elegance, as inseparable from certain natures as fragrance from certain flowers. When offended, she was a queen;—when pleased, a child. Of the conventions of society, she knew nothing. All her ideas of decorum emanated from instinctive modesty. My coxcombry was as much thrown away upon her, as the beauty of some exquisite piece of mechanism on a savage. But when she approved—when by chance I gave utterance to a sentiment that found sympathy with her own—the moisture of her eye was instantaneous; or if some chance expression, some passing sarcasm, happened to divert her, her pearly teeth became visible in a moment, brightening the cordial smiles respondent to my efforts for her entertainment.'—Vol. i. pp. 175—177.

The only mistake here is, in the supposition that Lady Harriet could have been remarkable for high-breeding in her own set. Lady Ormington might, possibly, have just passed muster; but the little Irish widow would infallibly have been blackballed by the coterie.

Quite natural again, and exceedingly well described—though we are detained rather too long in the house and garden at Cintra—is the catastrophe. How could a gentle, unsuspecting, romantic girl, in Emily's situation, avoid falling in love with the only being who offered or seemed capable of sympathy? and hers was not the spirit to bear up against a disappointment of the heart. 'It is a common practice,' says Washington Irving, 'with 'those who have outlived the suceptibility of early feelings, or 'have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, 'to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic 'passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations 'on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They 'have convinced me, that however the surface of the character 'may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated 'into mere smiles by the arts of society, still they are dormant 'fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when 'once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating 'in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, 'and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it!— 'I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal 'to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many 'a lovely woman into an early grave.'

We are entirely of this opinion; and we earnestly recommend young gentlemen, addicted, like Mr Cecil Danby, to woman-slaughter, with or without extenuating circumstances, to think of Emily Barnet, and be merciful. Match-hunting mothers, too, may take warning by the fate of his second victim, poor Helena Winstanley, though she does become a countess—and it is high time that they should; for their system of tactics, with its consequences, is becoming a byword of national reproach on the continent:—

'England is called the land of this, and the land of that: among other things, it ought to be called the land of Misses! On the Continent, young ladies are chosen for, in love and matrimony, by papa and mamma;—in England, they choose for themselves, and consequently are forced to strive hard to be chosen. I do not half like the position in which this order of things has placed the poor little dears! They are told to be modest, gentle, undesigning; then supplied (like the itinerant Savoyards by their proprietors) with a monkey or cage of white mice—sent forth to dance and sing for the captivation of passengers, and threatened with punishment if they return at night unsuccessful from their campaign. For my part, I never blame them when I see them capering and showing off their little monkey-tricks for conquest. The fault is none of theirs—it is part of an erroneous system.'—Vol. iii. p. 186.

The result is obvious. Those amongst them who, like Helena Winstanley, really have hearts, run the risk of losing them to some one of the *bons partis*, to whose soft nothings they have been commanded to listen. Those who, from accident or temperament, escape this danger, but draw blanks, gradually harden into coarse, cold, forward, calculating coquettes.

M. le Comte de la Vrillière, the husband of *la femme incomprise*, is the best as well as the most elaborate of the comic sketches; but a reader must be well conversant with Parisian society to recognize him. All, however, who are old enough to remember the Regency, will appreciate that 'monstrous clever 'fellow,' who, with a problematical fortune and doubtful origin, had come to be called 'Jack Harris' by the best men of his time. He is rather commonplace at college and at his first entrance into the world; but in the full flush of his honours he is unexceptionable:—

'Among those on whom greatness had been thrust, I conclude I may enumerate Sir John Harris, K. all sorts of things, not omitting the Guelphic, and Honorary all sorts of things at Carlton House and in the Red Book. It would be difficult exactly to define his functions. He was supposed to invent wigs and collect Chinese lanterns—give designs for yacht cabins and cottage chimneys. But it was all supposition. His exits and entrances were noted, but nothing wherefore. He was tabooed, and had ceased to converse with the public at large; occasionally letting

fall something exceedingly piquant to an earl or a cabinet minister, which was picked up and arduously repeated at the clubs. For every one was overjoyed to quote Sir John Harris! Even *I* should no more have dared to "Jack" him now, than to "George" his Royal Highness the Prince Regent!

'Many origins were assigned to this mysterious favouritism; competition for a crack tea-pot at Baldock's, in which Sir John had ceded the *pas* with a grace and solemnity which made it a *pas grave*;—an inedited recipe for Curaçoa punch, *à crême de thé*;—a pattern for a gored stock, which was said to impart to the most apopletic throat the lengthened stiffness "long drawn out" of a stork. It was no manner of consequence. Sir John was born in a cork jacket, predestined to float, like other weeds, on the surface of the stream; or, rather, he was one of those of whom it has been said, "fling him with a stone round his neck into a horse-pond, and he will rise in ten minutes out of the water, in a court suit, bag-wig, and sword."

'The first time I paid my respects at Carlton House after my arrival, I had determined to take the initiative in cutting so great a man. But sweet Sir John knew better than to afford me a pretext for prating of his early whereabout; and held out his finger with almost as much condescension as if *he* had been Emperor of the Celestial Empire, and I a mandarin of the third button. I took him as I found him. It was not for Cis Danby to quarrel with the pretensious of a coxcomb; and as I have always considered success the test of merit, as Napoleon did of his Spartans, I was bound to consider Sir John Harris, K.A. K.B. K.C. K.D. K.E. K.F. K.G., and so forth through the alphabet, the Admirable Crichton of modern chivalry.'

The early part of this worthy's career bears so strong a resemblance to Brummell's, that it is just possible the author may be supposed to hint at him; and it may therefore be as well to add, that the celebrated ex-dandy is the object of one of the most exalted panegyrics in the book. Even Mr Raikes, who, in his recent work on France, devotes several pages to the vindication of his friend's memory, must be satisfied with such a tribute as this:—

'It is all stupid and silly enough in the retrospection; and Brummell is, at present, only known to history as an adventurer who, having given the law to Princes, eventually received it from a *Juge de Paix*, and died a lunatic in a public hospital; just as, fifteen years ago, Napoleon was an adventurer, who, having given the law to emperors, eventually received it from Sir Hudson Lowe, and died of the worries at St Helena!

'But the reaction has commenced. Napoleon is beginning to receive ample justice at the hands of a new generation; and our grand-nephews will behold in George Brummell a great reformer—a man who dared to be cleanly in the dirtiest of times—a man who compelled gentlemen to quit the coach-box, and assume a place in their own carriage—a man who induced the ingenuous youth of Britain to prove their valour other-

wise than by thrashing superannuated watchmen—a man, in short, who will survive for posterity as Charlemagne of the great empire of Clubs.

'It would never surprise me to find the ashes of the great ex-dandy fetched home from Caen, as those of Napoleon have been from St Helena, to be interred at the foot of the Duke of York's column; on the identical spot where he initiated the Prince into the mysteries of Roman punch;—the Sully of that modern Henri whose good-nature probably wished that all his subjects might have "*un turbot au pot.*" No doubt that, like the great man of antiquity, George Brummell often threatened his ungrateful country that it "should not even possess his bones!" But flesh and blood are more susceptible in their generation than the disembodied and enlightened ghost.'

After all, the most unanswerable evidence of his influence is afforded by Lord Byron, who gravely sets down in one of his journals, that three great men fell in the same year—(1815)—Napoleon, Brummell, and himself; and according to Captain Medwyn, or some other reporter of his conversations, he used to boast of the attention paid him by the dandy chief, as a proof of his own position as a man of fashion. Whenever, therefore, a philosophical dissertation on the progress of English society in the nineteenth century shall be written, it is clear that the Brummell dynasty must fill a chapter in it.

We are reluctant to conclude without a word of caution as to the occasional inaccuracies by which the value of the statements regarding manners is impaired. Take, for example, such a passage as the following:—

'At the period of my *debut*, I swear there was occasionally seen a glimpse of blue sky over Hyde Park!—Our recent ambassador, M. le Doctrinaire Guizot, who, during his first fortnight in London, was continually passing his hand before his eyes, convinced by the mistiness of his vision that cataract was impending, might have seen his way clearly then to the *affaires étrangères*, in a physical as well as in a moral sense.

'I enlarge on all this, lest the dandies of to-day may find it difficult to account for my boasted enjoyment of good health and spirits. As regards the former, there was less quackery in the world—no homœopathy, no dephlogistication; as regards the latter, less smother in the air. People in general were more agreeable. Knowledge did not pretend to be useful. Society, now so blue, was *couleur de rose*. There were almost as many courteous readers as there are now writers; and authors were a sort of people who dined with a great man on a Sunday in their best clothes, when, indeed, they had a coat to boast of. Like mothers, they have since risen amazingly in the market. They owe that to Scott and Byron. Sir Walter was the first who wrote up authorship; and, to quote the words of his lordly contemporary, "it was not the least conquest of his fertilizing and mighty genius."'

There is hardly a sentence in this passage to be depended upon, except the first. In particular, the change in the position

of authors is post-dated by more than half a century; and to say that Scott and Byron gave them their first brevet of respectability, is preposterous.

This Journal was established so long ago as 1802; but on glancing over the names of the authors reviewed in the early Numbers, we find few qualified to plead to our jurisdiction *in formâ pauperis;* and we can confidently state that all our own literary associates 'had coats'—some of them coronets. We will also take it upon ourselves to say, that, during the first quarter of the present century, society was much *bluer* than it is at present. We well remember the time when the first question a young gentleman put to his partner at a ball regarded the last of the Waverley novels or the last new poem, and when an early copy of the forthcoming Review was a diploma of distinction for the week. Sir Walter Scott, in illustration of the ardour with which the *Diable Boiteux* was received at its first appearance, relates that two young men, entering the same bookseller's shop in which there chanced to be only one copy of the work, contested the possession of it by fighting upon the spot; and the victor, having wounded his antagonist, carried off the volume as the prize of the field.* We appeal to our sexagenarian readers whether, during some years both before and after the date of Cecil Danby's *debut*, any of the authors in vogue were not just as likely to be fought for *à l'outrance;* nay, whether we ourselves, or our great southern rival, have not most probably the life of some over-ardent subscriber to answer for? The truth is, literature had then the stamp of fashion. It has now lost this advantage—or disadvantage; for when a good thing has once gained attention enough to be appreciated, it thrives best without factitious aids of any kind. It is quite true that there are at present a great many more writers moving in the best circles; but then they are no longer *lionized*, and are found blending unostentatiously with the mass; partly because their number prevents their being regarded as rarities, partly because a large proportion of them have other and independent titles (rank, fortune, political, or professional eminence) to be there.

Errors of this kind may assist us in the solution of a question which has been discussed with more than ordinary animation in the metropolis—who is the author of this book? Fine gentlemen and ladies who write, never sneer at writers; and these volumes are crowded with depreciating allusions. This gets rid at once of a large class of candidates. Again, the author was not at Eton, or he would hardly complain of being called Danby junior: he

* Life of Le Sage.

was never a member of the House of Commons, or he must know that it would be quite impossible for a stranger to take his place behind the treasury bench and join in the cheers: he was not one of the Brummell set, or he would scarcely attribute the origin of Melton to their sportsmanship, or describe a loo-party as *the* party of the night in their time. The acquaintance with Lord Byron's habits and peculiarities, is no more than might be collected from his journals; and, though Cecil is attached to George the Fourth's household, it is remarkable that he has not preserved one individual trait of his royal master or his friends. We are willing to set down a mistake regarding Shakspeare as the effect of haste; but, when an author confounds one commandment with another, common charity requires us to presume that he is not a clergyman. The French scenes betoken a residence of some length, if not complete domestication, at Paris; but this advantage is more than counterbalanced by the erroneous notions regarding England, inevitably contracted by an absentee. The pretension, the superciliousness, the forced vivacity, the slang (for much of their conversation deserves no better name) of Cecil's associates, belong only to a few silly men and women of the demi-rep genus; ease, grace, urbanity, reserve, and (above all) repose of manner, are the true characteristics of the highest order of our aristocracy. Putting all these things together, we infer that the work is not by Lord H., or Lord W., or Mr S. D., or Mr M., or the Rev. ——, or any other of the many accomplished persons to whom it has been confidently attributed; but that it is from the pen of one of the liveliest, cleverest, wittiest, and most prolific of our female writers, with the aid of a learned friend to supply the quotations, and, perhaps, some scraps of a posthumous diary or journal to work upon. *Aut diabolus aut Mrs G*——.

Richardson's biographers have preserved an anecdote of an old lady, who, being obliged to have books read to her on account of a weakness in her eyes, said she preferred Sir Charles Grandison for that purpose; because, when she indulged in a fit of drowsiness, she ran no risk of losing any part of the story, but was sure to find the characters where she left them, conversing in the cedar parlour. De Clifford possesses the same recommendation. Open it where you will, you are sure to find some one lecturing the hero; and the main action is little more than sufficient to carry him from one set of advisers to another. The story, therefore, may be summarily disposed of.

De Clifford is a lineal descendant of the Cliffords and Bardolfes of the olden time; but the family property has gradually melted away, and his father has sunk to the level of the higher

order of yeomanry, though his title to rank with the gentry of his county is still partially recognised, by his being occasionally summoned to serve on the grand jury. The son forms an acquaintance, at a provincial school, with the eldest son of Mr Hastings, a country gentleman of large fortune, who claims to be descended from the Plantagenets, and is connected by marriage with one of the reigning houses of Germany. Bertha, his daughter, is a personification of all that is soft, sweet, and lovely in womanhood, or rather girlhood; for she is still in her teens when De Clifford becomes devotedly attached to her. But far from telling his love, he seems content to regard it as the highest act of presumption on his part to think of the daughter of the lord of Foljambe Park as one who could ever condescend to become his wife; and the altered character of his schoolfellow, Charles Hastings, soon repels him to a still more hopeless distance. When they met at Oxford, De Clifford is made to feel in the most painful manner the difference between a gentleman commoner of Christchurch and an exhibitioner from Queen's; a friend is fortunately at hand to point the moral; he braces up his mind for a strong effort, shakes off his daydreamng and despondency, and wins a scholarship. This is almost all he does for himself from one end to the other of the book; for Mr Ward's views are diametrically the reverse of Miss Edgeworth's, as developed in 'Patronage.' No sooner has this one step towards university distinction been obtained, than, like another Sterne or Goldsmith, he sets off on a walking expedition, in the course of which, after encountering sundry adventures all ending in a talk, he falls in with a distant relation, one Mr Manners, who gives him an infinity of good advice and an introduction to the prime minister, Lord Castleton. He is at once made private secretary to his lordship, and, being now on the high-road of promotion, is not long in getting a sinecure of two thousand a-year and a seat in parliament. Whilst fortune has been favouring him, she has been singularly unkind to the Hastings family. The son is killed in a duel; the father is half ruined by a hurricane; so that, when the prosperous De Clifford reappears as a suitor, there is no longer any material obstacle beyond that which is created by his own unaccountable blindness and irresolution. At length, however, he finds out, what had long been clear to every one else—that the match will be acceptable to all parties, and his constancy is rewarded by the hand of Bertha, who had reciprocated his feelings from the first.

The great charm of this book will be found in the love-scenes; which are uniformly remarkable for grace, delicacy, and truth. We would particularly instance the scene in the little valley near

York, where the authorship of the verses is discussed. The lover's undue diffidence, when the consummation of his hopes is so evidently at hand, is exceedingly provoking; but this is a fault on the right side, and we are too strongly imbued with old-fashioned notions regarding the respect due to the sex, to dwell upon it.

We also bear willing testimony to the general good sense, good feeling, and gentlemanly turn of the disquisitions on books and men, life and manners, which occupy three-fourths of the publication. But Mr Ward has fallen into a few errors, which we cannot allow to circulate, under the high authority of his name, without a protest. In the first place, a most undue importance is attributed to rank and wealth. It is absurd to suppose that the undoubted scion of two noble houses could ever have been regarded in the light of an humble follower, or poor dependent, by the Hastings' family; and it is by no means creditable to Mr Hastings to be represented as undergoing a complete change of sentiment when his own fortunes are in the wane and De Clifford's in the ascendant. The reflection that their ancestors fought on the same side, might surely have suggested itself at an earlier period of their acquaintance. A still more serious ground of complaint, is the manner in which writers for the periodical press are treated; and the discredit thrown upon the whole body by the introduction of Mr John Paragraph as their representative:—

'Yet every body had heard of the eminent critic, Mr John Paragraph, although nobody knew what he had been, until he blazed forth as one of the directors of the public taste, which he condescended to guide in a periodical publication. Perhaps he had been, like myself, a decayed gentleman, though, unlike myself, he had been ten years on the town. Hence, on the strength of a considerable portion of verjuice in his composition, and impenetrable impudence in scattering it, whether in print or conversation, he became a first-rate character in the walk he had chosen.

'Mr Paragraph was eminent for a natural slang, which passed with vulgar people for wit, and with the weak and timid for overpowering ability. "Yet I have long," said Granville, who gave me this account, "taken measure of his understanding and acquirements, and even as, what he pretends to be, a critic, have found him below mediocrity; but as a man who has either the mind, manners, or literature of a gentleman, he is not to be named. For the fellow has not a feeling of liberality in his whole carcass; not a sentiment of poetry, or spark of imagination, or the commonest knowledge of history, still less, of the nature of man."'

Here an obvious enquiry suggests itself:—

'How comes it, however,' said I, 'that you produce such a man? for I hear you have invited him to dine with Lord Castleton.

'Why, he is one of those persons who, being free from all burden of modesty, and revelling in their intrepidity of assurance, are so far of use, in company, that they will not let people go to sleep. I have therefore prevailed upon Lord Castleton, who has heard of, but never yet saw him, to let me invite him, if only to show the sort of animal he is. You may be sure the invitation was accepted, for he is a great tuft-hunter as well as a great feeder. A turtle would entice him any where, and for a plate of it he would even sell a commendation of the worst book that ever was written.

'But turtle from a lord, and that lord a minister, will elevate him to the third heaven; for it is certain that his good things, if he have any, depend upon the good things on the table, and the flow of his wit upon the flow of the claret. In short, in these respects he is an illustration of the description which Johnson gives of a third or fourth-rate critic, who finds he can boil his weekly pot better by abuse than by praise.

'Granville added, moreover, that Paragraph was a most despotic monarch in his way, and a bully among all minor publishers and authors.

'In short,' said he, 'it is not easy to say whether vanity, or avarice, or impudence, are uppermost in his character.

'Such was the redoubtable Mr Paragraph, whom my friend had persuaded Lord Castleton to invite to his dinner, with a view to show him and his company what they had often heard of, but perhaps not seen—one of the self-elected rulers of public opinion.'

The invitation is accepted; the critic attends, and after making a series of the greatest blunders, abusing his host's niece, contradicting every body, and parading his own want of principle, he departs—leaving behind him the worst possible impression of journalism; though Mr Granville, the inviter, is kind enough to say, that the vocation has been adopted by 'many real 'scholars and real gentlemen, whom it is both a pleasure and ad-'vantage to know.' Now, it is far from our intention to deny that the Sunday press of London might perhaps supply a living parallel; but when did such a character ever yet succeed in attracting general attention, of a kind to justify his being invited to a nobleman's table to meet a select party? or how could he have gained admission to Lady Hungerford's drawing-room? A shrewd old Scotch lady used to say, that she always began to have misgivings of the Minister when he preached a sermon against backbiting. Mr Ward must excuse us; but we always have our misgivings of an author when he rails against criticism. We cannot help suspecting that Mr John Paragraph was suggested by an unfriendly notice of 'Tremaine' or 'De Vere.'

By a curious inconsistency, Mr Ward shows considerable inclination, in another place, to blame the nobility for not being more eager to court the society of men of genius; and is dissatis-

fied because the wives of persons who have risen to eminence by their talents, are not received with the same distinction as their husbands. 'A duke, or the most dandy member of White's, may 'not be above—nay, may feel a sort of complacency in—walk-'ing arm-in-arm with some very brilliant genius of the age, though 'of commonplace connexions. But if the genius have a wife, 'how will it fare with her?'

To illustrate this position, he relates what took place between a certain great political peer and an eloquent member of his party, more celebrated for his abilities than his family or station in life. The orator, emboldened by the noble lord's professions of friendship, said he had nothing to ask for himself, but he should esteem it the highest honour if the marchioness would take notice of Mrs ——. 'Ah! you know, my dear friend,' was the answer, 'these things are the exclusive province of the 'ladies, and husbands never interfere. This is the only thing in 'which her ladyship never allows me any authority.' We see no reason why she should; nor does it at all follow that this is the result of *morgue*. Congeniality of pursuits and feelings is the ordinary ground of intimacy, and this is most likely to exist amongst persons similarly situated as regards rank, wealth, and connexion. The natural course of things is for the great to live together. In so doing, they simply exercise a privilege common to all classes; and, until their sets shall be understood to comprehend all that is any way distinguished by genius, agreeability, and worth, no one, not born amongst them, has a right to regard exclusion, or rather non-admission, as an affront. Why could not Mrs —— rest satisfied with her own respectable circle? or, why should her husband attempt to force her into so uncomfortable a position as the marchioness's drawing-room or opera-box would undoubtedly have turned out? *Mais je suis ici comme un obelisque!* exclaims the adventurer in one of Paul de Koch's novels, when he finds himself in the middle of a crowded saloon where he knows no one; and many a would-be fine lady, who has found marchionesses more compliant than Mr Ward's, has been tempted to repeat the exclamation. At the same time we are not apologists for superciliousness, and it is not an undue leaning towards birth or rank, but an unfeigned veneration for intellectual excellence, that makes us reluctant to see genius degrade itself by descending into the arena to engage in a contest of vulgar vanity, instead of remaining proudly on its pedestal to receive the willing homage of its worshippers. The grand error consists in attributing the entire evil to the aristocracy, who are not half so much to blame for repelling, as those who expose themselves to be repelled.

Lady Hungerford, Mr De Clifford's adviser, or rather lecturer on matters of fashion, comes much nearer to the truth when endeavouring to define the limits of vulgarity:—

'All that I mean,' continued the lady, 'is, that we are not shocked by what only appeared in its natural colours, and pursues its natural course, remaining always in its appropriate place. It is when, without necessity, it leaves its proper place from choice, and forces itself where it ought not to be, that it becomes disgusting.

'Her pupil, not quite satisfied, enquires, "What we were to say to the disdain with which a duchess will sometimes treat the wife of a merchant however rich, or a lawyer however learned, or a divine, even though a bishop?"

'"Are you quite sure that you are just to the duchess in this?" returned the lady. "No duchess, if really well bred, which we are to suppose her, would ever show disdain to any one who did not challenge it by some impropriety of her own. If, therefore, there is disdain, it is because the object of it would be avoided for something wrong, and perhaps innately and individually vulgar, even if she were a duchess herself."

'"I fear to ask," says de Clifford, a little further on, "for the proofs of this among the upper ranks."

'"Why, there is always vulgarity, at least of mind," answered Lady Hungerford, "where there is silly affectation, low-thoughted pride, (as of purse or other prosperity,) towards our inferiors, or envy, hatred, and malice towards our superiors: or, what is worse, a despicable attempt, by flattery or parasitical attentions, to obtain their notice, or insinuate ourselves into their acquaintance. Such is the case of all *parvenues*, who have not sense or pride of mind enough to use their good fortune properly, but barter the diamond of independence for the Bristol stone of vanity. As nothing is so soon seen through by people of real fashion, so nothing is so much ridiculed or contemned."'

After all, it is not the distinguished authors and artists, much less the lawyers and divines, who are chargeable with this weakness as a body. They are readily admitted into the best society, and will generally be found mingling naturally and easily with the most cultivated and agreeable (which may or may not be the noblest and richest) of their contemporaries. Strange as it may appear, the greatest number of parasitical aspirants, content to barter 'the diamond of their independence for the Bristol stone 'of vanity,' are to be found amongst persons who have a highly respectable and well recognised position of their own—the wives and families of wealthy merchants and country gentlemen. It is a melancholy fact, and an anomaly well worth noting, that many of these make it their whole and sole object to obtain the notice of the female leaders of fashion; and seldom venture to announce a party on a large scale, until some fine lady has promised to invite the company, upon the express condition that the hostess's particular friends are to be left out!

At the risk of being thought hypercritical, we must take the liberty to say that Lady Hungerford is far from affording the best possible exemplification of the maxims she is so fond of inculcating. Surely it was neither well-bred nor judicious to begin conversation with a shy youth, on his first visit, in this style: —'Now sit down and talk to me, not as a fine lady, as perhaps 'I have been represented to you, but as one who loves ingenu-'ousness wherever it can be found; so, be as ingenuous as you 'please. To be so myself, however, I must tell you (here she 'looked at her pendule) that I have just one quarter of an hour, 'and no more, to give you; for I have an appointment at three 'with a very great lady who waits for nobody, and which, there-'fore, I must attend.'

The late Charles Mathews used to tell a story of a city dame, who began by asking him—when he was going to be amusing; but it was reserved for the high court lady to add the restriction of time to her victim's embarrassments.

We would also suggest the propriety of revising the quarrel scene leading to the duel. If Lord Albany had spoken in such terms of the father and sister of the former friend and companion whom he had killed, he would have been hooted from society; and no gentleman could have been persuaded to go out with him.

A very wide field of criticism is yet before us, and it is hardly fair to the author to stop just when the task of fault-finding has been completed, and that of commendation should commence; but our space is limited, and we are under the necessity of breaking off. In conclusion, however, we can confidently state, that though the younger or more superficial class of readers, who take up a novel for the sake of excitement, may occasionally complain of dulness, the thinkers and observers of all sorts will find no lack of interest in this book, and may even end by giving 'De Clifford' the preference over his showy and volatile competitor.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Colman Family, including their Correspondence with the most distinguished Personages of their Time.* By RICHARD BRINSLEY PEAKE. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1841.

THERE is new matter about the Colmans in these volumes, and plenty of names interesting to the reader's memory; but it is chiefly a compilation, and ought to have been so advertised. Even the preface is not explicit on the subject:—'I do 'not feel justified,' says Mr Peake, 'in sending these Memoirs 'forth to the public, without the acknowledgment that I have 'availed myself, in the early part of the work, very considerably 'of the materials furnished me by the publisher.' But who would suppose that these materials meant a previous work by another publisher, almost the whole of which, if not every bit of it, is transferred to the pages before us; to wit, the *Posthumous Letters from various celebrated Men, addressed to Francis Colman and George Colman the Elder*, and edited by the Younger Colman? 'And as I could not pretend,' (continues the author,) 'to write 'in a better style than George Colman the Younger, *The Random* '*Records* from his fertile pen, have been put in requisition to *some* 'extent.' Yes: to a *someness* so prettily extensive, that it amounts to a good half of one of the two volumes—all in honest marks of quotation. It reminds us of what Foote said to a gentleman next him at dinner, whose bread he had laid his hands on—'I protest I took it for the loaf.' Allowing, therefore, the other half to the quarto volume of *Posthumous Letters*, the public have already been favoured with one of the two volumes before us; and the other, though Mr Peake says it has been supplied 'by 'diligent research and the personal recollections of thirty-five 'years,' and that letters and anecdotes have been furnished him by several friends, is so unambitiously executed—with so much haste and irrelevance, such dilation on small topics and silence on greater, except in the shape of an acknowledged criticism now and then, from quarters in truth not worth acknowledging—that we are sorry so pleasant a writer, in his own way, has gone out of it to get up so poor a work in another. We have a grateful recollection of some very amusing Farces by Mr Peake, possessing a good deal of humour, and not without a spice of invention; and wish he had found it worth his while to turn his thoughts on book-making into one of those genuine drolleries, instead of these two solemn-faced masqueraders in purple and gold. Purchasers do not like such things—for they do not find it pleasant to pay for books twice over; and reviewers do not

because it is vexatious to be beguiled into repetitions. is not very decorous; nor, on the other hand, is it be compelled to say so to agreeable people.

uch being premised, it is to be conceded to almost all this kind, that there are names one is never tired of hearing, and anecdotes which will bear the chance of repetition, especially with fresh comments. Who does not like to hear about Johnson and Goldsmith, and the men whom Pope mentions, and the wits of any age, and the women, and all the scandal (now harmless) which they all told of one another; with the exception of such good-natured saints as sweet Lady Suffolk, and (what shall we call her? for we do not like to call her any thing ill) Nelly Gwynn? Who would not wish to know all he could of the jovial part of the ascendency of Sir Robert Walpole, whom George the Second wisely liked to sit *tête-à-tête* with over a bottle? or the secret history of the stinginess of his antagonist Pulteney? (there is a good deal of it in the book before us)—or of Garrick, with his quick eyes? or poor Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, with his wild ones? or Bubb Doddington *himself*, plastered all over with lace and obesity? or any one thing of any human being who has interested others, and whose very cocked-hat, or hoop-petticoat is hung upon the pegs of time?

We shall therefore notice all that is new in the present volumes, and yet not omit (in the hope of finding some novelty for it) a good deal of what is old. We should otherwise injure the completeness of the interest which we have derived from it ourselves. We shall speak, first, of the progenitor of the Colmans; then a good deal of his son, and of Pulteney, Lord Bath, (taking care to preserve what is new of either, whether absolutely so, or to readers in general;) then pretty nearly confine ourselves to what is new respecting the grandson, (for the younger Colman is not so interesting a person as his father;) and conclude with some touches on other celebrated names of the principal period concerned. Towards the close of the work is a curious original statement, from the pen of Mr Arnold, respecting the character and manners of the Colman just mentioned, and his fantastic conduct as an Examiner of Plays, which is one of the most curious portions of the new matter.

Francis Colman, though not of an ancient, appears to have been of a respectable family; for the first thing we hear of him is his union with a co-heiress, one of whose sisters married the above-mentioned once famous Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, and the other Lancelot Charles Lake, Esq., of the old family of that name, by whom she became the mother of the first Viscount Lake, the commander in the East Indies. These ladies were

the daughters of John Gumley of Isleworth, commissary-general to the army. He had been a glass-manufacturer, and was the builder of Gumley House in that village—a mansion which became the property, and some time the residence of Pulteney. The Colonel Gumley, of whom Walpole tells a pleasant anecdote, was his son; therefore uncle of the first George Colman. We notice these side relationships, because they may throw light on the main family character. Hanbury Williams intimates that the Colonel was both illiterate and silly; but libels are sometimes to be interpreted by contraries, and Walpole's anecdote not only gives him credit for wit, but shows him to have had a largeness of spirit. He was about to fight a duel with Braddock, (afterwards so unfortunate as a general in America;) and 'as they 'were going to engage,' says Walpole, 'Gumley, who had good-'humour and wit, (Braddock had the latter,) said, "Braddock, you 'are a poor dog! here, take my purse; if you kill me, you will be 'forced to run away, and then you will not have a shilling to 'support you." Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the 'duel, was disarmed, and would not even ask his life.'*

The Gumleys all seem to have had wit and spirit, after their several fashions; and therefore may claim their share in the sprightliness of the Colman blood. But they were not all so good-humoured, or so ready with their purses as the Colonel. Francis Colman's sister-in-law, the Countess of Bath, who had a considerable influence on the future destiny of his family, became as great a by-word for avarice as her distinguished husband; and the lampoons of the day gave her the additional credit of being a vixen. Pope in some lines, which he afterwards suppressed, complains that her marriage with Pulteney made her proud. We add the lines here, because they are not in the ordinary editions, and for the purpose of showing what prosaical circumstances transpire sometimes through poetical channels; for it is in these verses, and the comment upon them by the egregious Mr Ayre, in his catchpenny 'Life' of the poet, that we learn the trade of her father.

'With scornful mien, and various toss of air,
Fantastick, vain, and insolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.
Far other carriage graced her virgin life,
But charming Gumley's lost in Pulteney's wife:
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at last her mind.

* *Letters of Horace Walpole*, vol. iii. p. 144.

Oh! could the sire, renown'd in glass, produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use,
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face;
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more.'

Pulteney and his wife, who had not long been ennobled when Ayre's 'Life' came out, and who were then very unpopular—he for his political tergiversation, and both for their stinginess—had probably refused some civility or bribery to Mr Ayre; who, in his introduction to the verses, says the lady became '*supercilious* 'as she grew great, and *prodigious* haughty, though only a 'glass-man's daughter.'*

In the middle of the reign of George the First, Francis Colman was appointed British minister at the court of Vienna; from which place he was subsequently transferred in the same capacity to that of Tuscany, at the time when the house of Medici was verging towards its close in the person of good-natured, luxurious John Gaston, who took to his bed like a child, and died there after a long seclusion, playing with his toys. Colman, as the representative of one of the allies who were settling John Gaston's succession for him, greatly to the poor prince's annoyance, had an uncomfortable part to play; but probably did it in the best possible manner; as, besides having 'wit,' he appears to have been as good-natured a man as the grand duke, and as careless of his expenditure. Pulteney lectures him for making presents; and his friend Bubb Doddington, who, in his strange mixture of sensible and ridiculous qualities, combined a tawdry ostentation with judicious economy, refused executing commissions for him till the ambassador had considered whether they would be 'prudent.' Pulteney's lecture is characteristic, and a curiosity. After speaking of some damask which Mrs Pulteney wished to import, he says—

'Now I have given you this trouble, I must take a further liberty, and you must not be angry if I chide you a little for your extravagance. What makes you throw away your money in presents? I am much concerned for your expense on my account, and I blame you for it on any other body's. *Believe me, Colman, there are few people worth valuing so much as to make one's-self a farthing the poorer for them.* For my part, I own that I am quite grown out of humour with the world; and the more I grow acquainted with it, the less I like it. There is such a thing as cunning, there is falsehood, and there are views of self-interest, that mix themselves in almost all the friendships that are contracted be-

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alexander Pope, Esq.* By William Ayre, Esq., 1745.

tween man and man. These make friendships hardly worth cultivating any where; I am sure nowhere worth being at any considerable charge to preserve it. Do not mistake what I have said; I mean it not particularly to any one person, but in general; I am sure what I have said is true.—(Vol. i. p. 9.)

Pulteney, at the time of his writing this letter, was fond of popularity, and claiming to be thought the most disinterested of patriots; yet, even in no greater document than this, the public, had it transpired, might have discerned the secret littleness of soul, which, in spite of his abilities, first made his friendship sink into enmity before the ascendency of the genial and therefore wiser nature of Sir Robert Walpole, and afterwards warranted the ill constructions put upon his acceptance of a peerage. The pretended meaning of the letter is, 'You and I, Colman, are a 'couple of excellent fellows—too good for the rest of mankind; 'therefore, do not let them impose upon us.' But the obvious meaning was, (and Colman no doubt saw through it,) 'I am 'not to be taken in by the presents you make me; I am the 'richer man—very rich—and therefore you expect that I shall 'make you appropriate gifts in return—I shall do no such thing; 'so, in order to screen my particular shabbiness, I must pretend 'that all mankind are shabby; and, in order to avoid an awkward 'inclusion of both of us in the category, I must pretend that 'we are each of us an exception.'

Wonderful truly, was this pitch of secret wisdom, to which the profound statesman, William Pulteney, had brought himself in the height of his reputation, and the sixty-second year of his age, by dint of his knowing head and his foolish heart! He had found out that there was 'such a thing as cunning,' that there was 'falsehood,' and that people, for the most part, really expected good offices of one another; and so the abundance of these 'mare's-nests,' convinced him, that there was no human being worth being a farthing out of pocket for, (or, as he pathetically puts it, 'the poorer;') while on the other hand, the farthing was a thing of inestimable value, simply because it added to his power over those very human beings, and his consequence in their eyes!—So stupid are base conclusions, even in the most sagacious heads; and such feeble misgiving and rottenness was there at the core of the nature of this man, while he was imposing upon the public with all the wonders of his rhetoric, and fated to show them the spectacle of a 'fool of great parts,'—of one who could only attain a comfortable idea of himself by scraping up every penny he could get, and piecing out his personal consciousness with the proceeds!

The elder George Colman gave his son an amusing instance

of the parsimony of this eminent person:—'Across a lane, near 'his country house, through which his lordship often passed in 'his carriage, a gate was placed, which was opened for travellers 'by a poor old woman. His lordship one day, touched by her 'appearance, gave the word to halt; the outriders echoed the 'order, the coachman pulled up, the cavalcade stood still; and 'William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, stretching forth his hand from his 'coach, bedizened with coronets and drawn by four horses, threw 'to the venerable object of his bounty—a halfpenny!' 'Lord Bath,' adds Mr Peake, with a judicious repudiation of astonishment, 'died worth twelve hundred thousand pounds—no wonder!'

Pulteney's brother-in-law, in addition to his probable acceptability with the grand duke, on account of the amiableness of his character, seems to have had a proper Florentine ambassador's taste for hospitality, poetry, and the fine arts. He welcomed and speeded his countrymen in their tours through Italy; got up meetings of *improvisatori* for their entertainment; good-naturedly executed all sorts of commissions; and was the medium of Handel's engagement of Senisino for the London opera (Mr Peake intimates that he wrote an opera himself; but we can find no traces of it.) He, doubtless, gave also plenty of dinners; and feasted, according as it suited the guests, in the Italian or English fashions—drinking light wines with the former and strong with the latter, and sitting up 'o' nights' to give music in gardens. Whether he was too careless a liver, or of too delicate a frame, to sustain the luxurious bustle of this sort of existence, does not appear; but his health declined during his embassy, and he died in the spring of 1733 at Pisa, where he had gone for change of air. In the winter he had written his wife the following letter; the tenderness of which, and its willing cheerfulness in the midst of debility, seem evidences of a nature, which, one would think, a companion would have been very unwilling to part with. It contains also one or two amusing intimations of Italian customs. We retain the original spelling, &c., as part of the *costume* of the day:—

'*Pisa, December* 1732,

'My dearest Life,

'You know I am positively forbid writing till I find myself stronger in health, so that I will only trouble you with these few lines, to wish you and the two dear little ones a continuation of all health and happiness, and to tell you that I hope I begin to gather strength here, though the weather has been very cold ever since my arrival here: however, I have one of the warmest and plesantest bed-chambers that ever I saw, the sun coming in from 15 in the morning till 23 hours at night, and in the next room I have a chimney. The wild-fowl is so extraordinary

good here, that I shall send you a taste of it next Thursday morning by the procaccio (carrier,) which arrives at Florence that night.

'I can add no more at present than that I am, with the utmost affection—My dearest dear, yours for ever,

'F. COLMAN.

'My service to Mrs Tyndall.'

But an affectionate nature may have love enough in it 'for two,' and lavish fond words on a companion without having met with a heart like its own. The apparent unfeelingness of the letter that follows, written by Mrs Colman on the day of her husband's death, might, it is true, by possibility have been the very stupefaction of sorrow; and the mention of the children but an escape of tenderness to a subject on which it dared to speak, from one on which it did not. 'I pray thee,' says the mother, in the fine old drama of Webster, when she is about to lose her life,—*

> 'I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
> Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
> Say her prayers ere she sleep.—Now what you please.'

But we shall see presently that this is not very likely. The letter, which is addressed to the governess, begins in the third person and ends with the first:—

'MADAM,

'Mrs Colman being uncertain whether she shall return to Florence to-morrow or no, desires that you will take all possible care of the child, and, notwithstanding, you will be obliged to attend the consul, who will be with you to-morrow; yet she begs that you would at the same time leave the child in the safest hands, as likewise take care of every thing committed to your charge, especially DEAR PECCE, and not leave her to cry but to take her with you every where, where you properly can; which at present concludes from—Yours,

'MARY COLMAN.

'*Pisa, April* 20, 1738.

'P.S. Mr Colman departed this life this morning at 35 minutes past 7 o'clock.'

Mrs Colman was not a constant resident with her husband. They seem to have been a good deal like the man and woman, whose figures were alternately visible, in the old-fashioned barometer called a weather-house. Sometimes Mrs Colman is with her husband abroad, and sometimes not. Now it is the expense of living together, which divides them; and during that period she is residing with the Pulteneys. Then the climate of England disagrees with her, and she goes to join Mr Colman at Florence.

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* *The Duchess of Malfi.*

Then the climate of Florence disagrees, and she returns to England. Even during his last illness, we see she is not with him in the first instance. It is impossible to know the truth of any circumstance till we know it in all its bearings; and perhaps the fault, if any, may have been Colman's. But, to judge from appearances, the lady was not free from the humours to which heiresses are liable. None of the sisters had probably any very great love lost among them. We hear little of Letitia, who married Mr Lake; the Countess thinks it enough, as an excuse for not writing to her sister Colman in a foreign country, to say that she is 'too idle;' and, at some period after the latter's return to England, Mrs Colman is a good while without paying a visit to the Countess. At a subsequent period Lord Bath says he 'never' sees her. And yet the Earl had taken charge of young Colman's education and prospects. Perhaps that was the reason. The Baths were rich and proud, and had not the art of doing things handsomely: Mrs Colman was a poor man's widow, at least she must have been left poor enough to warrant the transfer of her son to their care; and it is hard to know how to be grateful to niggardly ostentation. She might have attributed their patronage of a nephew to pride alone; especially as they themselves had but one child, and were not fond of the rest of their kindred. It is true, Lord Bath was not 'bound,' (as the phrase is,) to take care of his wife's nephew at all, whatever may have been the case with the Countess; but as the thing was to be done, from whatever motives, the proper point would have been to do it handsomely; whereas it is clear that they got off as cheaply in the matter as they well could. And yet so unusual was the Earl's liberality thought by some, that they could only account for it by supposing his nephew to be his son!—a good round piece of scandal, which impossibility itself disapproved; the parties, whose neighbourhood during certain periods was somewhat indispensable to such a conclusion, residing, at those delicate points of chronology, in two different countries.

The boy whose education was thus taken under the care of Lord Bath, was the future dramatist, the author of the 'Jealous Wife' &c.—the elder George Colman. He was born at Florence in the year 1732, during his father's embassy; and at the proper age was sent by his aunt's husband to Westminster, where he had Vincent Bourne for one of his teachers, and for contemporaries—his brother dramatist Cumberland, Warren Hastings, Lloyd, Cowper, Churchill, and Bonnell Thornton. Chalmers, in his edition of the 'British Poets,' laments that Lloyd was associated at Westminster with Churchill, Thornton, Colman, and some others, to whom his erroneous life may be ascribed. But

why so, any more than theirs to his? It does not appear that Colman was a 'bad boy' at school; and Lloyd was the son of one of the masters, and therefore might have had more license than the rest. Lloyd may have been of a gentler nature than the most of them, with the exception of Cowper; but certainly he turned out inferior to them all in industry as well as abilities. He did not, however, exasperate hostility so much; and hence the willingness to consider him the better man.

Lord and Lady Bath kept a strict eye on their *protegé* at school, particularly in the article of 'charges.' Their epistolary correspondence with him sets out with very liberal promises, and Lord Bath more than once declares that he looks upon him as 'almost a second son;' which fashion of speaking is supposed to have been one of the grounds for conjecturing that the Earl was really his father. Now, it is proper to keep an eye upon a boy's expenditure, and also to stimulate him to be the creator of his own fortune; but it should not be done in a way to make him suspect the motives of advisers. In the correspondence alluded to, no opportunity is lost of inculcating industry and economy, not always in the most gracious manner, or at seasons that are in the best taste; so that what would have been very proper, and might have been equally persuasive, under other circumstances, ran the risk of disgusting the youth with their views for him in after life, and probably did contribute to do so. His own want of means is anxiously kept before him; and the noble lord and lady, rolling in wealth, repeatedly tell him they do 'all they can,' which the boy, to speak in plain school terms, must have known to be 'a great lie.' The same tone was kept up when he went to college, and afterwards when he entered the Law. Lady Bath wished him to go into the Church—doubtless because his lordship could give him a living, which would have cost herself nothing. But the noble Earl, who would give nothing if he could help it, and who, nevertheless, had a sympathy with the wit and talents which the youth had exhibited, had visions for him of riches and eloquence at the bar—not omitting a side eye to the chance of his marrying a fortune, which he probably thought more likely in a brisk young lawyer, licensed to deal in all the laical advances of gallantry, than under the more subdued approaches of the cloth.

It must be allowed that our dislike of the avaricious character of Lord and Lady Bath, may induce us to construe their letters harshly, and not to do justice to the amount of that affection for their nephew which, more or less, they undoubtedly felt; but it is difficult to give them credit for the most liberal meaning under doubtful circumstances, when the pettiness of their spirit

unconsciously avows itself under others, and when we know what sort of people they were in ordinary. The Countess takes upon herself the disagreeable task of writing suspicions of the lad's honesty; and the following are specimens of the noble Earl:—

'I have got from Mr Gidott a list of such new books as will be proper for the beginning of your studys; but, as you are not to begin those till you have finished at the University, it is needless to purchase those books till you return to town, unless you can find some of them in booksellers' shops, of good edition, and *to be sold cheap*.'

* * * * *

'When you are there, (in Lincoln's Inn,) I tell you before hand, *that I will have you closely watched*, and be constantly informed how you employ your time.'

* * * * *

'I hope your increased revenue,' (when he had begun to get fees,) 'will enable you to add a côtelet to your dinner, and *a couple of oysters more* to your supper.'

* * * * *

'We are in expectation of you, to lavish away some of that money you got so plentifully, and with so much ease, in your legal peregrination.' (This is said in order to assume that he really did so, and was not to ask his patron for any.) 'The first thing an honest man should do, is to pay his just debts, and consequently I shall have my twenty guineas refunded, *with what interest you think fit*.'

If this be a pleasantry, it was still the pleasantry of a very rich lord and a stingy man.

'I thank you for your letter, and am glad to hear of your notable success at Oxford. You say you got two guineas by saving two men from hanging. I wish you was to have two guineas a-piece for every man in Oxford that deserves to be hanged, and then the University would be of some use to you. At Worcester, I doubt you will get but little, but get acquainted with two or three roguish attorneys, and they will lay you in a stock of causes for next assizes, when you are to be no longer *at my expense*.'

It might be proper that Colman should be no longer at his lordship's expense; but this is not the phraseology of a generous or judicious friend.

* * * * *

'Are you in pursuit of any other more material business, *such as following any fine woman, with a fortune of* L.100,000?' (the example set by his wealthy self,) 'or do you design to return to us again, just as wise and witty as you went, with only a little less money in your pocket?'

Some officers in the army subscribe their rank with their name, when they write letters; and some noble personages on the Continent enlarge upon their titles. It is a pity that Lord Bath had

not been obliged to add to his signature in some of these letters, 'Proprietor of the Pulteney estates in Westminster, Middlesex, 'Somersetshire, Salop, Montgomeryshire, Yorkshire, and other 'places, besides the ground in Carlton Street, all Piccadilly to 'Hyde Park corner, in all forty acres, all built on, which, at the 'expiration of the leases, will bring in L.100,000 a-year, con-'firmed by act of Parliament to me, the said Lord Bath, when I 'obtained my title.' (See vol. i. p. 207.)

This would have looked well after the books 'to be sold cheap,' and the 'couple of oysters;' or suppose it had been added to what comes next:—

'I have sent you two of the prints you saw yesterday,' (por-'traits of himself;) 'pray present one of them, in my name and 'with my humble service, to Mrs Garrick, and let her know, if 'she will knock to pieces *any old deal box, and make a kind of a* '*frame*, and hang the print up in any chamber that belongs to 'her, it will be doing me and the picture more honour than 'either deserve.'

Mrs Elizabeth Carter, the translator of Epictetus, who, together with her friend Mrs Montagu, of blue-stocking celebrity, was much with Lord Bath in his later years, says 'his dis-'position was naturally compassionate and generous; but that 'his unfortunate connexion with a wife of a very contrary dispo-'sition, and to whom he was too good-naturedly compliant, had 'checked the tendency of his own heart, *and induced a fatal habit*, 'which he must find it difficult to alter at so advanced an age!' Poor, habitual old boy! He was by nature generous; but his wife, a second and a stronger nature, came in, and made him stingy! He was handsome 'by the grace of God;' but ugly-minded in right of his wife. It was very Christian of Mrs Carter to say so; for Lord Bath profited so much by the pleasure of her society—perhaps not seldom at her expense, (for he was fond of dining out)—that, as her means were humble, it was thought he would have left her some *modicum* to assist her. So strong was the impression to that effect, that as it was done neither by himself nor by the next heir, the next but one supplied the omission! To Mrs Montagu, who worshipped his portrait over her mantelpiece, and who, being rich herself, might reasonably perhaps have expected a legacy, (for such people love to give to those who do not want it—it adds to the idea of a heap,) he had not the courage to leave more than a ring and a couple of diamond earrings. Even charming Lady Hervey, (for he was always somewhat of a gallant, and loved every image of pleasure except when it was costly,)—even she, at whose table he had

had a charitable knife and fork, got nothing. She says, in her usual sensible way:—

'Lord Bath's leaving me no little bauble, in token of remembrance, did not surprise, and consequently could not vex me. He was a most agreeable companion, and a very good-humoured man; but I, that have known him above forty years, knew that he never thought of any one when he did not see them—nor ever cared a great deal for those he did see. I am sorry he did not leave poor Johnstone' (the daughter of his cousin, Daniel Pulteney) 'wherewithal to make her easy, as she was not only a near relation who wanted his kindness, but the daughter of a man to whom he had essential obligations, and professed to love. I wish he had left Mrs Carter the forty pounds a-year you mention, but she is not named in his will; whilst he lived, he made her several presents, (?) and, as I have been told, solicited a pension for her from the crown. She has great merit, but very little money; and as he saw her often, and profited by the one, 'tis pity he did not furnish her with the other. He has left an immense fortune to a brother he never cared for, and always, with reason, he despised; and a great deal to a man he once liked, but had lately great reason to think ill of.' (Was this some mistake respecting Colman?) 'I am sorry he is dead; he was very agreeable and entertaining; and whenever I was well enough to go down stairs, *and give him a good dinner*, he was always ready to give me his good company in return. I was satisfied with that; one must take people as they are; perhaps hardly any are, in every respect, just what they should be.' *

As to Colman, he did receive some annuity; it is not known to what amount: report said nine hundred guineas. But he thought he had reason, from his expectations, to be greatly disappointed. The Earl, in his will, had actually named him for succession to a valuable estate, (Lord Chesterfield reckoned it at fifteen thousand a year!) subject to the next heir's approbation; and had Lady Bath not unluckily died before his lordship, it is probable that her consanguinity would have secured it him. As it was, he was left with the annuity and his disappointment in the hands of the Earl's brother, General Pulteney, to do what the latter pleased with him. The General promised to be pleased to do a great deal, and spoke of Lord Bath's 'visible' intentions to the same effect. He told him even, according to Colman's statement, (in a pamphlet which he thought himself called upon to write on the subject,) that he regarded him as an '*enfant* '*de famille*,' who was not to be overlooked and neglected; said, that he 'supposed he should no longer think of the profession to

* 'Letters of Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey,' p. 306. The passage is quoted in the 'Colman Memoirs.'

'which he had been destined,' and made him 'a present of his 'chariot.'

'Such a call *from* the bar,' says the dramatist, 'was too tempt-'ing to be resisted, and I accordingly quitted my tie-wig, gown, 'and band, and my chambers in Lincoln's Inn. I did not, how-'ever, roll long in the General's chariot without some disagree-'able jolts in it. Malice soon began her operations, and endea-'voured to prejudice him against me.'

In the rest of the statement it is intimated that the decline of the General's favour was owing solely to Colman's neglecting the Law for the Drama, and that it was brought to a fatal close by his becoming the purchaser of a share in Covent-Garden theatre. But, according to Mr Peake, this was only half the truth; the remainder of the offence consisted in his 'pertinaciously' living with a Miss Ford, who afterwards became his wife. Miss Ford had lived in the same manner with Mossop the actor, and had had a daughter by him. Isaac Reed has recorded, on the authority of Bishop Douglas, that General Pulteney 'offered Col-'man a seat in Parliament, and to provide amply for him, if he 'would quit his theatrical connexions, particularly Miss Ford.'

And so he might have done. Colman, disagreeable as the General was felt to be by every body, had paid all the court to him, which, to a man so disliked, must have been particularly welcome, and which a nature, not otherwise servile, might be excused for paying, under the circumstances, by the gratitude anticipated from hopes bequeathed. But there was obstinacy on all sides, and a desire, natural to most people, of settling things their own way. The General, like his brother the Earl before him, in proportion as he was weak with avarice, was strong in will; nice in his demands for perfect reasons why he should part with his money, and most likely not very anxious that they should be found. He had said pleasant things while in the first flush of possession; had begun to think them not so very wise or sober when he found Colman seated in his chariot; and it was easy to pick a quarrel, if not with the manners of the expectant, yet with the theatrical managements which he hankered after, and the mistress whom he would not turn away. It had been understood by Colman, that the special bequest intended him by Lord Bath was an estate called the Bradford or Newport estate, originally in the Newport family, and, according to Lord Chesterfield, stolen from them. Chesterfield makes the charge twice over in his *Letters to his Son*:—

'The whole subject,' he says, 'of conversation at present, (July 1764,) is the death and will of Lord Bath; he has left above twelve thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages; his own estate, in land, was

improved to fifteen thousand pounds a-year, and the Bradford estate, which he * * '—(these stars are left to shine in terrible obscurity)—' is as much; both which, at only five-and-twenty years' purchase, amount to eight hundred thousand pounds; and all this he has left to his brother, General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling, for, in truth, he cared for nobody; the words *give and bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all, in one word, to his brother. The public, which was long the dupe of his simulation and dissimulation, began to explain upon him; and drew such a picture of him as I gave you long ago.' *

And again, with the same horrible dumb intimation:—

'General Pulteney is at last dead, last week, worth above thirteen hundred thousand pounds. He has left all his landed estate, which is eight-and-twenty thousand pounds a-year, including the Bradford estate, which his brother had —— from that ancient family, to a cousin-german. He has left two hundred thousand pounds in the funds to Lord Darlington, who was his nearest relation, and at least twenty thousand pounds in various legacies.'†

In other words, the Pulteneys had not the heart to let any of their wealth go further from them than they could help. While they lived, it must be kept in their own hands; and while they die, as it must go somewhere, their hands unclasp themselves as unwillingly as possible, to let it be taken by the next in blood. As to the General's legacies, we will be bound they went to those either that had flattered most for them, or that had least expected them—the latter chiefly, even among the flatterers; for to flatter unskilfully was to betray expectation, and therefore to give a motive to disappointment.

Upon the subject of this Bradford estate, which Colman had hoped to possess, and which has left these awful stars and gaps in the epistles of Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole has given some extraordinary details in his notes upon the lampoons of Hanbury Williams. He says that Lord Bath had had a mistress of the name of Smith, who had been Lord Bradford's also; and that she afterwards lived with Mr Small, a surgeon, with whom Lord Bath 'associated in the management of Mrs Smith.' This Mrs Smith, he adds, left her estate to the Earl, in case her son, Mr Newport, should have no issue, and L.30,000 to Small. 'Lord Bath persuaded her to send her son abroad with a governor 'of his recommendation, a man of very bad character; with this 'man Mr Newport quarrelled on the road to Turin, and ran away

* *Chesterfield's Letters to his Son*, third edition, vol. iv. p. 210, letter 344.

† Ib. p. 206, letter 379.

'from him; the governor, instead of pursuing his pupil, went on 'to Rome. Mr Newport, already disordered in his senses, as 'several of his father's family had been, wandered about France 'for a year before he came to England, where, soon after his 'arrival, he gave himself several wounds, and was put under the 'care of Small. One of the first acts,' he concludes, 'of Lord 'Bath's power, on the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, was to pro-'cure an act of Parliament for preventing lunatics from mar-'rying.' *

And an excellent act it was. And probably the whole story originated in the act; just as the names of stocks and stones in the heathen mythology often gave rise to the legends which were supposed to have given them the appellation. That Lord Bath had a great deal of the meanness of avarice, there is no doubt; and we doubt as little that he would have made a favourable interpretation for himself of conduct from which others would have revolted; but there is nothing to show for his having been a hardened and stupid villain. He was a selfish, but also a very able, and, to all appearance, a very cheerful man; addicted, besides his 'Greek,' to perpetual jest and 'punning;' and although such habits may cover a great deal of evasion, they are not likely to disguise a monster.†

Be this as it may, the upshot was, that notwithstanding all the kindred influence and prospective good wishes of Lady Bath, (who died in 1758,‡) and all the promises and fine talk of Lord

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* Works of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, vol i. p. 55.

† Horace Walpole, on his father's account, had a filial hatred of Pulteney. The latter, however, long after old times, flattered him by going to see Strawberry Hill, and appears to have succeeded in mystifying him with a ballad, apparently written in praise of it, which Horace copied out for his friends; but in the *New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, (vol. i. p. 184,) is the following *one more* stanza, not in Walpole's copy, which turns the panegyric into a banter:—

'Great William (of Cumberland) dwells at Windsor
As Edward did of old,
And many a Gaul and many a Scot
Have found him full as bold.
On lofty hills like Windsor
Such heroes ought to dwell:
Yet the little folks on Strawberry hill
Like Strawberry hill as well.

‡ Walpole mentions it as an instance of firmness of mind, or cool good sense, that when she was first struck with her mortal illness, and found she had lost the use of speech, she made signs for pen and ink, and wrote the word 'Palsy;'—the shortest way of procuring the requisite assistance.

Bath about a second son, and all the General's *enfant de famille* and second-hand chariot, and the visions of this mysterious Bradford or Newport estate—which was named for Colman in Lord Bath's will, had he turned out to be just the sort of man they all wished him to be, or they just the sort of people to be able to let him have it—the whole that he obtained from his splendid connexion, besides the education doled out to him, and the annuity already mentioned, whatever it might have been, was another annuity of four hundred pounds, and half a life of obsequience cancelled by the love of theatres and 'Miss Ford.'

The disappointment was the more hard, inasmuch as Lord Bath, reconciled by his own wit and tastes to those of his *protége*, and perhaps growing even a little proud of the author of two popular productions, had long ceased to quarrel with Colman's propensity to the theatre; and yet it was not so hard as it might have been, by reason of the propensity itself; for the line of conduct in which he persisted, to the risk of his expectations, scarcely leaves it doubtful which alternative he would have preferred, had the choice been plainly given him between the estate with no theatre and no Miss Ford, and the two annuities with both.

We hear little further of Miss Ford, except that he married her, and that she was the mother, before marriage, of the younger Colman. The theatre, which had already seen him its ornament, became the business of his life; but we must not forget that he had obtained also a considerable reputation as a writer of essays. It is certainly highly creditable to the earliness of his taste and observation, that in concert with a fellow-collegian, Bonnell Thornton, he had projected, and in part executed, the periodical set of Essays, since gathered into the *British Classics*, and by no means unread or unadmired to this day, under the title of the *Connoisseur*. It is not a very deep work, or very new, being in fact, as might be expected from writers so young, and of a town direction of mind, an imitation, and in some respects an echo of the *Spectator*, without its seriousness; but it is singularly terse and pure in style, and of a genuine though sometimes pert vivacity. We recollect the day when we hardly knew which to prefer—a volume of Spenser, with Archimago and the woods in it, or one of those of 'Mr Town, Critic and Censor-General,' who transported us with his congenial time of life, while he made us despair with the wonderfulness of his experience. We remember, though we have scarcely seen the work since, till this moment, being particularly delighted with the visit of a citizen and his family to Vauxhall, and the fanciful farewell of the authors in the twofold unity of their identification. We did not know at the time that one 'Mr Colman' had any thing to do with it; or that

we should afterwards take a new interest in discovering which was the fair and which the dark half in the following combined portrait:—'Mr Town is a fair, black, middle-sized, very short man. 'He wears his own hair and a periwig. He is about thirty years of 'age, and not more than four-and-twenty. He is a student of 'the law, and a bachelor of physic. He was bred at the Univer-'sity of Oxford, where, having taken no less than three degrees, 'he looks down on many learned professors as his inferiors; yet, 'having been there but little longer than to take the first degree 'of bachelor of arts, it has more than once happened that the 'Censor-General of all England has been reprimanded, by the 'Censor of his College, for neglecting to furnish the usual essay, 'or, in the collegiate phrase, the theme of the week.'

In this double portrait, Colman was the 'black,' very short man, and Thornton the fair and middle-sized. And the other distinctions between them may easily be picked out. With regard to their respective contributions to the *Connoisseur*, they have purposely left them confounded; and, as in loftier instances of literary partnership, we suspect them to have had more similarity than the analytical society of critics is willing to suppose. We should take Colman, however, to have been, upon the whole, the graver humourist of the two, and Thornton the broader one. They were both excellent Latin scholars; and subsequently evinced a like sympathy of labours in the classical drama—Colman translating Terence, and Thornton, Plautus. The Plautus we never read. The Terence we cannot help thinking languid and prosaical. Both the friends wrote a variety of papers afterwards in the periodical works of the day. Colman spoke of collecting those of Thornton, who died before him; but the project died also. His own miscellaneous writings he subsequently gave to the world in three volumes, under the title of *Prose on Several Occasions; accompanied with Some Pieces in Verse.* We may dismiss them at once by observing, that they are no longer spoken of except on occasions like the present, and that they deserve the silence. His theory, however, respecting the purpose of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, or *Epistle to the Pisos*, made some noise on its first appearance; and is said to have been accepted by Hurd in lieu of his own. It was broached in the preface to a feeble version which he made of that poem. Colman was of opinion, that Horace wrote his epistle to warn a son of the noble family of the Pisos against the cultivation of verse, because he had no talent for it;—a conclusion quite contrary, in our opinion, to the character of that delightful but somewhat ultra-courtly wit, and refuted by what Mr Bentham would have called cultivation—recommending passages in the epistle itself; and we are surprised

that the contending critics should ever have considered the epistle as any thing but an answer to interrogations put by the Pisos respecting verse in general, and the drama in particular; and to a special question on the part of one of them, whether there might not be poetry of a pleasing middle character. Horace says No, and says it in memorable words; forgetting, we cannot help thinking, portions of his own serious writing; for which he surely was not as greatly qualified, as for the graces of style and the observation of common life. Suppose one of these 'young gen-'tlemen' had slyly put the last question to him, in covert but not ill-natured behalf of those very portions! perhaps not at all looking for the exalted answer. But we gladly back out of such perilous doubts about a classic. If Colman was happy in this critical conjecture, it was perhaps his only instance. It is sufficient to say of his *Reflections on the Old English Dramatical Writers*, that he represents Massinger as 'very seldom falling 'much beneath Shakspeare himself.' His burlesques upon Mason and Gray, the *Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion*—which Johnson praised because he disliked Gray, and which the author, in reprinting them, modestly regrets that it would be in vain to attempt to suppress—are very poor performances, with the exception of a stanza describing a finical poet; and that is not much. There may be something in them of the 'prettinesses' of Mason, but there is nothing of the 'obscurity' of Gray. The *Ode to Obscurity* has not a shadow of what it undertakes to ridicule. It is not a burlesque, but a censure.

The only productions of Colman, besides the *Connoisseur*, that have attained any stability, and are likely to keep it, are the comedies of the *Jealous Wife* and the *Clandestine Marriage*. The former was written before the decease of Lord Bath, to whom it was dedicated; but his lordship knew nothing of its existence, till success gave the author courage to disclose his secret. Colman was still practising at the bar, and he continued to do so, at least ostensibly, till his supposed call from it by General Pulteney; but a compliment to Garrick, in a pamphlet, had brought him acquainted with the sovereign of the stage; and after he had anonymously picked his way upon it, with the help of Garrick's confidence, in the farce of *Polly Honeycomb*, the *Jealous Wife* was produced at Drury-Lane in the month of February 1761. It is said to have met with greater success than any new play since the *Suspicious Husband*. It is at the head of what may be called comedies of negative excellence in style, and unsuperfluous truth in the action. There is no incorrectness of language, no false or forced wit, no violation of propriety of any sort; and the plot flows as naturally onward as pos-

sible, carrying along with it a variety of amusing if not original characters, and enlivened occasionally with smart points of situation. It has been objected that the husband is too tame, and the wife too much of a termagant; not delicate enough for the loving passion of jealousy. But jealousy is by no means always a loving passion. It is doubtless often found in connexion with love; but inasmuch as, *per se*, it is nothing but a dread of the loss of power, it has often nothing to do with love, whatever it may pretend. We have seen people who cared nothing whatsoever for their husbands and wives, very jealous of their attention to others, purely out of the fear of the diminution of tyrannical influence; a mixed motive of a similar kind animates perhaps a good half of ordinary jealousies; and Colman did good service against this arrogant and worst form of the passion, by dividing with it the better feelings of his heroine. The husband was also bound over to be a good deal henpecked, in order that he might show the evil to its full extent, as far as comedy allows. In his advertisement to the play, the author confessed his obligations to Fielding, to the *Spectator*, and to the Adelphi of Terence; and said that he had received great benefit from the advice of Garrick. The fair Mrs George Anne Bellarry, somewhere in her Memoirs, calls him the 'modern Terence;' and, in truth, he merited a comparison with his favourite classic more than she was aware of, or than he would altogether have liked to be shown. As Julius Cæsar, in his fine great way, going to the heart of the matter at once, called Terence a 'half-Menander,' so Colman might have been called a half-Terence, and this comedy adduced as the proof of it. There is not the sententiousness of Terence; nothing very quotable; there is certainly no pathos, (nor is it wanted,) and the style is not eminent for expression. But on the other hand the language is pure and terse; the chief passages and situations are more sketchy than filled up, (except in Mrs Oakley's denouncements of her husband)—leaving a great deal to be done by the performers; and the characters, it must be confessed, are faint copies of their originals. *Russet* is but a small *Squire Western*, a dwindled brother of the family; and Lord Trinket is an unacknowledged *Lord Foppington*, without the vigour even of the other's false calves. Colman was a very little man: diminutive, we mean, in his person; without the bone and muscle common to distinguished aspirants of that class; not one of the Lilliputian heroes recorded in Clarendon's history, and pleasantly referred to by himself in one of his fugitive papers.*

* *The Genius*, No. II. originally published in the St James's Chronicle, and gathered into the miscellaneous collection before mentioned.

He was weakly and nervous. A clergyman with whom he had had a dispute, (a personage very unworthy of the gentlemanly cloth of the church of England,) once gave him a severe beating; for which Colman very properly exhibited against him articles of the peace. Men's physical, moral, and intellectual faculties all hang together in more subtle connexion than is commonly supposed; and as Terence in person was very slender, and probably but 'half a Menander' in that respect as well as in comedy, so Colman appears, every way, to have been a sort of Terence cut down. Chesterfield thinks he could have put more wit into the *Jealous Wife*, had he chosen; but that he thought it would be treason against antiquity. But what led Colman to think so, had his powers felt otherwise? Men obey instincts in literature, as the lower animals do in the food they select, and the actions they perform. Chesterfield, in his criticism upon Colman, is severe upon Terence. 'I have just now,' he writes to his son, 'finish-'ed Colman's play, and like it very well; it is well conducted, 'and the characters are well preserved. I own, I expected 'from the author more dialogue-wit; but as I know that he 'is a most scrupulous classic, I believe he did not dare to put in 'half so much wit as he could have done, because Terence 'has not a single grain; and it would have been *crimen læsæ* '*antiquitatis*.' *

Cumberland, who has given but grudging praise to Colman's talents in the gross, has left us the following account of the first night of the *Jealous Wife*:—'I was with the late Lord Halifax 'at the first representation of this comedy. Through the whole 'four acts, and the chief part of the fifth, the reception was rather 'chilling; and Mr Charles Townshend, who sat next to Lord 'Halifax, remarked that he never saw Garrick more uneasy and 'embarrassed with his part, which was that of *Oakley*; and I can 'well recollect that he had hardly communicated this observation, 'when Mrs Pritchard, starting out of her sham fit, screamed out, '"Oh! you monster! you villain! you base man! would you let 'me die for want of help?" In the same moment that brought 'her to life, she put life into the play, and it has lived ever 'since.' †

The great defect of plays in the rank of the *Jealous Wife*, is a want of richness of idea and animal spirits. The persons of the drama are people of plain good sense, thrown into striking

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* *Letters ut supra*, vol. iv. p. 187.

† In the sixth volume of his edition of the *British Drama*, p. 8.

situations, and showing themselves just competent to meet them, without being moved into any remarkable strain of thought or feeling. If you were to meet them in private among a party of wits and geniuses, you feel that they would be nobody; that is to say, no more than Colman himself would have been in the company of Vanbrugh and Congreve—much less in that of Beaumont and Fletcher. They would be clever, intelligent, and smart, but nothing more. You would leave them no wiser nor livelier than you came, unless they had some story to tell; and then the interest would lie in the story, and not in their way of telling it. This, we think, leaves their class of drama at the bottom of all the genuine classes. Truth gives them that station; but it is truth without any beauty but its fitness. Above this truth rises, far superior, the elaborate wit, and more abundant discernment of Sheridan and Congreve; because, though there is sometimes less truth of circumstance, there is always more of the fact of intellectual energy. Above *this*, in our opinion, ascends the more self-sustained strength of Vanbrugh, careless of the aid of wit; and the dramatic life and invention of Fletcher. Higher far above that, because in the regions of the beautiful, the exuberant spirits, and imagination, and music, and poetry, of Beaumont and Fletcher. Then, as wonderful instances, perhaps, of true poetry *forced*, and for their being perfect specimens of dramatic structure, such comedies as the 'Volpone' of Ben Jonson. Last of all—and who knows not what comes last of all, and far highest?—the world of Shakspeare; an everyday world, inasmuch as it includes every human being; a planetary and supernatural world, inasmuch as it hangs like an orb in the heavens of glory, beauteous and alone.

Of these two plays, the *Jealous Wife* and the *Clandestine Marriage*, the latter has for some years been the more popular; simply, perhaps, because there has been no actress fond of appearing as the heroine of the one; while the chief character in the other, *Lord Ogleby*, has a living and excellent representative in Mr Farren. The merits of both plays are pretty nearly balanced. If we prefer the *Clandestine Marriage*, it is because the author seems to have plucked up a little on the side of animal spirits. And he did so—or rather Garrick did for him; for it was their joint production. The dialogue is fuller, and the comedy stronger. Mrs Inchbald, it is true, thinks it better 'to 'read than to see,' because of the length of the speeches. But it never appeared to us that the audience made this objection. They always listened to the alternate vulgarisms and soft poignances of the high and low life, with as much zest as if they were visiting parties at the house in which they met; and *Lord Ogleby*

was ever delicious. They devoured him like the best sweetmeat of the dulcitudes of the old school. And a delicious personage he is;—superior to the very fopperies that master him;—a heart, that in the depth of its mortification, when the overweening old man has taken his admiration of beauty for admiration returned, and found his mistake staring him in the face in its worst because loveliest shape, rises above and redeems all, by becoming the friend and father of the poor girl that had humbled him. There is a lurking pathos under the comedy of all this, even in the fantastic shape of *Lord Ogleby*, that goes strongly to the feelings of half the audience; for age, partly cheated by Nature herself, who is not always so old as she seems, unwillingly takes leave of sympathies that are themselves loth to depart; and the eyes of habit and self-love, growing weaker like the natural ones, discern but indistinctly the wrinkles that have become venerable to others, and that have rendered lovingness unlovely.

It was long a disputed point, what were the respective shares of Colman and Garrick in the *Clandestine Marriage;* and, above all, which was the inventor of *Lord Ogleby*. The prevailing opinion attributed him to Garrick. The younger Colman, in the *Addenda* to the 'Posthumous Letters,' mystified the question, and would fain have left the balance on the side of his father. Mr Peake repeats the arguments from the 'Posthumous Letters,' and strangely waives the decision that lay before him in the 'Garrick Correspondence;' for the question is settled beyond a doubt in that collection, by Colman himself. It was so sore a point with the authors, even before the play came out, that the talk which transpired about it produced a difference between them; and this difference produced some long letters on the subject, which are printed in that Correspondence, and from which we shall extract one or two passages. The whole play, upon the Terentian principle, had obligation to preceding inventors;—among others, to Hogarth's pictures of *Marriage à la Mode*.

'The first plate of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*,' says Colman, in his first letter to Garrick, 'was the ground I rest upon. 'I had long wished to see those characters on the stage, and 'mentioned them as proper objects of comedy, before I had the 'pleasure of your acquaintance, in a letter written expressly in 'your defence against the attacks of your old arch-enemy Shir-'ley. Again; was there any promise of your taking your part 'to yourself, out of tenderness to my reputation? I do not 'remember it. I understood it was to be a joint work, in the 'fullest sense of the word; and never imagined that either of us

'was to lay his finger on a particular sense, and cry, "This is 'mine." It is true, indeed, that *by your suggestion Hogarth's* 'PROUD *lord was converted into* LORD OGLEBY, and that, as the 'play now stands, the levee-scene at the beginning of the second 'act, and the whole of the fifth act, are yours; but in the con-'duct as well as the dialogue of the fourth act, I think your 'favourite, Lord Ogleby, has *some* obligations to *me*.'

And again:—

'The words thrown out before company I do not remember; 'but I think it very possible for you to have misconceived them, 'as I see you did what I said of *my not being able to read the part* '*of Lord Ogleby*. I might intend it as a sincere compliment to 'your talent as an actor, *but most certainly never meant a reflec-*'*tion on your abilities as an author*. There are characters where 'the writers must necessarily leave a great deal to the player; 'Lord Ogleby is one of them; and I know no player that can 'so well fill up such passages as yourself.'*

Now the words 'the writers,' and 'your favourite Lord Ogle-'by,' might seem to imply a share in the invention of the character, as well as the treatment of it; but this is impossible after the distinct avowal that 'the *proud* lord' in Hogarth's picture was 'converted *by Garrick's suggestion* into Lord Ogleby.' Lord Ogleby is not at all the 'proud lord' of Hogarth. He is the amiable old ruin of a fop, still toiling for approbation from others, and willing to pin himself on the frock of a tradesman's daughter. It is clear, therefore, that the first idea of the character came from Garrick; and no less clear, that the best and most characteristic parts of the treatment of it are his—namely, the scene in the second act where he first appears before the audience and makes his toilet, and the whole of the fifth act, which he closes so much like a gentleman. Indeed, the character itself and that of his lordship's valet *Canton*, are but drawings out and enrichments of those of *Lord Chalkstone* and his attendant, in Garrick's farce of *Lethe*.

Having dispatched the chief points in Colman's career, we shall briefly touch upon the rest, and hasten over its melancholy close. The friendship between him and Garrick, though lively in its expressions during fair weather, does not seem to have been prepared for the smallest cloud. It varied from hot to cold in a moment. We have seen that they could not help disputing upon their joint play before it came out. They subsequently quar-

* Private Correspondence of David Garrick, &c. &c. Vol. I. pp. 210, 214.

relled upon a petty money matter connected with the adaptation of an old play to the stage; and when Colman, who had been a *locum tenens* for his friend at Drury-Lane while the latter visited the continent, thought proper to become a manager on his own ground, and purchase a share in Covent-Garden, Garrick was offended, and declared that for the life of him he could not understand such a proceeding! Yet Garrick was rich, and might well allow his companion to become so, if he could; to say nothing of the absurdity of staring at a man for doing precisely as he would have done himself. But his vanity had been so pampered, and his love of gain with it, that he looked upon a man's independence of either as an affront. Colman (assisted in the purchase, it is supposed, by six thousand pounds which his mother, who died at the time, is said to have left him) was a sharer and manager at Covent-Garden for seven years, and subsequently became proprietor of the little theatre in the Haymarket; and in his administration of both houses, he obtained the respect of the public for his conduct to individuals, and his zeal in behalf of the drama. Like other intelligent managers (for dulness has occasioned the mystery in some) he had fits of confidence and fright about particular pieces—only to be accounted for by some personal humour, or the perplexity occasioned by contradictory experiences. He condescended to bring upon the stage the '*Reversed* '*Beggars' Opera*,' (acted by men for women, &c.,) which made his son himself blush for him; and he unwillingly had Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* pressed upon him, and predicted its damnation. But he evinced a zeal in favour of the old drama worthy of his classical aspirations; delivered Shakspeare from Tate; showed himself alive to the homely novelty and daring whimsicalities of O'Keefe; and he introduced to the stage the very various merits of Edwin, Henderson, and Miss Farren. Alas! that so pleasant a light should suddenly and frightfully be obscured! He was seized with an illness in 1785, which, apparently by unskilful treatment, and after many fluctuations of better and worse, was finally converted into alienation of mind, and he died in seclusion at Paddington in 1794, at the age of sixty-two. He was an estimable man, a good Latin scholar, and a pleasing dramatist; and when we consider how rare even such a combination is among all the myriads of human beings that pass away, and think how well he bore his disappointments, and what a busy life he led, and what an awful calamity shrouded his little gentle shape at last, and kept him from the fellow-creatures he had enlivened, we almost feel as if we had not done him justice, and shall be glad if any body can show him to have been more admirable.

We confess we cannot feel an equal liking for his son, George Colman 'the younger,' as he delighted to call himself. He was proud of his father, and, we dare say, loved him as well as he could; but such was his total want of seriousness, that during his very accounts of the calamity we have just noticed, he cannot help indulging in his usual jests. This is not what Yorick would have done; nor Hamlet, with all his insight into the melancholics of mirth, have loved.

George Colman 'the younger' was born in the year 1762; educated (a little) at Westminster, Oxford, and Aberdeen, (for he contrived to neutralize his father's endeavours at all three places;) wrote his first piece in 1784; succeeded to his father's management when the latter fell ill, and to the property of the Haymarket at his death; was fortunate enough to secure the attachment of an amiable woman and agreeable actress (Mrs Gibbs,) whom he afterwards married; wrote upwards of twenty pieces, chiefly for the Haymarket, in the midst of equal difficulties and jovialties; was the author of some Peter-Pindaric tales, equally merry and indecorous; and died in the year 1836, Examiner of Plays, and denouncer of the most harmless liberties which he himself had practised.

We do not like to find fault with him; for though the pretensions he made to 'poetry' and the serious drama were ridiculous, his conduct in the office above-mentioned mercenary and provoking, and his character altogether defective as to high and estimable qualities, except gratitude to those who well treated him, (which indeed is something,) there must have been a good deal of stuff of some sort in a writer, who could carry on a theatre, as he did for several years, almost upon the strength of his own productions. Such at least is the impression upon our memory. Those who remember the Haymarket Theatre in his day, when the performances were confined to the summer time, and what a joyous little place it was—how merrily oppressive, and how every body went there to complain of the heat, and to forget it in the laughter—must remember the endless repetitions of the *Mountaineers*, and the *Heir at Law*, and the *Battle of Hexham*, and the *Wags of Windsor*, and *Blue Devils*, and *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, and many others. Who can ever forget the sweet song and good-natured little dumpiness of Mrs Bland? or the straw hats and black stuff mittens of Mrs Gibbs, with her dimpled pastoral face? or the dry humour, covering a rich oil, of Elliston? or the trampling, brazen-fronted onsets, and harsh, merry, grinding voice of Fawcett in *Caleb Quotem?* Who did not carry away half the farces by heart, and hazard the suffocation of their families with it next morning over the breakfast-table? And all this (let him

have his due) was owing to George Colman 'the younger,' and his unquestioned powers of drollery and entertainment. He was not so interesting a man as his father, for he had not a particle of gravity; and there can be no depth of sympathy where there is no serious feeling. The blank verse parts of his plays are ridiculous prose common-place, and the sentimental parts of his comedies mere cant and affectation—the whining of hypocrisy and disbelief; but his 'fun' was genuine; and if he carried it with him where it had no business, and made his prose-writing and life-writing nothing but overweening joke, pun, and vulgarity, we must admit that he was really the 'funny fellow' he wished to be, on all lawful occasions. His manners in private, though his conversation was nothing but pun and jest, (which, however, does not render the report incredible,) are said to have been very polished, and of the old school—an idea which it is difficult to entertain of the author of *Random Records*. But his acquaintances allege as the chief reason, that his great ambition, next to that of being talked of, was to be considered a gentleman, owing, they suppose, to the bar on his scutcheon; and to the same cause is attributed the expensive living that always kept him in arrears. The notion of what constituted a gentleman in those days, did not hinder the following curious scene from taking place in the highest quarter, under the wing of the good-natured Duke of York:—

'About this time,' says Mr Peake, (the year 1811,) 'his Royal Highness the Duke of York, obtained leave (from the King's Bench) for Colman to dine at Carlton House. He accompanied the Duke thither. On his walking through the apartments with him, Colman remarked, "What excellent lodgings! I have nothing like them in the King's Bench!" After dinner he exclaimed,—"Eh! why this *is* wine; pray, do tell me who that fine-looking fellow is at the head of the table?" The good-natured Duke said, "Hush, George, you'll get into a scrape." "No, no," said Colman, in a louder voice, "I am come out to enjoy myself; I want to know who that fine, square-shouldered, magnificent-looking, agreeable fellow is at the head of the table?" "Be quiet, George," interrupted the Duke, "you know it is the Prince." "Why, then," continued Colman, still louder, "he is your elder brother. I declare he don't look half your age! Well! I remember the time when he sung a good song! and as I am come out for a lark, for only one day, if he is the same fellow that he used to be, he would not refuse an old playfellow!" The Prince laughed, and sang. "What a magnificent voice!" exclaimed Colman, "I have heard nothing to be compared to it for years. Such expression, too! I'll be damned if I don't engage him for my theatre."'—Vol. ii. p. 338.

The *brusquerie* of the following pun, hazarded on the royal

eyes of the same illustrious personage, is not so easily credible, though buffoonery, to be sure, has its license :—

'George Colman was appointed to the situation of lieutenant of his Majesty's Guard of Yeomen of the Guard, on the 15th of May 1820. The commission of the lieutenant, as well as the exons, is purchased under the authority of an act of Parliament; but it was given to Colman by George the Fourth, being vacant, under peculiar circumstances. On the first birth-day that Colman attended officially in full costume, his Majesty seemed much pleased to see him, and observed, "Your uniform, George, is so well made, that I don't see the hooks and eyes." On which Colman, unhooking his coat, said, "Here are my eyes, where are yours?" —Vol. ii. p. 382.

Another pun, more becomingly inspired by the royal presence, is admirable, unless our having heard it long ago makes us doubt whether it be original :—'At the table of George the 'Fourth, when Prince Regent, the royal host said, "Why, 'Colman, you are older than I am?" "Oh no, sir," replied Col-'man, "I could not take the liberty of coming into the world 'before your royal highness."

Pleasantries of this sort, and the strong sense he evinced of any kindness shown him, are the most 'favourable specimens' of him in private. The rest, as gathered from Mr Arnold's statement, is not so pleasant. Mr Arnold represents him as a jealous author, a captious disputant, and a public officer as unworthy as he was ridiculous. We allude to his discharge of the duties of Examiner of Plays: and shall conclude our account of him with some extracts from the statement on that point :—

'When he received,' says Mr Arnold, 'the appointment of Examiner of Plays for the Lord Chamberlain, (an office which I presume is authorized by law, though I could never find it in any act of Parliament,) 'his first acts were unquestionably those of petty tyranny, and his next, those of grasping cupidity. One of the most licentious writers of his age, he appeared anxious to out-herod Herod in the exercise of his new authority. The examiner who preceded him was a gentleman of the name of Larpent, understood to be a rigid Methodist, and certainly a rigid censor of the dramas submitted to his perusal. But Mr Larpent's objections never exceeded, in my recollection, beyond any dangerous sentences which appeared to meddle in politics in his dangerous times, or with sentiments which were calculated to subvert morality, glaringly to shock decency, or, above all, to bring religion of any description into contempt. But, generally-speaking, the good taste or the precautionary judgment of modern managers, has left little occasion for such critical censorship. Colman, therefore, in order to be *distingué*, was driven to close quarters; where nothing blasphemous, immoral, or political was to be discovered, he marked his critical acumen by disavowing a lover's right to call his mistress 'an angel:' an angel, he said, was a character in Scripture, and not to be profaned on the stage by being applied to a woman. As a

manager, I never myself suffered the name of the Deity to be spoken, at least not irreverently or on slight occasions, and always expunged it from the manuscript; but Colman went a step further—he would not license an address to the Deity in any shape whatever. "Oh, Providence," he said, "was an address to the Providence of God, and ought not to be allowed!" The name of heaven or hell he uniformly expunged. On one occasion he observed, "The phrase, 'Oh heavens! Ye heavens!' occurs seven times in this piece—omit them!" I had a ludicrous collection of these official scrupulosities, which I entrusted to a friend for a parliamentary purpose, who never returned them to me. A "*damn*" was a pill he could never swallow, which may in part account for the volubility with which that and other such unmeaning expletives flowed almost perpetually from his mouth. On one occasion he expunged the exclamation of "*O Lud!*" he said it meant "*O Lord!*" which was inadmissible. On another, where a dandy had to say, while addressing the chambermaid, "Dammee, my dear!" he observed, "*dammee* means *damn me*—omit it;" but puerilities of this sort, annoying enough to author, manager, and actor, were too numerous to be quoted or remembered.'—Vol. ii. p. 429.

'Of his cupidity,' Mr Arnold says, 'that it was displayed in a restless and watchful anxiety to increase his fees, and generally on occasions which no former licenser had ever dreamt of. On two occasions, soon after his appointment, he wrote to me to know on what authority I announced a new piece. My answer was, that they had been prepared in the previous season, and had been duly licensed by his predecessor. He next called on actors, on their benefit nights, to know by what right they advertised a new song, or new songs, glees, or other musical interpolations, many of them well known to the public, but never licensed for the stage; and informing him that such songs and glees, &c., must not be performed in the theatre, unless duly and separately licensed by him, for each and every one of which a fee of two guineas was demanded. Even an occasional address was by him voted a dramatic performance; and, on these occasions, the manager could afford no redress to the actor. At length, a shrewd and clever performer, still, I hope, well remembered by the name of "little Knight," defeated in a great degree this mercenary exaction, by stringing together a long list of songs, recitations, imitations, &c., which he wished to have performed at his benefit, with any nonsense of dialogue that came into his head, and so sent them to be licensed as *one piece*. They were licensed accordingly, the dialogue was all omitted, and the ingenious actor aided his benefit by saving eight or ten guineas, which would otherwise have found their way into the pockets of the examiner. Colman saw a new oratorio announced, and instantly wrote to enquire on what authority Mr Hawes advertised a new performance on the stage without a license from the Lord Chamberlain. Mr Hawes replied, that he had never heard that an oratorio required any license at all, and that he certainly would not be the person to establish a precedent. Colman persisted, and Hawes was resolute. The consequence was a summons to appear before the Lord Chamberlain, (the Duke of Montrose,) who at first was much dis-

posed to side with Mr Colman. Hawes, however, was as stanch to his object with the Duke, as he had been with the deputy: he urged that the words of the oratorio were entirely selected from the sacred volume, and he could not imagine that the Bible required a Lord Chamberlain's license; that an oratorio could not by any perversion of ingenuity be deemed an entertainment *of* the stage, though performed in a chamber *upon* one—a distinction strongly marked by the great Lord Mansfield: in short, that this was the first attempt that had ever been made to enforce a demand of this nature, and he was resolutely determined to try the question of the right, rather than submit to what he considered an innovation and an imposition. The Duke at last gave up the point, and the oratorio was performed, as oratorios ever were, without any license at all. Had the result been different, and the manuscript submitted to the examiner's pruning (I had nearly written *prurient*) pen, it would have been curious to observe what sort of skeleton he would have made of the performances. Every one knows, that in a sacred oratorio, the recorded words of Deity itself are set to music and sung; that addresses to the Supreme Being, such as "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty"—"Oh, thou that bringest glad tidings to Zion," meaning our Saviour, are to be found in every page. It would have been rather puzzling to find such compositions prohibited in one public place by a licenser, while certain dignitaries, of another calling, declared the church or the cathedral desecrated by such performances. Colman, to be consistent, must have made a curious mess of an oratorio.'—Ib. p. 442.

The secret of Colman's face-making about these pretended impieties, is to be found in that want of all seriousness of feeling and belief, which turned his dramatic sentiment into cant, and his blank verse into common-place. He thought all gravity consisted in words. He could discern none of the different shades of feeling which rendered the use of a questionable word more or less proper; and, therefore, the word was to be cut out at once, to save him trouble. He was to go counter to his own past, and in private, existing habit; because he had never made use of such words but in a spirit of levity and pretension, and therefore he thought nobody else could do otherwise. He had also, he thought, a character to sustain—that is to say, an official face to make; and every grimace was to pay for the fees he had extorted in the other part of his capacity, and show how constitutionally he had done it; and his pecuniary difficulties were constant, and his shame nothing; and so concluding that not to practise a 'humbug' and get money, would itself be a 'humbug;' and, unlike what was done by every body else in the world, he forgot that every new trade requires apprenticeship, and has its principles of decency and honour; and plunged into an extreme of impudent inconsistency, which only exposed him to scorn and laughter. A less licentious writer than Colman could not have pretended to be so afraid of a little liberty, for he does not so confound it

with want of innocence. A more pious man could not so violently have objected to all mention of the object of his piety; for he is in the habit of thinking about it in ordinary, and of associating it with his pieties towards nature, and with the affections of his heart. To affect to shudder at the mention, on all occasions but set and formal ones, is in truth to do the very reverse of what is pretended; it is to turn the sentiment itself into a word instead of a feeling, and to hazard the most irreligious of all conclusions, in seeming to think that it could not be maintained but on such a condition! And, after all, Colman himself——but the extravagance is too absurd for more comment. Never surely did clever rogue make so clumsy a mistake.

Of the friends and school-fellows of the Colmans who left names behind them, some have become little else than names, and the relative reputations of others are not in the proportion that was looked for. Lloyd is scarcely ever mentioned; Bonnell Thornton is little known; and Churchill himself little read. Anderson, in his edition of the British Poets, speaking of Lloyd's early associates, men of 'parts and genius,' who all fell a sacrifice, in the prime of life, 'to the want of that discretion in others 'which they so wittily ridiculed,' enumerates among them 'Ben-'sley,' whose name is not even in the dictionaries. The school-fellow from whom, in all probability, least was expected, and who, as he touchingly describes it, was afraid to lift his eyes 'above the shoestrings of the upper boys'—Cowper—has obtained a celebrity infinitely greater than all of them put together.

Lloyd was a spinner of easy octosyllables, which he fondly thought were to make him famous, because Butler and others had written in the same measure. He died in a prison, poor fellow! at the age of thirty-one, and so indigent that his friend Churchill had generously allowed him a guinea a-week. We have read somewhere that his old associate, Bonnell Thornton, once arrested him. We hope not on this occasion. It is also said that none of his old friends, but Churchill, came near him in his distress. 'Wilkes was then in France,' says Anderson, 'but Garrick, Colman, and Hogarth, whom he had so be-'rhymed and bepraised, were in England.' These charges, however, probably came from Kenrick, who wrote a life of Lloyd, and who had no character for veracity. And yet Lloyd, in a letter to Wilkes, written after Churchill's death, and quoted by Anderson, says himself, 'Thornton is what you thought him. I 'have many acquaintances, but *now* no friend here.' But this again might allude to nobody's coming to him at that special juncture; and unless we knew all the circumstances on such occasions, as on all others, it is impossible to say what wrong

there might or might not have been, on any side. Accidents beyond control sometimes keep the kindest men away from their friends, and even deny them a sixpence to give out of their pockets. The poor may be ashamed to go, without something to give; and the rich may have given, till they are hopeless of its being of use to give more. If want always spoke the truth, the refusal to attend to it, when it was possible, would be unpardonable; but the true suffer for the false, and the false for their own follies; and, what between unascertainable duties towards the one, and natural unenquiring pity for the other, the best hearts sometimes become perplexed and indignant; and thus a really calamitous hour may come upon a deserving or truly pitiable object, and do its worst, to the regret of all. So much the more let us continue to multiply the good laws and reforms, which diminish the peril to the individual by increasing the means of the community. These ugly stories of Bonnell Thornton, and the want of all gravity in his writings, would seem to give an awkward corroboration to the following statement respecting him by the younger Colman. He begins by telling us, upon the authority of a conversation which he heard over a bottle between his father and the Oxford printer of the *Connoisseur*, that Thornton was a lazy contributor to that work, and threw an unfair portion of drudgery upon his associate. And he then proceeds to give the following summary account of Thornton, both as a colleague and a man. We repeat it, with strong suspicions of its exaggeration; a farce-writer being, by profession, a person tempted to colour highly, and the son of Bonnell not having survived to give the family traditions on the other side:—

'On starting his publication,' says Mr Colman, 'the authors were pledged, as is usual in periodical writings, to produce a certain quantity of letterpress on certain days; and when the *onus* fell upon Thornton to provide materials, he *waddled out*, like a lame duck in the alley—that is, he was delinquent, after having promised to be punctual; and, at almost the very last moment, his partner was left to supply his deficiency. On one of these occasions, the joint authors met in hurry and irritation, to extricate themselves from the dilemma; my father enraged or sulky; Thornton muzzy with liquor; the Essay to be published on the next morning; not a word written, nor even a subject thought on; and the press waiting: nothing to be done but to scribble helter-skelter. "Sit down, Colman," said Thornton—"by od!* we must give the blockheads something." My industrious sire, conscious of obligations to be fulfilled, sat down immediately, writing whatever came into his head, *currente*

* 'By od!' was his favourite apostrophe; he spoke inarticulately, and clipped many of his words.

calamo. Thornton, in the mean time, walked up and down, taking huge pinches of snuff, seeming to ruminate, but not suggesting one word, or contributing one thought. When my father had thrown upon paper about half a moral essay, Thornton, who was still pacing the room, with a glass of brandy and water in his hand, stuttered out, "Write away, Colman!—by od! you are a bold fellow! you can tell them that *virtue is a fine thing;*" implying that my father wrote nothing but mere commonplace, and instructed his readers with what every body knew before. This somewhat recondite sarcasm came ludicrously enough from a man who, through his own default in moral principle, was pushing his partner to save both their credits at a minute's warning. I believe that after this joint-concern intimacy of the colleagues, though they were always upon good terms, was not kept up; nor was it likely to be, with two persons of such different habits, except in their pursuits of literature. I have no recollection of having ever seen Thornton at my father's house. Not long before his (Thornton's) death, these two quondam copartners had occasion to meet in London on some business, at a tavern; their interview was at *noon*, and Thornton came half drunk! During their conversation upon the business which had brought them together, my father observed to his old friend, that he regretted to see that he by no means appeared in good health. "Health," said Thornton, "look here!" and he pointed to his ankles, which were alarmingly swollen; "can't you see? 'tis the dropsy—by od! I'm a-going;" and he *was* going, for he died shortly afterwards. When Thornton was on his death-bed, his relations surrounding it, he told them that he should expire before he had counted twenty; and, covering his head with the bed-clothes, he began to count—"one, two—eighteen, nineteen, twenty." He then thrust out his head, exclaiming—"By od! 'tis strange! but why ar'n't you all crying?" "Teach my son," said he to the bystanders—"teach him, when I am gone, his A, B, C. I knew mine in several languages; but I perceive no good that the knowledge has done me; so, if you never teach him his A, B, C at all, it don't much signify." Within an hour after this, poor Bonnell Thornton breathed his last. This is dreadful! to see a man of learning and genius lost and besotted, at an age when his talents and experience should have elevated him to many years' enjoyment of the world's admiration and respect—to see him on the brink of a premature grave, looking down, like an idiot, into the "narrow dwelling," and beholding it with fevered levity!—can there be a more mortifying picture of frail humanity?'—Vol. i. p. 347.

Perhaps not, if it be a true one—with the exception of a brother drinker reading lectures over the fallen body. That Thornton was a lazy contributor to the *Connoisseur*, and did less than his companion, may readily be believed. He never seems to have had any very fixed or serious design of any sort; nor do we know how the occasional, though numerous and lively papers, which he spent the chief part of his life in contributing to fugitive publications, enabled him to live. Perhaps he had some property of his own; for at one time he contemplated becoming

patentee at Covent-Garden theatre. We must hope the best, out of gratitude to an obscure writer, till we are sure of the worst. Chalmers asserts that he had a 'most affectionate heart,' and believes him, as a married man, to have 'attained the highest 'degree of domestic felicity;'—things not very compatible either with the representations of the Haymarket jester, or the reports of Anderson; and the probability respecting the death-bed is, that an overflow of animal spirits had led him early into such lax habits, and that his life was shortened by the consequences, at a period when the despair arising from his being forced to quit this very domestic happiness made them give his invincible good-humour a tone of hysterical levity. As to his implying that his associate in the *Connoisseur* wrote nothing but common-place, because he said, 'Colman, you are a bold fellow; you can tell them that 'virtue is a fine thing'—it is a common-place mistake on the part of Colman's son. The words might have borne that construction in the mouth of an ill-natured man, or of a jealous one, (such as the son himself;) but from the gay lips of Thornton they probably meant nothing but—'Colman, *besides* your wit, 'you have an ethical faculty which I have not; and can turn a 'popular grave sentence on an emergency, that would put me 'into despair. So write away, my boy! Take any boy's copy 'to go on with. Tell 'em, that *virtue is good.*' The anecdote involuntarily gives us a pleasant specimen of Thornton's manner in private; and as to the rest, the final verdict upon any writer must be founded upon his works, and upon what is said of him by the best men.

School makes a man acquainted with 'strange bedfellows.' Fancy Churchill and Cowper growing up together—the strong bad boy (*malus puer robustus*) with the weakly good one. Yet Cowper fondly, and even extravagantly, praised Churchill's genius after his death; and there is no doubt that Churchill would have wielded his bludgeon in behalf of Cowper, could it have been possible for the latter to desire it. It has been lamented, considering how Churchill could be attached to his friends, and what a conscience he ultimately showed to the wife he deserted, and the girl he seduced, both of whom he remembered in his will, (to say nothing of the strange fit of remorse which he took it in his head to confess to the public about the latter)—that he did not endeavour to refine his genius, and become a more dulcet personage. But he could no more have done it than Cowper could have become a bully. It might have been as well lamented that a rhinoceros could not have become a fawn; or that Churchill's own body could not have cut down its broad shoulders and big calves to the delicate organization of the author

of *The Task*. Churchill was one part genius, and nine parts will and turbulence; and he flattered himself that posterity would make the same allowance for his carelessness that his own age did, or at least that his friends did. But posterity laughs at the will and pleasure of so little a thing as the highest of partizans: so Churchill floundered along through the crowd of his contemporaries, with his bulky effrontery and his sledge-hammer fist, pleased with being able to 'punish' more, and to fling more dirt than any one else; and they to whom he confined the honour of its attention, have almost carried him with them into oblivion. It is curious to witness in these volumes the effect he had on his times. Chalmers has said that they did not pay him a great deal of attention; but there is no doubt that they did—'snatching a fearful joy' from the blows he gave, and the thought of escaping from it themselves. Lord Bath, who probably felt safe from his attacks in the friendship of Colman, was on the watch for every new onslaught of his pen. He begs his poems to be sent him by Colman, even when he was on the Continent—though only through the medium of some friend, in case they turn out too dear for other conveyance. And his taste discerned the defects of Churchill's genius, though from the school in which he had been bred, he aggravated its height.

'*Spa, July*, 1763.

'If Churchill's Poem on Hogarth is worth the postage, send it me; but if it be long, it will cost a huge summe, and then perhaps you may hear of somebody coming this way that may be willing to bring it, and Witt pays no duty.'

* * * * * * *

'*Shrewsbury, May*, 1764.

'I thank you for your letter, and your enclosed Poem in it, (the *Candidate*,) which is in my opinion the severest and the best of all Ch——l's works. He has a great genius, and is an excellent poet; there are, to be sure, some as fine lines as ever were writ, and some as low prosaick trash as ever came from Grub Street. One may plainly see that all his works are what the French call *Pièces rapportées*. He has always a vast number of loose verses lying by him, which he can bring into any poem that he wants to enlarge to the price of half a crown, and so strikes them in, as he wants them. I cannot, however, in the main approve of such abominable abuse. You know I never was famous for great partiality to ministers; I was acquainted with very few who are at present such, and I never would be one myself, though often offered it.' (Pulteney's conscience led him to be fond of making these protestations.) 'From these considerations, you may be sure that it is not any fondness of mine for great men that makes me dislike this poem; but really it is so scandalously abusive and scurrilous, that no one who has the least decency can approve such Billingsgate stuff, running *a-muck*, as Pope calls it, upon all mankind.'

Garrick was as secure as Lord Bath against the attacks of Churchill, in consequence of his intimacy with Colman, which had already done him service in the *Rosciad;* so he was not afraid (as he unquestionably would otherwise have been) at confessing in a letter to Colman, how the *Epistle to Hogarth* had horrified him:—'Pray write to me,' he says, 'and let me know how the 'town speaks of our friend Churchill's *Epistle.* It is the most 'bloody performance that has been published in my time. I am 'very desirous to know the opinion of people, for I am really 'much, very much hurt at it: his description of his age and infir- 'mities is surely too shocking and barbarous. Is Hogarth really 'ill, or does he meditate revenge? Every article of news about 'these matters will be most agreeable to me: pray write me a 'heap of stuff, for I cannot be easy till I know all about 'Churchill, Hogarth, &c.'

The same personal curiosity, as well as his unquestioned genius, still keeps a portion of readers lingering about Churchill, and would attract more; but the curiosity is disappointed, when it finds nothing but general abuse, or such particulars here and there, as partly above believed. Next year we find Garrick sending his 'love' both to Churchill and Hogarth. 'My love to 'all the Schombergs, Tounleys, Kings, Hogarths, Churchills, Huberts, &c.;' that is, to all who fill my boxes, and help to make me public. And in 1760, when the *Rosciad* had appeared, he at once pities King the actor, who was 'miserable' at having been cut up, and sends his love to the cutter. '. . . Poor King, he is most miserable. My love to Churchill. . . .'

In other words,—My friend *has* been cut up most dreadfully. That is certain. But not the less I love the hand that applauded *me.* Such sighs and smiles do not go well together. Garrick himself is now little better than a name, but has left undoubted evidence of his having affected the people of all nations alike, French as well as English, with his serious as well as his comic powers. But he was such a brisk, bustling, puffing, clap-trapping getter of money, in his own private person, that we find it difficult to associate him in our minds with the idea of a great tragic actor, equal to Betterton or to Kean. His face looks direct at you out of the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds; but it is the directness of a sharp, not a deep-looking man. He has not the unaffected, stealing look of Betterton, with a little pain over his brow; nor is his eye to be compared with the inward and beautiful eye of Kean. We can imagine Garrick well enough in quick, impulsive passages of tragedy, or in any kind of violent ones; but we cannot so easily picture his face pale with the habit of thought, like *Hamlet's,* (which was one of Betterton's finest

characters;) or his eyes filling with tears of noble self-pity, and brimming those of the audience at the same moment, as Kean's used to do in his exquisite performance of *Othello*. We should say that his face was rather that of an admirable external observer, who got whatever insight he had into the inward, from outwards; and not that of a strongly feeling man, who contained in himself a tendency to the thoughts or emotions which he externally reflected.

One thing has been forcibly impressed on us, while considering the principal period concerned in these volumes, and the 'distinguished personages' that adorned it; and that is, the tendency which the greatest of them had to identify themselves with the age they lived in, in contradistinction to the greatness that tends to live throughout time. It was an active, an important, and a progressive period; and we have reason to be grateful to it; but it promises to leave little to show for the greatness of its individuals, compared with the tone in which we still mention their names. Burke, with all his very wonderful powers, will have contrived, in a great measure, to neutralize himself with posterity, by 'giving up to party what was meant for mankind.' Who, even now, is in the habit of reading a tenth part of his works, or any part, except for purposes which must inevitably become obsolete? Johnson is no longer considered the 'great 'moralist;' nor is his criticism valued, when it gets above the region of the artificial poets. In wit, there was George Selwyn, and Horace Walpole, and Hanbury Williams—the last the wit-poet, whose poetry is nine parts prose. Also, for wit-essayists, the authors of the *World* and the *Connoisseur*. What had they to show equal to the wits of Queen Anne; or half so good? In the prose drama, there were Cumberland, Colman, Murphy, Goldsmith, and Sheridan;—all more or less clever; none illustrious. In poetry, there was nothing but bits of what was greatly good. In a word, where are the authors that promise to become everlastingly cherished, not in corners of libraries, but in pocket editions, worn like companions next the pulses of men's hearts, and going about with them every where, like the humanities which keep all alive, and were the cause why themselves are immortal? If there are any immortals, they must be looked for among the historians, and in no other class.

ART. IV.—*Report of a Police Committee, dated Calcutta, 10th August* 1838; *with Papers and Evidence.* Calcutta: 1838-9.

HAPPILY for both countries, there is no case in which duty and interest are more entirely and palpably coincident, than in that of the relations of England to India. We need not dwell upon the solemn obligations involved in our assumption of rule over a vast population, long and miserably degraded under the concurrent oppression of the most intense temporal and spiritual despotism—aggravated, in the latter instance, by the worst of all the false religions which the perverse dispositions of man ever devised or submitted to—but inhabiting a country second to none in natural resources, and looking up to us, with undeniable rightfulness, for the means of developing them; and of thus commencing, at least, the great work of social regeneration. Those means, as we have shown on former occasions, and as no one with ordinary knowledge of the subject will deny, can be afforded so as to be practically available to the present generation, or, indeed, within any moderate term of years, only by bringing British capital and energy into connexion with the vast capabilities which are now lying almost absolutely dormant in India. And the measures which are essential to the consummation of this union, are those of which the people of India stand most in need for their own welfare and improvement, independently of the great advantages which they would derive from a more intimate intercommunion with England.

We mean, of course, an efficient administration of civil and criminal justice; a blessing of which—even taking the state of things which obtains in this country as the standard of perfection—the natives of India have never enjoyed a share that might satisfy the least exacting. Daydreams have, indeed, been indulged of a golden age, when all differences were decided—promptly, justly, and cheaply—by a primitive system of arbitration called 'punchait;' but the illusion, on closer investigation, appears to resolve itself into this—that when the ruling power either did not pretend to administer civil justice, or its officers were so corrupt, that justice at their price was not worth having, the people did the best they could for themselves. This much is certain, that even in those parts of the Peninsula where arbitration by 'punchait' seemed to have the deepest root in the habits, if not in the affections, of the community, resort to it has been almost entirely superseded by the higher recommendations

of the courts established by the British Government, with all their crying imperfections.* Criminal justice was altogether beyond its sphere. That was necessarily left to the executive government, by which it was often utterly neglected; for the people had not energy enough to take the matter into their own hands—with more or less of substantial justice—after the manner of the 'regulators' among the Anglo-Saxons on the other side of the Atlantic. At other times, especially when disorganization had made such progress as to threaten to affect the revenue, the ruler of the day acted with the capricious and indiscriminating violence proper to Asiatic despotisms, against all persons suspected of serious offences against property.

Matters, of course, have improved in all these respects under the British Government. It is mere jaundiced prejudice to represent, as some do, that that Government is imbecile, or a curse to the people of India. In its bearing upon the great body of that community, and especially upon the humbler classes, it is immeasurably superior to all its predecessors; and impartial history will record to its honour, that it has made—often under circumstances of great embarrassment, and always against extreme counteraction, arising from the condition of its necessary instruments, and of the subject-matter of its operations—very strenuous exertions to repress the more formidable crimes, and to improve the general administration of justice. But all these exertions have not, of course, been equally judicious or effectual; and it is manifest that the time has arrived, when, if it be desired to accelerate the march of improvement, and especially to attract British capital, still greater efforts are demanded.

The colonization of India by Englishmen—in the ordinary sense of the term—is out of the question. Its practicability was much insisted on, indeed, in the discussions that preceded the last renewal of the East India Company's Charter, by that class of speakers and writers which appears to hold as an axiom, that no cause is so good as to be trusted to stand on its own strength, without the aid of a little invigorating misrepresentation. But the climate absolutely forbids it. The grandsons of those who attempted it, would be no more like Englishmen than the Por-

* This sort of arbitration has frequently been found useful in the settlement of differences arising out of questions of *caste*, and sometimes in the adjustment of complicated accounts. But it seems to be always extremely difficult to bring a case under this process of adjudication to any definite issue; and it is stated that in some parts of the country, where the habits of the people are warlike, these attempts at arbitration not unfrequently ended in pitched battles.

tuguese who now drudge as clerks in the public offices of British India, resemble the soldiers of Albuquerque. All identity, both moral and physical, would be lost. Nature prohibits our taking possession of India in the same manner as our ancestors took possession of North America, and as we are now swarming out of our crowded hive to appropriate Australasia and New Zealand. But India has an abundant population of her own. Unhappily, she is utterly devoid of capital to set that population to work upon.

It is no easy matter, however, to transplant capital. In spite of power and of law, of bounties and restrictions, it will not take root in other than congenial soil. Insecurity, occasioned by defective institutions, is the cause that principally repels it. To India—though England has been replete with it, to a degree that has led to its rash investment in the most visionary or fraudulent schemes—capital has never yet gone in any quantity worthy of mention in relation to the field for its profitable employment, which, under more favourable circumstances, that country would afford. The causes are obvious. In the first place, the delegated sovereigns of India have never taken any adequate trouble to inform the public of the great attractions which their dominions unquestionably hold out; and secondly, it is at least as well known as any matter connected with our eastern empire, that the administration both of civil and of criminal justice is, in too many respects, in a state that must be extremely irksome, to say the least, to those who have been accustomed to the protection, in person and property, of efficient institutions. Such a state of things is abundantly sufficient to deter the generality of individuals, having no intimate acquaintance with the amount of real hazard, or the relation of probable profit to the risk incurred, from investing capital in a land where it must necessarily be obnoxious to what must appear very formidable insecurity.

No pains, no expense, should be spared to provide a remedy for evils which most mischievously prevent the full and free reciprocation of those mighty benefits which England and her noble dependency possess the means of conferring each upon the other;—a view of the subject, which, although restricted, is so far from being selfish, that it is in entire accordance with the general interests of the people of India. The task to be achieved, though not so easy as it must be supposed by those who have no toleration for the omissions of the rulers of British India, and who appear to think that the regeneration of a deeply degraded people is the simplest of all processes, would not be insuperably difficult to statesmen who should undertake it in earnest, and with an adequate sense of the vast importance to

millions of living men, and to hundreds of millions yet unborn, of a successful issue to their labours.

We shall endeavour in this paper to give the British public some notion of the existing state of things as respects the administration of Civil and Criminal Justice in India; of the principal *desiderata* of improvement in each of these branches; of the obstacles to their attainment; and of the means by which, in our judgment, those obstacles may best be surmounted. In prosecuting this intention, we shall make it our study to treat a subject—confessedly not very popular—in such a manner as to render it intelligible to the largest possible number of home-bred readers. It is for their information, and with a view to interest them in matters which have hitherto been too little understood, and therefore by far too little cared for, that we mainly write; and we shall not, therefore, be much disturbed if Anglo-Indians, familiar with all the details of the subjects which we treat, shall find fault with our want of novelty. We do not pretend to teach them any thing as to facts; though, perhaps, it would be well if we could communicate to some of the class broader views as to the causes of existing evils, and the most easy and effectual means of removing them. But our chief object is to show the people of England what it is that makes India comparatively valueless to them; to demonstrate that in this case, as in all others, 'true self-love and social are the same;' and to stimulate those who have the power, if they had but the will, to constrain the body to which they have delegated the sovereignty of this magnificent dependency, to exert themselves with energy commensurate at once with the difficulty of the undertaking and the extreme advantage of success, to improve the institutions which they have given to, or maintained for, the people of India; and thus to afford scope for the unshackled development of the unequalled natural resources of their country.

With details we shall not meddle on the present occasion. The limits to which we must confine ourselves, will scarcely allow room for the necessary statement of cardinal facts, and the exposition of general principles.

When Lord Cornwallis—whose ability and judgment were by no means equal to his benevolence—devised and executed the first system, worthy of being so characterized, for the administration of justice in India, he committed the grand mistake of under-estimating the amount of business that might be expected to devolve upon the courts which he created; and, consequently, failed to provide sufficient instrumentality for its execution. He fell also into another error, from which a correct calculation in the first particular would have saved

him; by convincing him of the utter impossibility of rendering the supply of the agency on which he exclusively relied, equal to the demand for it. With the exception of very petty suits, he placed the whole of the administration of justice, civil and criminal, primary and appellate, in the hands of English functionaries, whose necessarily high remuneration restricted within very narrow limits the numbers in which they could be employed.

These miscalculations were fatal to the success of the plan. Further, they tended to make matters worse, in some respects, than they had been during the foregoing years of the Company's administration. As imperfect discipline often spoils good irregular troops, so in the instance in question, something of the wild vigour inherent in the unshackled exercise of practically unlimited powers by officers often of high ability, was lost; and, with one important exception, nothing really valuable was immediately gained in return. The separation of judicial from fiscal functions, and the constitution of impartial tribunals, before which the payers of revenue might complain of undue exaction committed by the revenue officers of the government, with a certainty of the best redress which the time and other means at his command might enable the judge to afford, unquestionably operated as a material check, at least, upon very grievous abuses; and the change of system was so far a signal blessing to the community. But as regards the dispensation of justice between man and man, there was, we fear, little practical improvement. The machinery provided for the administration of the laws, was utterly inadequate to the execution of the work which devolved upon it. The new courts were quickly and hopelessly overwhelmed with business. Enormous arrears accumulated, under the shelter of which, and by means of the forms of justice, which the want of its substance permitted the powerful to pervert to their own wrongful ends, it is not too much to assume that more injustice was perpetrated than could have been practised, with equal impunity, previously to the attempt to introduce a new and improved order of things.* The government was astonished and perplexed at the unsatisfactory results of its truly benevolent measures. But

* Even so late as 1812, the Court of Directors wrote—'We should be very sorry that, from the accumulation of arrears, there should even be room to raise a question whether it were better to leave the natives to their own arbitrary and precipitate tribunals, than to harass their feelings, and injure their property, by an endless procrastination of their suits, under the pretence of more deliberate justice.'

it did not perceive that its own miscalculation of means was at the root of the evil. The whole blame of the failure was ascribed in the gross to the litigious character of the people. No allowance was made for the chaos of disorganization into which centuries of misrule and oppression had thrown society. It was not considered that where there was no authoritative definition, nor so much as any intelligible and consistent understanding of rights—even on the part of those who had no interest or desire to do wrong, and no means of ascertaining what was right and wrong in a multiplicity of constantly occurring cases, but a reference to the courts of law—these courts were likely to have a superabundance of employment, unless their strength were duly proportioned to the demand for their services. These considerations, however obvious, appear to have been altogether overlooked: at least the government gave no weight to them in the scheme which it devised for getting out of its embarrassments. Having made up its mind that the people did not really want all the justice that they applied for, instead of providing for the efficient administration of the laws, it determined to check the influx of suits. But as it had no means of determining, *a priori*, what suits were, and what were not litigious, it took the simple course of rendering the access to the temple of justice difficult to all but the very rich, but most difficult to the poorest—the persons most likely to be wronged—by refusing to entertain any complaint until the party desiring to institute it should show—not that it was founded in truth—but, that he could command a certain sum of money to purchase withal a piece of stamped paper, whereon to set forth his wrongs, and his desire to be righted. The further course of every suit—the exhibition of documents, and the summoning of witnesses—was also purposely loaded with expense.

It is difficult to add any thing to the powerful arguments with which Mr Mill has denounced the absurdity and injustice of this measure. 'Nothing,' he says, 'is more easy than 'to lessen the business of the courts of law; to diminish it to 'any proposed extent; to produce its annihilation. What are 'the means? The most obvious in the world: denial of justice. 'Decree that no person whatsoever who is less than six feet high 'shall be admitted to sue in a court of justice; and you will 'reduce the business to a very manageable quantity. Decree 'that no man who is less than eight, and you reduce it to no-'thing. A man's stature is surely as good a test to judge by, 'whether he has received an injury, as his purse. Of the two 'parties to a suit, it is not of absolute necessity that either should 'be dishonest: because the case may have in it such obscurity

'as to require the decision of a judge. But these cases are, or 'at any rate if there were a good code of laws would be, very 'rare. In by far the greater proportion of cases, when lawsuits 'are numerous, one of the parties is intentionally dishonest, and 'wishes to keep or to gain some unjust advantage. When legis-'lators, therefore, propose to drive people from the courts of 'justice by expense, they must of necessity imagine that it is the 'dishonest parties only whom the expense will deter: for it 'would be dreadful to make laws to prevent the honest from re-'ceiving a legal protection. But is it easy for the wit of man to 'frame a proposition stamped with stronger characters of igno-'rance or corruption than this? That to render access to justice 'difficult is the way to lessen the number of crimes. What is 'the greatest encouragement to injustice? Is it not every thing 'which tends to prevent immediate redress? What is the greatest 'discouragement to injustice? Every thing which tends to en-'sure immediate redress. But tedious and expensive forms of 'law, of which uncertainty is a consequence, have the greatest 'tendency to prevent immediate redress. They are, therefore, 'a great encouragement, not a hinderance to injustice.'

Mr Mill proceeds to prove, with unanswerable reasons, that the cases in which the expedient of rendering justice expensive 'can deter the unjust litigant, must always be few;' and that in all cases in which it 'does not deter the unjust litigant, it is mis-'chievous beyond expression.' He cites the high authority of Sir Henry Strachey, an Indian judge of great ability and experience, and a personal witness of the effect of the attempt to reduce litigation which we are describing; for the fact, that 'out 'of a hundred suits, perhaps five at the utmost may be fairly 'pronounced litigious, and these few are probably instituted by 'men well able to bear the expense.' This is the state of the case as regards the class of suitors 'who,' in Mr Mill's forcible language, 'can endure the expense of a lawsuit, rendered ex-'pensive by legislative design.' The poor man is altogether shut out from redress. 'I have often seen a suitor,' says Sir Henry Strachey, 'when stripped of his last rupee, and called 'upon for the fee on a document, produce in court a silver ring 'or other trinket, and beg that it might be received as a pledge: '—and after all, perhaps, he was cast for want of money to 'produce proof.' Surely, the reduction of judicial business by such means, is any thing but a subject of exultation.

Dr Johnson remarks, that 'no scheme of policy has, in any 'country, yet brought the rich on equal terms into courts of jus-'tice. Perhaps,' he adds, 'experience, improving on experi-'ence, may in time effect it.' The device of the Anglo-Indian

Government had a direct tendency to aggravate this inherent and most mischievous inequality. Yet Mr Mill says with melancholy truth—'such was the scheme for the better adminis-'tration of justice which was devised by British legislators in 'the year 1795; such the scheme the existence of which they 'still approve; and finally, such is the scheme which obtained the 'applause of a select committee of the British House of Com-'mons in the year 1810.' That committee certainly described the 'affording law proceedings at little or no expense,' (as if mere attendance on a court of justice were not a heavy charge upon all to whom time is of any value—as if, under the most favourable circumstances, pleaders are not to be retained, and many expenses unavoidably incurred,) as 'means taken to fa-'cilitate, if not to encourage litigation.' Where was the rod of Jeremy Bentham, that it was not applied for the chastisement of such legislation!

But the measure altogether failed of the desired end. In 1803, the Court of Directors were compelled to animadvert on 'the almost incredible number of cases undecided;' and to state that, 'to judge by analogy of the courts in Europe, they should 'be induced to think that so great an arrear could scarcely ever 'come to a hearing.' Since that date, a constant struggle has been kept up, in a few instances, with partial and temporary improvement, but generally with very disheartening results, to improve matters in this respect; but the inherent vices of the system, and the pertinacity with which, for many years, the Anglo-Indian Government clung to the hopeless expectation of being able to administer justice to millions by the instrumentality, principally, of European functionaries, opposed insuperable obstacles to any successful issue.

For years the Government went on, under this pressure, timidly applying one, and only one, of the remedies which the nature of the case admitted of:—it gradually and insufficiently increased the numbers, the powers, and the salaries, of the native judges. No attempt was made to meet the evil nearer the fountain-head, by an ascertainment and definition of rights, and an intelligible exposition of the law. And circumstances occurred during the fifteen years following 1795, to aggravate the insufficiency of the means provided for the dispensation of civil justice. We refer to the frightful increase which took place, during that period, in the frequency and atrocity of that heinous crime against property—and too often, at that time, against life—which is termed in India, *Dacoity*, or gang-robbery. We shall have occasion to describe this offence in the sequel. We only allude to it here in order to explain that the judge of each district being,

under lord Cornwallis' system, the magistrate of it also; the government being more directly and strongly interested in the suppression of such outrages, than in the dispensation of justice between man and man; and it being really more essential, apart from any such motive, that the lives and property of the people should be protected from open and frequently most shocking violence, (almost occasioning in some parts of the country the utter disorganization of society,) than that civil suits should be decided, the judge-magistrates were compelled to devote nearly the whole of their time and attention to what they felt to be their primary duty. The same urgent pressure, and the same sense of obligation, produced the same results in the employment of the judges of circuit, and of the superior court. The eyes of the executive government were also far more intently fixed upon the state of the police, and the conviction and punishment of gang-robbers, than upon the administration of civil justice. The necessary consequence was, that the latter was grievously neglected.

We state this without the smallest intention to censure harshly any of the administrators of Lord Cornwallis' system. Nor, when we said above that no attempts were made by the successive rulers of British India, to ascertain and define rights, and to render the law complete and explicit, did we mean to imply that those who failed in these respects were inefficient in respect to ability, or unmindful of their duties and responsibilities. Such, by implication, has been the language of some—of Mr Mill, as a notable example—who assuredly would not have pressed, or even entertained such a charge if they had heard what the parties involved in it had to urge in their justification. Such, to this hour, are the sour cavils of a very different class, who have travelled through the history—stranger than romance—of the rise and progress of British ascendency in India—and have personally witnessed the marvellous ease and power with which the machinery of our government works—insensible to the genius and energy which alone could have wrought such effects, and seeing only the errors and omissions which qualify, in certain particulars, a record of statesmanship altogether unparalleled in its general success. We take no such ungrateful view of the labours and deserts of the men who have so signally served England in India. Reason and equity alike demand, that we should admit into our calculation what they have achieved, as well as what they have left undone. We know, too, what the difficulties of their situation have been, and how great the energy and devotion with which they have toiled to surmount them. Time and means—physical as well as moral—

have been wanting for the execution of many measures, of the great importance of which the statesmen who have governed India have been at least as well aware as the critics who have proclaimed their omissions. In repeated instances, and for long periods, the attention of those statesmen has been called away from the affairs, however important, of their own territories, to provide against or to resist foreign aggression; and even to struggle, with all their energies, for the very existence of our power. But, under all disadvantages, there has been both an earnest desire for the good government of the people of India, and strenuous exertions to effect that end. Undoubtedly there have been errors of judgment, as we have already shown, and shall further demonstrate in the course of this paper; but honesty of intention has been the pervading principle; and common justice requires that, in looking at results, great allowance should be made for those whose efforts have not only not been adequately seconded by the miserably degraded people for whom they have laboured, but have been thwarted, at every turn, by their ignorance of their true interests; by their anti-social customs; and by their inveterate selfishness. Reformers in all other lands have had a party—however small—to support and cheer them. The statesmen who have attempted the regeneration of India, have had to work—excepting a handful of European officers, with the worst of unfaithful instruments—upon a body politic in a state of apathy and demoralization of which those who have seen only those European communities most devoid of virtue and public spirit, can form no adequate conception.

This much was necessary to obviate misconstruction. To return: mischief beyond that attendant upon the immediate want of their services, and the consequent accumulation of hopeless arrears, involving a practical denial of justice, resulted from the vain attempt, so long persisted in, to dispense with the aid of native judges, (except in petty cases,) and to administer the laws by the exclusive agency of a small body of English functionaries. The class which had furnished officers of a description superior to the general body of their countrymen during the rule of delegates from the Court of Dehli, and as long as we were content to govern in the same fashion as our predecessors, who were looked up to with some degree of respect by the great body of the people, and who had therefore somewhat of an interest in public opinion, and somewhat of character to sustain—this class altogether disappeared in the course of the long period during which there was no demand for their services. They lost the little elevation above the dead level of Asiatic society which they or their forefathers had attained; and with that the power of

being useful. The native judges who were employed to decide suits for sums of the most trifling amount, were wretchedly underpaid, and that not by salaries, but by commission, arising from the stamp duties upon *plaints* and *exhibits*, of which we have already spoken. In consequence, they were almost universally ignorant, incompetent, and corrupt; despised by their countrymen, and distrusted by their European superiors. The minds of these superiors—of those at least who directed and might have altered the system—travelled perpetually in a vicious circle. The natives were not to be trusted in judicial offices on account of their corruption; and therefore, in the petty offices of that description to which they were unavoidably admitted, they were remunerated in a manner which rendered almost their existence, certainly their maintenance of a decent appearance, dependent upon their receipt of the wages of corruption. 'We 'place the European,' says Sir Henry Strachey, 'beyond the 'reach of temptation. To the native, a man whose ancestors, 'perhaps, bore high command, we assign some ministerial office, 'with a poor stipend of twenty or thirty rupees a month. Then 'we pronounce that the Indians are corrupt, and that no race of 'men but the Company's European servants are fit to govern 'them.'

Lord William Bentinck—honour to his memory as a statesman of distinguished honesty of purpose, and of still more rare intrepidity in carrying out his views of what was right!—was the first who broadly asserted a different principle, and took resolute steps to carry it into effect. Before his administration, the conviction that it was impossible to satisfy the demands of the community without more effectual aid from native agency than Lord Cornwallis' scheme contemplated, had forced itself upon the unwilling minds of those who were wedded to the doctrine, that Englishmen alone could be trusted with the exercise of judicial functions, in important cases; and timid attempts had been made from time to time to supply the deficiency. But it was reserved for Lord William and for Mr W. B. Bayley, (the late Chairman of the Court of Directors,) as a member of Lord William's Council, to proclaim, that it was hopeless to rely upon European instrumentality for more than superintendence, and for the exercise of appellate jurisdiction with the promptitude and vigour requisite to render it practically effectual to keep the general administration of justice pure; that it was, in fact, a wasteful employment of agency so highly remunerated, to assign to it lower functions than that of acting the part of the master's eye over the ordinary workmen of the system. It was felt that the efficient fulfilment of this paramount duty could not be

secured unless the district judges were relieved from the obligation of primary adjudication in any instance. The functions of the magistracy were, about the same time, assigned to other hands—hands also overburdened, as we shall presently show; but we are now speaking only of the administration of civil justice, which certainly benefited extremely by the bold but truly wise measures of which our space compels us to give only a very brief outline.

Lord Auckland has followed up, with great consistency, that course in which his predecessor so happily led the way. Indeed, some of the measures to which we have alluded, were not consummated until the commencement of his administration. With the single exception, of vital consequence, of the grievous expense to which the applicant for civil justice is still subjected—in the shape of fees levied by means of the stamped paper on which he is obliged to write his *plaint*, the copies of all documents exhibited, and applications for the summoning of witnesses—that important branch of the administration may be considered to have been placed in a fair train of improvement. The sound principle has, at least, been laid down, and to a considerable extent acted upon, that the natives can be rendered trustworthy for judicial services, only by employing them, under the best supervision available, in situations of sufficiently remunerated trust.

We have dwelt at considerable length upon bygone renunciations of this principle, and the consequent train of evils, because though much has been done to retrieve past errors in this respect, there is yet great room for improving the administration of civil justice, by giving wider scope to the system so happily established; and because there is still, in not a few minds, a lurking suspicion of its soundness, and great indisposition in high places to sanction the more extensive employment of natives in other branches of the public service.*

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* We allude particularly, and with much regret, to the discouragement which has been given, by the Court of Directors, to the employment of natives in the Revenue department as deputy collectors; a measure for which also the Government and the people of India, (whose real interests are one and indivisible,) are indebted to Lord William Bentinck. The mistake is a grand one; for whilst it is most desirable, upon the highest moral and political grounds, to afford to the upper classes of our native fellow-subjects that honourable employment which has been too long denied to them, [a consideration which requires additional force from the education which the state and individuals are now offering in many quarters to all comers,] the condition and capabilities of the land revenue are such, that we are persuaded that, with good management, such employ-

Hitherto the new system has worked undeniably well in the department of civil justice. Those native judges who have been adequately remunerated, have as a class shown great ability, and no want of probity. Exceptions, doubtless, there have been in the latter respect; and some lamentable instances of temptation overpowering principle, even at the close of a long life of justly honoured service. But the result, as a whole, has deen decidedly favourable; and those who have to blush for instances of venality in Britain, may well make considerate allowance for the frailty of men whose virtue receives no support from the public opinion of the society to which they belong; and of whom the Hindoos at least have no intelligible and consistent belief of any ulterior responsibility. The most sanguine advocates of the experiment have never asserted more than that, in the words of the Editor of the *Friend of India*, it would 'work itself pure.' It has already made quite as much progress to that end, as could reasonably be expected. Time alone is wanting to demonstrate its complete success, and to secure its mature fruits to the community. But in order to expedite this result, and to confer on it the greatest value, it is essential that the system should be carried out to the fullest practicable extent.

There has been a default in this respect; and it is remarkable, that just where the government of India has stopped short in the application of the sound principle of adequate remuneration, there, want of confidence and inefficiency commence. The lowest class of native judges, (the 'Moonsiffs,') are very insufficiently paid; a few only receiving L.180, and the great body no more than L.120 per annum. We fear that, with individual exceptions, they are generally distrusted by their countrymen; and yet by these officers the great mass of causes is adjudicated. Great and highly honourable efforts have been made by the district judges, as well as by the superior court which superintends and controls the general administration of justice, to do all for the improvement of this class of functionaries that can be effected by increased vigilance of supervision; by prompt attention to complaints against their proceedings; and by ensuring the speediest hearing of appeals from their decisions. The government has also done something in their favour, by raising the salaries of the *Emeriti* among them, from the lower to the higher sum above mentioned; by improving their prospects of promotion; and by laying down a scheme in connexion with those prospects, by

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ment may be given to many, not only without undue expense, but with great benefit to the exchequer.

means of which it is probable that young men of better education and principles than have as yet sought employment as 'Moonsiffs,' will be induced to enter the lower, as probationers for a higher class of judicial office. But all this will be insufficient—and the importance of the matter must be estimated by the very large proportion of the judicial business of the country which is in the hands of the 'Moonsiffs'—as long as the legitimate emoluments of office are so small, as to be light in the balance against the probable profits of a short career of that modified corruption, the practice of which involves little or no disgrace in the estimation of the native community. There are many shades of this, some of almost incredible effrontery, according to European notions of such subjects—from the pains-taking practice of ascertaining from the papers filed in each suit, which of the parties is in the right, and from which consequently a *douceur* can safely be received, whilst all advances of his opponent are firmly repulsed—to the barefaced custom of taking bribes from both parties, and returning his fee to the loser.

Notwithstanding all this, matters are in a hopeful stage of progressive improvement: not that the goal is nearly won, but that the race has been begun in earnest, and that the generation of public servants which has gained, or is about to gain, the direction of affairs, has sound views as to what is wanted, and to the means by which alone it can be attained. The two grand prejudices, one or other of which held sway for many years over the mind of almost every Anglo-Indian, are fast losing their power. The one was a blind homage to the institutions of the natives, such as we found them, or received them from tradition; in forgetfulness that they were no more the productions of the free-will of the people, than the contortions of agonizing disease are the natural attitudes of the human body; or the efforts which a plant makes to gain the light, in spite of opposition, are to be regarded as indications of the mode of its spontaneous growth. The other great cause of error and evil has been an almost equally mistaken *apotheosis* of Lord Cornwallis' system; as if it were the perfection of human wisdom, and an infallible remedy for all the ills of long-misgoverned India. Both these doctrines are now happily wearing out. It has been discovered that not only are many of the native customs grossly absurd and barbarous; but that when the people are left to themselves, with a choice of better things, and are not compelled by their English rulers to adhere to practices forced upon their ancestors by the miserable circumstances in which they are placed, they are often most ready to shake off the thraldom of unprofitable or positively mischievous institutions. Experience has proved how much of amendment Lord Cornwallis's scheme of administration has

needed, and still needs; and how far it fell short of making sufficient provision for the wants of those to whose wants it was intended to minister.

Their primary want—of a code of Civil Law—Lord Cornwallis never dreamed of supplying. He left the Hindoos and the Mahometans to be governed in all the relations of private life by the dogmas of their respective sacred volumes, defunct commentators, and living doctors. The disciples of Mahomet, as having by far the most reasonable religion, comprising many intelligible, and indeed excellent rules of moral action, and being not very far distant from its fountain head, are in infinitely the best predicament. Of the Hindoo law it has been seriously affirmed, by very competent testimony, that there is no point upon which two expounders of its mysteries may not give diametrically opposite judgments, and support them by equally high authorities. In this miserable uncertainty, and under a law of inheritance which gives the greatest encouragement and facilities to the drones to plunder the working bees and their descendants, the great body of our subjects has been left. From this state it appears to us that the Law Commission—constituted under the last Charter Act—should have begun to rescue them, before it undertook to frame a Code of Criminal law, of which there was, comparatively, no urgent need.

Secondly, it is essential that the people should be immediately relieved from the heavy taxes which have been imposed upon justice—to the signal disadvantage of those most likely to be wronged, namely the poorest, or in other words, the most defenceless—under the plea of discouraging litigiousness. Let those who are proved, by the result of a sufficient investigation, to have been guilty of what is certainly a most serious offence—to wit, the prosecuting or the defending a manifestly fraudulent or vexatious suit—by all means be punished by fine or otherwise; and there is no reason why the produce of such penalties, after the party aggrieved has been reimbursed in all his legitimate charges, should not be applied to discharge—as far as it will go—the expenses of the general administration of justice. The judge who is competent to decide on the merits of the litigated case, may very safely be trusted to determine whether the conduct of either of the parties to it have been such as to merit punishment. But to fine all claimants of justice in the first instance, because a small unknown portion of them may perhaps deserve it, is surely absurd and unjust in the extreme; and no merely pecuniary considerations should induce a government, bound to protect all its subjects, but especially those who most need protection, to uphold such a system for a day. Human nature in India is like

human nature elsewhere. As soon as the administration of civil justice is put upon such a footing that all suits are promptly decided, those who are wronged effectually redressed, and wrong-doers suitably punished, litigation will be reduced within its necessary limits. Mr Mill truly says, that 'no proposition derived 'from political experience, may be relied on more confidently 'than this, that the multiplication of lawsuits is a proof of the 'bad administration of justice; that a perfect administration of 'justice would almost annihilate litigation; and that the attempt 'to reduce it by any other means, such as that of expense, is to 'hold out encouragement to plunderers, and to deny the protec-'tion of law to the honest and just.' The rulers of India should not rest until they have reduced litigation by the only legitimate means. We trust that at this day it is not necessary to enter into any formal proof that a tax upon law proceedings, for the purpose of raising revenue, even on the plausible plea that it is to be applied to the expenses of the administration of justice, is utterly indefensible.

The third great *desideratum* is the completion of an establishment of adequately remunerated native judges. This, also, as we have stated, is beyond the scope of Lord Cornwallis's plan; and is, in fact, as well as what has already been done towards it, directly at variance with its cardinal characteristic—the exclusive employment of English agency in the adjudication of all but the most petty suits. No expense should be grudged for the attainment of this all-important object;—a failure to attempt it is tantamount to a denial of the primary obligations involved in our assumption of the government. It is monstrous to raise from the people of India a revenue of twenty millions sterling, and then to declare that we do not possess the means of affording them an efficient administration of civil justice. A salary of L.360 per annum (rupees 300 per mensem) should be the smallest assigned to any native judge. It is unreasonable to expect competence or honesty from insufficiently remunerated functionaries.

Fourthly, we again urge—as a measure essential to the efficiency of the administration of civil justice, in a country where the population is almost exclusively agricultural, where, consequently, a very large proportion of the cases litigated relate to land, and where, owing chiefly to the very little reliance to be placed on oral testimony, or even on the report of ministerial officers deputed to a distance to examine the grounds of dispute, there are, at present, no proper aids to the necessary ignorance of the courts in respect to matters of locality—a detailed Survey, on scientific principles, of the whole of British India. The survey

should be accompanied by a commission, authorized to decide on the spot all disputes respecting boundaries; and all questions of rights and tenures (not already finally adjudicated by the superior courts) between landlords and tenants; and between the different grades of middlemen. The tenures differ very widely in remote parts of the country; and hence the hopelessly interminable disputes between public servants of the highest authority, whose experience has been acquired in different provinces, and who have, therefore, no common postulates, or use the same words for different things;—but they are very similar, or, at any rate, can be arranged into a few simple classes, throughout extensive neighbourhoods. A vast saving of time, and much substantial justice would be ensured by determining authoritatively, after due local investigation, the relative rights of each class, and by declaring that the decisions of the commission should not be liable to be reversed, in any court of law, unless it could be shown that the principles on which it proceeded in determining the case of any class, were inconsistent with justice.

The Surveys, nearly or quite completed, of the provinces subject to the government of Bengal, of which the revenue is not settled in perpetuity, undertaken primarily for fiscal purposes, have been productive, we are assured, of the most beneficial results in a judicial point of view. Throughout the north-western provinces, the courts of justice possess the means—in the beautiful records of the village surveys—of disposing without doubt or delay of a hundred points, upon which, at an earlier period, no pains could put them in possession of equally trustworthy information. Such points will soon cease to be subjects of litigation. This has already been the effect even of the partial progress made in the Survey of the southern province of Cuttack, where the nature of their duties, in the assessment of the revenue, has obliged the fiscal authorities to dispose in the first instance—and with less plenary power, of course, than we propose to confer upon a purely judicial commission—of several highly important general questions of rights and tenures. Before operations were commenced in earnest, the number, and apparently inextricable confusion of the points at issue, almost caused the ablest and most energetic of the officers concerned to despair of success. But difficulties which would have baffled a sedentary court of justice, vanished before the local investigations of intelligent functionaries, who could bring all the parties interested face to face, in the presence of their neighbours, and determine their relative rights, *a priori*, before a dispute had arisen regarding them;—before lawyers had been retained, or expense incurred, or passions exasperated by litigation. And it has been found to

be much more easy, in practice, thus to decide large classes of cases by principle and analogy—to unravel, as it were, the whole tangled chain of the relations of Indian agricultural society at once—than to attempt to untie each knot seriatim; as must necessarily be done by courts of justice required to dispose of individual cases; and altogether unqualified, as well as unauthorized, to look beyond the record to general considerations. The most experienced of the local authorities anticipated a very great and immediate reduction of judicial business from these investigations, which had given the greatest satisfaction to the people, weary of uncertainty; and against which—at a period long subsequent to their institution—only one appeal had been filed in any court.

To this eminently satisfactory result, of enquiring first and settling afterwards, the state of things throughout those provinces assessed in perpetuity by Lord Cornwallis upon the antagonist principle, affords a lamentable contrast. It would almost seem that they are described 'permanently settled,' (as *lucus a non lucendo*,) because every thing, not excepting even the public revenue, has been left in doubt and uncertainty! In spite of the remonstrances and warning of his calmer colleague Sir John Shore, Lord Cornwallis insisted upon beginning at the wrong end; laying down a few—not very consistent—general principles, and deliberately leaving their application, and the ten thousand points for which they did not provide, to be settled, *a posteriori*, by the courts of justice; the insufficiency of which—already remarked on—was in no small degree occasioned by this great preliminary blunder. The result has been ruinous alike to the efficiency of the system, and to the well-being of the people. No man knows with any certainty what are his own rights, or the rights of his neighbour. Isolated disputes have, indeed, been determined by the courts, but nothing approaching to systematic arrangement or definition has been attempted; the judgments that have been passed on important points are not known to one in a hundred, or it may be in a thousand, of the persons really interested in them; and no man is aware whether his own case—the case, perhaps, of half his neighbours—has, or has not been investigated. Consequently, there is no assurance that the courts will not be required to decide any given point a hundred times over. Such circumstances are, of course, hotbeds of litigation.

The revenue of the state, though said to be 'permanently set-'tled,' is in no better case than the rights of its subjects. It is known, indeed, that an estate called A is assessed to pay a certain revenue; but where the said estate is, or of what lands it

consists, no one has any notion. It would require pages to set forth even a small sample of each of the various mischiefs induced by this almost incredible state of things. It includes not only frequent loss and constant jeopardy of revenue, and therefore of the means of affording an efficient administration of justice to the people of India, (to the continuance and increase of which it is impossible to assign a limit, for confusion is becoming every day worse confounded,) but a grievous waste of the invaluable time of many of the ablest public officers; who are incessantly engaged in patching up a hopeless system, which ought to be taken to pieces, and deliberately re-organized. This is foreign to our immediate subject, and we have mentioned it only to show that pecuniary considerations are not wanting, in conjunction with others equally cogent, to impress upon the rulers of British India the expediency of a general Survey, with those accompaniments which we have pointed out. Every day will render such measures more necessary, and will add to the difficulty of accomplishing them.

The fourth *desideratum* is an efficient system of registration, not enforced by direct penalties—a scheme which has been tried and has failed—but by means of advantages conferred, or disabilities imposed, upon those who should observe or neglect the requirements of the law respectively. A very considerable proportion of the time of the courts is now fruitlessly occupied in doing that tediously, and with uncertainty, which registration would effect, as it were, mechanically. In India, where one of the chief impediments to a prompt and efficient administration of justice is the painful slowness with which a conscientious judge is compelled to feel his way through mazes of evidence, oral or documentary—in the truth of which he is unable to repose the smallest confidence—that comparative security for the real subsistence and good faith of a transaction, which registration affords, would be quite invaluable. But the laws prescribing it have been hitherto a dead letter, principally, if not solely—as we believe—because those who have legislated for India have shrunk from the decided but necessary step of making the process essential to the validity, as matter of evidence in the courts of law, of particular classes of documents. If this were done—due preliminary warning being given—the business of the court would, in a short period, be very materially reduced, to the great benefit of the community.

But this is not all. The demoralized state of the people co-operates with the defects of the law to make the courts inefficient; and the inefficiency of the courts reacts to harass and impoverish the people. The law and practice regarding mortgages and their

effects, afford the strongest illustration of this position. Bad management and extravagance reduce a very large proportion of the landholders of India to the condition of borrowers; the law, copying and exaggerating the leaning of the law of England, throws, with ill-judging partiality, all the weight it can into the scale of the mortgager; and the courts, with the extreme caution generated by the prevalence of fraud and perjury, hold it to be the safest course to proceed systematically, as if every step, taken by every man towards foreclosing a mortgage, were an attempt at robbery. But those who know, that, in every transaction of the nature in question, the borrower is compelled to pay for every particle of risk, trouble, or vexation incurred by the lender, and that the demand on these scores rises in a very rapid ratio—will not wonder at the practical effects of the circumstances and bias which we have described. The interest which landholders pay for accommodation in circumstances of emergency—as when an instalment of the public revenue is overdue—varies from 12 to 72 per cent. A part of this is a direct insurance against frauds, (such as the concealment of an actually existing mortgage, or the fabrication of a fictitious one, by the mortgager,) which a good system of registration would effectually prevent; a part is the compensation which the mortgagee demands for the loss of time, and the vexation, which he knows that the courts will inflict upon him; because many transactions, alleged to be of the same nature as that into which he is entering in good faith, are fraudulent on the part of the parties who pretend to be mortgagees. Registration would relieve the courts, in a great measure, from the necessity of acting thus. At present, the law and the practice of the courts, hold the capitalist and the landholder asunder, to their serious common detriment; and the state of our institutions permits the dishonest part of the community to inflict grievous loss upon the whole body. Registration is the only effectual cure for the evil. Its indirect moral effects upon the public mind would be still more extensively beneficial.

Upon the very important question, how the European servants of the government may best be trained for the Judicial Bench, our limits forbid us to enter at the length which it deserves. We can only say that the plan proposed by Mr Ross, the late excellent President of the Council of India—(who persevered, through a long and honourable career of public service, in combating error and prejudice, in the thankless task of disabusing optimism as to the practical working and merits of Lord Cornwallis's system, and in tendering the wisest counsel for the improvement of every branch of the judicial administration—of employing a certain number of the younger officers

as pleaders in the different [illegible] and having them in a great measure depen[illegible] [illegible] estimate of their qualifications for the [illegible] [illegible] would, in our judgment, best answer the proposed [illegible].

We must now proceed [illegible] the second great branch of our subject—the administration [illegible] justice, including the Police.

In organizing this department, Lord Cornwallis manifested a distrust of native agency, even stronger than that which [illegible] racterized the scheme of civil judicatory which we have [illegible] ed. The natives were not altogether excluded from [illegible] ment seat under that scheme, however mean the [illegible] to them; and, in order to bring justice tolerably [illegible] doors of the humbler litigants, the courts of the [illegible] not confined to the station at which the [illegible] district resided; but were fixed in the most [illegible] villages of the several subdivisions of his [illegible] capacity of magistrate, on the other hand [illegible] manager of the police, (for these two functions [illegible] this day united,) that officer was denied [illegible] tives, otherwise than in ministerial [illegible] were underpaid in a degree more [illegible] employed in the civil department [illegible] agency intermediate between the [illegible] district one hundred miles in length [illegible] larger, and having a population of a million [illegible] officer receiving a pay of L.30 or L.40 [illegible] same time, the native landholders were [illegible] tion which they had previously exercised [illegible] matters of police; and the establishment [illegible] in different parts of the country [illegible] maintained some kind of order, and [illegible] been of criminal justice, were [illegible]

The effects were these. [illegible] Cornwallis's system superseded [illegible] quite incompatible with any thing [illegible] ministration of justice, civil or criminal [illegible] their officers were the scourge of the [illegible] 'administration,' says Sir Henry [illegible] 'rent being the chief object [illegible] 'most part, employed in the collection [illegible] 'in the Bengal provinces, above [illegible] 'swords and shields, were required for the purpose [illegible] 'of collecting rent from poor cultivators [illegible] 'understood; though in the course of any [illegible]

'tion, I have endeavoured to convey some notion of the native 'way of transacting this business.' In the passage referred to, he describes this 'native way of collecting rent,' as 'shocking 'oppression, universal robbery, of the horrors of which, when 'under the worst form, no body in this quarter of the world can 'form an adequate conception.' It was, of course, indispensable to deprive the landholders of the authority, and of the instruments by means of which they perpetrated these enormities. This was done; and incalculable benefit was thereby conferred upon the people. But the sway of the landholders had not been one of unmingled evil. Though they plundered the people for their own profit, a sense of their own interests led them to exert themselves to prevent others from plundering them; and their position as collectors or farmers of the public revenue, gave them the power, as well as the will, to effect this object to a considerable extent. Lord Cornwallis pulled the old machinery to pieces, without providing any agency of tolerably adequate organization and power in its stead. The result was, that the people were transferred from one set of tyrants to another, if possible more lawless and cruel than their predecessors.

To the deposed landholders succeeded the *Dacoits*, or gang-robbers. Many of these were doubtless the officers previously employed by the landholders for the double purpose of collecting their rents, and performing the functions of police. These men had generally been supported and remunerated by an allotment of land, which, in many instances, the landholders, relieved from the charge of the police, appropriated to their own benefit. They had all been accustomed, in some degree, to the use of arms; and the domineering position in which they and their fathers before them had long been placed, rendered them bold and energetic in comparison with the common herd of their countrymen. 'When they were deprived of their lands,' says Sir Henry Strachey, 'a great number of them naturally become dacoits. The in-'struments of extortion, the tormentors of the ryots, being 'already robbers, the change in their occupation was not great.' These men were, at any rate, the nucleus around whom the numerous and ferocious gangs of *Dacoits*, which soon began to infest the country, were formed.

We have not room for any sufficient description of the atrocities perpetrated by gang-robbers, during the fifteen or twenty years immediately following the introduction of the new system of police and criminal justice. Some account of them will be found in chap. 6. book vi. of Mr Mill's valuable History, which we cite as the most accessible record. We must content ourselves in this place with quoting the terms in which Mr Secretary Dowdes-

well speaks of the matter, in a paper which he drew up in 1809, as given in the Fifth Report:—'Were I to enumerate,' he says, 'only a thousandth part of the atrocities of the dacoits, 'and of the consequent suffering of the people; and were I to 'soften that recital in every mode which language would permit, 'I should still despair of obtaining credit, solely on my own 'authority, for the accuracy of the narrative. Robbery, rape, 'and even murder, are not the worst figures in this horrid and 'disgusting picture. An expedient of common occurrence with 'the dacoits, merely to induce a confession of property supposed 'to be concealed, is to burn the proprietor with straw or torches, 'until he discover the property, or perishes in the flames. And 'when they are actuated by a spirit of revenge against individuals, 'worse cruelties, if worse could be, are perpetrated by those re-'morseless criminals. Volumes might be filled with the atrocities 'of the dacoits, every line of which would make the blood run 'cold with horror.'

Several years passed before the government of India was able to make any effectual progress towards putting an end to these enormities; for the simple reason, that, in spite of the superior vigour and intelligence of the English magistrates, the want of sufficient instrumentality rendered the gang-robbers too strong for them. From the same cause, the means of suppression (employing spies and informers systematically, and on a large scale) to which the government was at last driven, were productive of such frightful injustice, that some of the most distinguished officers have doubted whether the remedy were not worse than the disease. By the exertions then made, however, by the general employment of informers, by apprehending and keeping in prison an immense number of suspected persons, and by demanding almost the whole of the time and energies of the judge-magistrates, (to the serious detriment, as we have shown, of the administration of civil justice,) gang-robbery was in a great measure put down, and it has never since flourished in its pristine enormity. But it still deforms the calendars to a very serious extent. We should not, however, have dwelt at such length on a comparatively bygone state of crime, if it were not clear to us that the same inherent weakness of the system established by Lord Cornwallis, which prevented its administrators from putting down gang-robbery at the beginning of the century, otherwise than by the aid of allies whose villainy disgraced the government, and inflicted the most grievous evils on the people, still operates, and will operate—until strength be supplied by measures of sound principle—to render the administration of criminal justice and of the police alike inefficient.

The principal causes of past and present weakness are, first, the enormous size of the jurisdictions of the several magistrates, coupled with the pertinacious rejection of any assistance, worthy of mention, from adequately remunerated native officers; and, secondly, the attempt to form an establishment of police by the union of native and European elements, to the great detriment of the latter, and without any compensating benefit from the continued existence of the former.

As regards the first point, let our readers imagine the whole county of Kent left to the protection of a single magistrate, and he, perhaps, not residing in a centrical situation, but at Canterbury or Tonbridge, and having, in the majority of instances, other important public functions to perform; a police station of fifteen or twenty men in every hundred; a miserable watchman, a gipsy, (the nearest, and happily the only representative in England of a man of low caste,) a thief, or in league with thieves, in every village; no roads, and all communication necessarily kept up on foot. Then let them imagine every man committing, or suspected of committing, murder—stealing, or suspected of stealing, six pennyworth of apples—in any part of the county, sent in for examination by the magistrate, no one else being competent to deal with either case. Let him imagine all the witnesses compelled to take the same journey, leaving each his business—the plough in the furrow, the ripe crop unreaped, the shop neglected, the sick wife or child uncared for; and to remain in attendance on the magistrates' court, (being in fact often kept in confinement under pretence of finding him lodgings,) until that overburdened officer be able to enter upon the investigation of the case. Further imagine, if the matter be serious, the party accused committed to take his trial at the sessions, and the witnesses left to the alternative of walking home, in order to walk back again in a few days, weeks, or months, to give evidence before the sessions court; or of remaining among strangers, and probably with no means of communicating with their homes, or of procuring or earning money, until the trial come on. Imagine all this, and the mind has before it a faint notion of one aspect of the practical working of Lord Cornwallis's system. There has been improvement in one particular of late years. The judge who holds the sessions is now resident in each district, and under ordinary circumstances he sits monthly; so that there is not now the extreme interval which formerly was often interposed between the commitment and the trial. No change for the better has taken place in any other respect; and we believe that we are quite on the safe side when we take a county no larger than that of Kent to represent an Indian district.

But we have, as yet, exhibited only one side of the picture. The vexations, the losses, the sufferings which we have described, are inflicted annually upon great numbers, upon hundreds of innocent persons charged with various offences, upon thousands of witnesses whom the administration of the system often subjects to penalties, which would be thought too severe if they were deliberately awarded as the punishment of crimes, not of the most venial description. But this is merely what appears upon the surface. It is not to be supposed that the police-officer, stationed, as we have stated, with a small force in each division of the magistrate's jurisdiction, and receiving a salary utterly inadequate for his support, or even the maintenance of indispensable equipage and appearance, is ignorant of the powers of annoyance with which he is invested, and of the means by which they may be turned to profitable account. With the commission of an offence commences his harvest. He and his followers are much more formidable than any but the more violent and ferocious robbers. The threat of forwarding an individual to the magistrate, whose station is perhaps from fifty to one hundred miles distant, either as a principal or a witness, is sufficient to extract a liberal bribe from the most parsimonious. This means of extortion is largely, we believe we may say universally, used. The single British functionary is utterly unable to exercise any efficient control over subordinate officers placed at a distance from him, which is practically three or four times as great as that represented by an equal number of miles in this country. With rare exceptions, he must be satisfied to see with the eyes, and hear with the ears, of his police-officers. The same circumstances which make it worth the while of the people to purchase, at a considerable price, exemption from being sent in to the magistrate, prevent them from complaining of the extortion that is practised upon them. The most distressing part of the case is, that the system to which the British government has so pertinaciously adhered, and not its wretched instruments, must in justice bear the blame of all this evil.

That the native officers of police do live, and must live in the existing state of things, by plundering the people, is no new discovery. It has been stated, and reiterated to the government, by its ablest servants on numberless occasions. As a frank specimen of such representations, we quote what follows:—'No daro-'gah, mohurir, or jemadar,' says Mr Mill, the Commissioner of Cuttack, 'can live on his pay; this is, I believe, admitted by 'all. All these officers are called upon, at a moment's warning, 'to proceed perhaps ten, twenty, or thirty miles from the Than-'nah (police station) to the scene of murder, affray, or robbery.

'Some kind of conveyance must always be kept up; and the 'expense for this alone exceeds their salaries. What is the 'wonder, then, that such petty pilfering takes place, and so 'many contrivances, that would take pages to enumerate, to 'exact money, had recourse to?'

But the government has itself been constrained by its sense of the sufferings of its subjects, to furnish the most incontestable proof, both of the unfitness of its instruments, and of the general viciousness of the system, by enacting a law, (Reg. II. of 1832,) prohibiting the officers of police from investigating any offence against property, not of the most serious description, except at the requisition of the party aggrieved. The people have very generally availed themselves of this license; which demonstrates that they consider the police and the court of the magistrate greater evils than any ordinary loss from thieves or burglars; and we observe that the most intelligent natives examined by the Police Committee, (whose Report we have cited at the head of this article,) concurred in commending the law, and in deprecating its annulment.

At the same time, however, that the officers of police stationed in the interior of the several districts, are possessed of abundant power to harass and plunder the people, and to render the administration of criminal justice contemptible or hateful in their eyes, they are not competent, in any sufficient degree, to protect them from the more formidable criminals. Of this, the continued prevalence of gang-robbery, and of sanguinary affrays, after the system has been in operation so many years, affords sufficient proof. The fact, that the practice of the horrible crime of *Thuggee* within their several districts, was scarcely known to many of the best magistrates throughout the provinces—certainly not to one-hundredth part of the frightful extent to which it was perpetrated—and that it has been found necessary to cope with it by means of a distinct establishment—corroborates this position.

We specified, as the second cause of the weakness of the existing system, the attempt made by Lord Cornwallis to blend European and native elements in his scheme;—meaning thereby, not of course to object to the most liberal use of native instrumentality; but to the endeavour, which has hitherto proved absolutely futile, to infuse life and vigour into the worn-out institutions of the people, with a view to their amalgamation, as part of a general scheme, with the means of police recommended to us by the application of general considerations and principles, to the particular circumstances of the community on whose behalf we were called upon to act. We referred to the village

watchmen—a class of officers which ought, it is stated, if kept up to its proper standard, to comprise in the thirty-two districts of what are called the lower provinces of the Bengal government alone, no less than 169,243 men, maintained at an aggregate cost to the community, (allowing each individual no more, in pay and perquisites, than 6s. per mensem,) of L.609,000 per annum.

This enormous force is avowedly impotent for general purposes. Each watchman is available only for the service of his own village. They are commonly, if not universally, of the most despised and degraded castes. Of their present inefficiency—after the system which upheld them has been in operation forty-seven years—there seems to be but one opinion; though some build their hopes of an improved administration upon a resuscitation of their usefulness. It is mere assumption, however, without, as we believe, a shadow of proof, to suppose that they were ever of much more value to the community than they are at the present moment. What they are now, may, without wrong to the class, be stated in the language of Mr Commissioner Davidson, who speaks thus: 'This branch of the police in the four 'districts under my jurisdiction exceeds 15,000 men; yet it is so 'utterly worthless, that I am not sure that the country would be 'in a worse position, in point of police, were every watchman 'dismissed. They comprise the most debased class of the 'inhabitants; and are, I fear, usually rather engaged in robbery 'and theft, than in guarding the property of their employers. 'In the district of Sarun, they are said to be the leaders of 'gangs; and they are notoriously the medium by which stolen 'property is restored throughout the division.' We need only add to this testimony the remarkable fact that every officer, we believe without a single exception, who has protested against the enactment or maintenance of the law, (Reg. II. of 1834,) prohibiting corporeal punishment in any case, has founded his strongest arguments for the continued employment of the *Rattan*, on the absolute necessity of applying that sedative or stimulus (as the case might require) to the too great or too little activity of the village watchmen. Let our home-bred readers try, with Crambe in *Martinus Scriblerus*, to form an abstract idea of an officer of police, whom it is proposed—not to punish and dismiss—but to improve in his vocation by public whipping!

In proof that we have not overcharged our picture in any of the foregoing statements, we beg to refer to the following quotation from the Report of the Police Committee, which sat three years ago in Calcutta:—'The magistrates are overwhelmed; the 'Darogates and their subordinate officers are corrupt; the vil-

'lage watchmen are poor, degraded, and often worse than use-
'less; and the community at large, oppressed and inconvenienced
'in various ways, are not only disinclined to afford aid to the
'police, but in most cases had rather submit quietly to be robbed,
'than apply to the police-officers for assistance to apprehend the
'thieves, or to recover the stolen property.'

Sir Henry Strachey observes that 'the main defect of our system
'has been frequently described to consist in our having failed
'to obtain the co-operation of the people. The evil is suffi-
'ciently manifested; I wish it were as easy to apply a remedy.'
There are points, however, preliminary even to the discovery or application of a remedy. Where is the seat of the disease? Are the people or their rulers primarily to blame? Much time and talent has been wasted in disputing about non-essentials; whether the judge-magistrate of Lord Cornwallis, or the collector-magistrate of Lord William Bentinck, were the most efficient functionary? whether the proportion of convictions to apprehensions be a proper test of magisterial capacity? and the like. We must probe more deeply, and cut far more boldly, if we would really work a cure of existing evils.

It is certain that the people do not co-operate with us; and Mr Mill says truly, that it is 'extremely difficult to administer
'justice to a people without the aid of the people themselves.'
The cause of our failure seems to us quite obvious. We have never won the confidence of the people, because we have never yet given them a police, or an administration of criminal justice, regarding which it was not a most doubtful point whether either or both of them were not greater evils than those which they professed to repress. How should the public co-operate with a police, from the interference of which, in the great majority of cases, it has been found absolutely necessary to relieve it by law? Co-operate in plundering itself? For coercing payments to its officials? For walking backwards and forwards from fifty to a hundred miles to the magistrate's courts?

The Anglo-Indian government has looked for improvement at the wrong end, and consequently looked in vain. We need, they have urged, the co-operation of the people to make our system efficient. They ought to have determined to make their system efficient, in order to induce the co-operation of the people. Had the public found—what it has never yet found—that the police was really a protection and a blessing, instead of a leech and a scourge, there would have been no want of co-operation. The complaints of the apathy of the people are absurd. Who could reasonably expect that a community, so long trampled upon and degraded, should take the initiative in such a matter? Show

us, the people have said in language sufficiently plain, that you can and will protect us, and that will encourage us to help you and ourselves. Their rulers have constantly retorted upon them, that it is their business to commence the good work.

We have equally erred at both extremes. On the one hand, we have never even attempted to engage, and to remunerate properly, the services of respectable natives; but have contented ourselves with the breaking down the largest districts, from sizes twenty times too large for the single officers placed over them, into sizes only ten times too large for the efficient superintendence and control of the ablest individual; and with bandying this preposterous charge from a class of functionaries with one designation, and incompatible duties of one sort, to functionaries with another designation, and incompatible duties of another sort;—from a magistrate who was also a civil judge, to a magistrate who is also a collector of revenue. On the other hand, we have leaned upon the broken reed of the village watch as if it were a tower of strength; as if the people cared for this or the other name, or ghost of an effete institution, and not solely for real protection.

If, then, our professions of a desire to improve the condition of the people of India be more than mere words—if, especially, we consider the attraction of British capital to that country an object of importance—it behoves us to lose no time in commencing in earnest, a thorough reform of the present system of police, and of the administration of criminal justice. That such a reform might be effected with the happiest results, we have no doubt; but it were vain to deny that there are formidable obstacles in the way. We fear that there can be no change for the better, without some increase of expense; it is still more certain, that the measures indispensable to that end will involve a sacrifice of long-cherished prejudices, in favour of this or the other principle of the scheme which has so signally failed, on the part of many in high places. But attempts enough have been made to patch up into plausibility a system which no talent, no exertion on the part of its administrators—and neither has been wanting—has been able to make effective. Moreover, just in proportion as the steps of improvement are bold, and founded upon sound general principles, in disregard of special exceptions attempted to be set up on the ground of alleged prepossessions of the people, the great end in view may be cheaply achieved. That end, we may depend upon it, is the same in the judgment of the people as in our own. They may, doubtless, be startled by the strangeness of a new order of things; they may question for a time, whether it will produce the effects which their rulers anticipate

from it; but success will assuredly reconcile them to any imaginable alterations. It is quite impossible that there should be a warm affection for any part of the existing system; nor can there be prejudice of any strength in its favour. The only question therefore is, how can the greatest increase of improvement, not too costly, be most speedily and certainly effected?

The answer is this; increase, if possible, the number of your English magistrates, and reduce the size of their jurisdictions. At least, let them have no other functions than those which properly belong to that office—including the charge of the police; until it be practicable to commit that to separate hands, as unanswerably urged by Mr Halliday in his Minute. Appoint, under each, native magistrates, proportioned in respect to number to the wants of the community, and with adequate stipends; and station them in such a manner, that no person shall be obliged to go more than ten miles in search of justice. Let them be empowered to dispose finally, by fine and imprisonment, or by commitment for trial, of all those cases in which the police are now forbidden to interfere, otherwise than on the requisition of the injured party; but let not the law which gives that protection to the people be repealed, as long as they show, by availing themselves of it in any considerable number of instances, that they really stand in need of it. The proportion of the applications for justice, to crimes, will be one criterion by which the working of the new order of things may, from time to time, be tested. The native magistrates should also examine, and, if there be *prima facie* appearance of guilt, send in to the English magistrate all persons charged with heinous offences: in the course of time, the former may be authorized to commit for trial in these cases also. The village watch should be at once abolished—as recommended by Mr Halliday; and the sums which the law requires the landholders to pay for its support, levied by the government, and applied to the maintenance of a police establishment, really efficient in point of strength; and sufficiently remunerated to render its officers and men alike without excuse, and therefore liable, in reason and justice, to severe punishment; in the event of their being convicted of preying upon the people whom they are retained to protect.

The money that is wasted in maintaining a body of men, the members of which, generally speaking, are at best useless, and very often worse, would go far towards defraying the cost of a sufficient number of native magistrates, and of a really effective police. The people of India no more require a watchman in every village than the people of England; one policeman, belonging to a properly organized establishment, would render

more real service to the community than a host of the poor degraded creatures who were kept in order, or stimulated to exertion, till a recent date, by the terror of the lash; and whom, now that whipping is prohibited, it is almost impossible, from the very abjectness of their condition, to punish or to manage at all. The landholders are under legal obligation to maintain watchmen in numbers proportioned to the population of their respective estates; and it probably would not be very difficult to devise means by which such a change as we recommend in the application of the funds appertaining to that useless establishment, might be rendered palatable to all, or most of the parties concerned. Any deficiency must be made up from the public purse. The government could not make a more profitable outlay, were that its only object, than in bestowing upon the great body of its subjects the unspeakable blessing of security from outrage and plunder. Whilst they want that, it is in vain that we boast that no native of the provinces which have been longest under British sway has seen the fires of an enemy's camp; and that the whole peninsula has been delivered by one power from the curse of periodical invasions, with the ordinary Asiatic accompaniments of fire, rape, and murder in cold blood. The suppression of these enormities was the good work of our fathers; our obligations demand something more than a vain-glorious reference to their exploits. It behoves us to show that the sons of those who subdued the Mahrattas are not to be baffled by the gang-robber; and that the British government is so powerful for the protection of its peaceable subjects from domestic wrong, as to humble its foreign foes. We may rest assured, that until these ends be accomplished, by improvements in the administration of civil and criminal justice, to a degree considerably in advance of any position to which we have yet attained, the friends of India will look in vain for any large and permanent investment of British capital in her noble fields of production; or for any satisfactory development of native industry. Neither the one nor the other will find profitable employment, still less will they combine, without effectual protection from spoliation of every kind; and till that be secured, not a tithe of the benefit which India is capable of conferring upon England, and which this country has the means of repaying to its long-neglected dependency, can possibly be realized.

But it is vain to expect that any vigorous steps should be taken towards the accomplishment of these vastly important objects, whilst the practical administration of British India remains so faulty as it is in two essential respects. We refer, first, to the extreme fear of any essential reform of our civil

institutions, which has infected every government, if we except that of Lord W. Bentinck, since 1793; and secondly, to the pertinacity with which the supreme rulers, both at home and abroad, of so mighty an empire, insist upon retaining in their own hands many of the pettiest details of its administration.

The first error is attributable partly to general timidity, partly to a blind reverence for the plans of Lord Cornwallis. And it is very remarkable, as proving how much more rare a quality is boldness in civil affairs, than indifference to the waste of blood and treasure, and of still more valuable time, in foreign war; and how much more generally coveted is the fame of successful appropriation, than that which would attend, to the latest generations, the memory of the statesman who should confer upon British India the great and solid blessings which follow in the train of justice—that those who have shrunk from the labour and responsibility of reforming our civil institutions, have plunged, with little apparent hesitation, into wide-spreading and unprofitable hostility. We do not say that such hostility has not been often unavoidable; but we confidently assert, that the obligation of bold and persevering exertion for the improved administration of civil affairs, has been at least as imperative. It has been postponed, however, in times of pressure, as that which would best bear postponement; and the work has never been entered upon, during the considerable intervals of repose which the successive administrations of India have enjoyed, with that energy which has almost invariably distinguished our career of foreign conquests. A tenderness for the institutions devised by Lord Cornwallis, has long survived an almost universal conviction—forced upon unwilling minds by the stubborn facts of which we have collected a few in this paper—of their utter inadequacy to effectuate the ends which they were intended to answer.

But the second cause of inertness, mentioned above, has largely co-operated with the first, to induce the stagnation of which we complain. If those to whom the government of a mighty empire is entrusted, will insist upon superintending in person the movement of every wheel of the machinery of its administration; if—as was said with truth of one of the ablest of their body—they will absolutely 'revel in details,' it is utterly impossible that affairs of importance, and which none but they can dispose of, should be adequately attended to—should indeed be carried forward at all. There is scarcely any limit in practice to the operation of this passion for meddling. Nothing is too minute to be handled by the supreme authorities. Though the ability and integrity of the public servants of the East India Company is

admitted by all parties, it would seem that they cannot be trusted to dispose definitively of the most trifling matters. Not a bridge nor a barrack can be repaired—not a dam can be erected, not a settlement of land revenue can be confirmed, not a fine for particular laches can be imposed, not a subordinate officer can obtain a week's leave, not a pound of salt can be sold, under the monopoly, in this way rather than in that;—in short, not a step can, in many directions, be taken without the express sanction of the government. But all the acts of the government, small as well as great, are subjected to the same jealous supervision as those of their servants. Every miserable matter of detail is reported to the Court of Directors; and invaluable time, to an incredible extent, is consumed on both sides of the water in writing and reading despatches about trifles, which ought, in common sense, to have been definitively disposed of by some subordinate Board in India. The natural result is most mischievous. An enormous mass of business, important and unimportant, accumulates for the consideration of the government; the members of which are bewildered by the vastness and confusion of the undigested matter with which they have to deal. Military affairs and diplomacy being necessarily attended to in the first instance, there is no adequate leisure for civil concerns of the utmost moment to the happiness of millions. Matters of the most vital importance lie over for years. The criminal code, drawn up by Mr Macaulay and his able colleagues in the law commission, which was laid before the Supreme Government in the latter end of 1837, might as well, for any practical purpose, repose in the Record Office in the Tower. Nothing has been done beyond overlaying it with a vast number of Reports; some of which have been drawn up by men unqualified to form any estimate worth having of its merits. Some of those whose duty it is to examine, accept, or reject such a work, are content to sneer at what they will not take the trouble to comprehend. About the same time, a committee upon Prison Discipline, composed of the most distinguished men in India, presented an elaborate Report to the government, recommending an experimental measure to test the value of a scheme of secondary punishments; the successful issue of which would have placed British India in advance, in that important branch of criminal justice, of most, if not all, the countries of Christendom. That labour, also, executed with great ability, has as yet been entirely fruitless. An act, amending the laws—standing in extreme need of amendment—which regulate the sales of land for the recovery of arrears of revenue—(a process, in the numerous bearings of which the interests of every class of the agricultural community are deeply involved)—has been hung

up for years, for no other reason, as far as we are aware, than that the members of the Government have not time to inform themselves upon a subject of considerable extent and perplexity, and will not trust those who are experimentally masters of it. Meanwhile, the people suffer grievously; and that, too, in a country where the government being absolute, legislation ought to run with a degree of smoothness unknown in lands subject to the conflict of political parties.

But the case which most strongly illustrates our position remains to be described. Several years ago, owing mainly to the persevering exertions of Mr Ross to open the eyes of the government to the real state of the police, and to the evils which it is the means of inflicting on the people, under the pretence of protecting them, the subject received unusual attention; and that with a more than common promise of practical results. After considerable discussion in India, the Court of Directors wrote, in January 1836, in the following terms, which relate to the darogahs, or principal native officers of police, stationed, as we have described, one in each of the subdivisions of each magistrate's jurisdiction:—'When we reflect on the duties which are 'entrusted to men thus thought of, more particularly when we 'consider that to them is devolved the initiatory investigation 'in every criminal prosecution, so that there can be no hope 'of co-operation on the part of the community so long as they 'remain the chief instruments of our police system, we are 'deeply impressed with the conviction of the necessity for your 'discontinuing to employ such a class of agents, and for your 'supplying their places by men of very different qualifications 'and characters; and we desire that you will allow no other 'question, for none is of superior or more pressing importance, 'nor financial considerations—for they should not be allowed to 'weigh in such an emergency—to stand in the way of your deli-'berations, with a view to a change, so urgently required.'

These directions, no less wise than peremptory, which reached India more than five years ago, have as yet, we lament to say, produced no benefit. A Committee was appointed in Calcutta, to consider the means by which the views of the Court of Directors, and other equally urgent measures of reform, might best be carried into effect; and it has duly reported the result of its investigations. But there, as far as we are aware, the matter has rested. The first interruption was occasioned by the Governor-General's leaving the seat of government to visit the north-western provinces—a practice which, however plausible the pleas by which it has been repeatedly justified, ought to be strictly prohibited. Then came the dire necessity of a war far beyond

our frontier, absorbing both the time and the money essential to the devising and executing of measures of practical improvement. War, though removed far from their own fields, is a bitter curse to the people of British India. In Europe, happily, most of the great interests of the community are mainly in their own keeping, and are, consequently, not utterly paralysed, however much they are injured, by any misdirection of the energies of the state. In India, on the other hand, there is no public. The government is all in all; and what it does not do—beyond the annual repetition of the annual operations of the last thirty centuries—is left undone. The people are altogether torpid; and the government is that of an individual, whose character, in the estimation of his distant fellow-countrymen, which must naturally be the great object of his solicitude, is almost exclusively dependent upon the issue of military operations. Except in instances so rare as not to affect the truth of the general statement, the English public knows and cares little about the civil administration of India. No blame or disgrace attaches to its neglect; no honour is to be gained by its most beneficial fulfilment. And, constituted as the Indian administration is, measures of internal improvement, legislative or administrative—no matter what their importance to the welfare of the people—must, generally speaking, stand still, whilst the mind of the Governor-General is following the progress of a campaign beyond the Indus, or engrossed by any other equally momentous concern of actual or impending war.

But, after making the most liberal allowance for the absorbing cares of war and foreign politics, we are convinced that, since the despatch quoted above reached the government of India, many months, if not years, have been wasted by that government in attending to matters of no sort of consequence when weighed in the balance against the reform of the police, and of the administration of criminal justice. Week after week, the Secretaries' boxes are filled to overflowing with the most petty details, beneath which concerns of the highest importance, demanding undistracted attention, are crushed out of sight. As a consequence of this system, nothing has been done towards carrying out the orders of the Court of Directors. The officers of police are as ill paid, as rapacious, as inefficient, as thoroughly despised and detested, as they were five years ago; and we fear that unless the jealous grasp with which every department of the administration of British India retains its hold upon every function that has a semblance of power, be very considerably relaxed, a much longer period must elapse before any thing effectual will be done to deliver the people from the curse, and the

government from the shame, of such a state of almost absolute license to rapine and wrong as we have very feebly described.

Meanwhile, men wonder that India has reaped so little benefits from the improvements in the system of her government effected by the last Charter Act; that so few British capitalists have taken advantage of the freedom of access which it accords; that so little of the soil, which promises such a handsome return for an investment, has become the property of Englishmen. The true key to the causes of this disappointment is, that no sufficient progress has as yet been made towards the improvement of the institutions of the country; that whilst great ignorance prevails in England as to the state of British India, much of the little that is known is unfavourable. This state of things is still more injurious to the best interests of the people of India than it is to Great Britain. It is strongly incumbent upon those to whom the government of that magnificent dependency has been delegated, to make the most earnest exertions to effectuate improvement. There is no reason to despair of success. On the contrary, we are persuaded that those who will examine the broad field of practical improvement which we have imperfectly pointed out in this paper, with the attention which its importance deserves, will find no cause to doubt, that if judgment and boldness be manifested in the application of means, —if, especially, an ill-timed and self-destructive parsimony be not again allowed to interfere—as has too often been the case—with the fairly proportionate application of the resources of British India to the opening and widening of those channels of prosperity which are now choked by the accumulated effects of the political misgovernment and social misery of centuries, the most beneficial results, involving an abundant return for all wise outlay, would be secured. The issue is in the hands of the people of England: benevolence and self-interest urge them to precisely the same course. They will share the solid advantages of success with the millions of their Indian fellow-subjects; but the triumph of a happy result, or the disgrace and mortification of failure, must be theirs alone.

ART. V.—*The Courts of Europe at the close of the Last Century.* By the late HENRY SWINBURNE, Esq., Author of '*Travels in Spain and Italy.*' Edited by CHARLES WHITE, Esq. Two vols. 8vo. London: 1841.

THESE volumes consist, chiefly, of a series of lively, amusing, and unpretending letters, written by Mr Swinburne to his brother, his wife, and a few friends, with no view whatever to publication; and therefore transmitting the current pursuits, reports, and opinions of the day, and of the place, without any very critical examination of their precise accuracy. This, though blameable in regular history, conveys an off-hand, sketchy view of manners and society, in the main perhaps as true, and certainly more entertaining than careful writing.

Mr Swinburne was a younger son of Sir John Swinburne of Capheaton, an ancient family in Northumberland, and whose grandfather was blessed with no less than thirty children; but with the usual good-luck of Roman Catholic younger brothers, he not the less inherited a fair collateral estate. He was educated in France, and having made the tour of Europe, returned to Paris, where he met, and subsequently married, notwithstanding the rivalry of the late Duke of Norfolk, Miss Baker—an accomplished, rich, and beautiful woman, who like himself was educated abroad, in Paris. The happy couple returned to enjoy the rural felicities of Northumberland; but all their previous habits and tastes rendered them as unfit for a Northumberland life as Madame de Staël's Corinne. Accordingly they went abroad. Hence these letters, which spread over a space of some thirty years; the first dating from Paris in 1774, and the last in 1803, from the Island of Trinidad, where Mr Swinburne died. During this time—and few times have been more eventful—Mr Swinburne visited France, Spain, Italy, Austria, the Netherlands, England, and the West Indies; and from his birth and acquirements, his foreign education and religion, (Roman Catholic,) he was enabled to mix intimately with the Courts and higher society of the Continent, as well as London.

His letters respecting the Court of France, at the different times he visited it, form perhaps the most interesting portion of this publication; and in our account of it, we shall accordingly attend more particularly to the impressions which he received at his several visits; not, however, altogether overlooking his observations on the other European Courts at which he sojourned. His first visit was on the eve of the death of Louis XV. Subse-

quently, he returned to see and partake in all the glitter and prosperity of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette at Versailles and Fontainbleau; again, when the thunder clouds of the Revolution were mounting and bursting; and finally in 1797, when all was over, and his former gay friends and companions—the very few who were left—were looking old, and haggard, and grey, with all they had gone through.

He disembarked at Calais in March 1774, and it may console those who are bejolted or besloughed in French roads now, to hear what they were then:—

'We took the road to Dieppe, which during this season of the year is scarcely passable; it runs through narrow lanes or hollow passes, in the middle of the boundless corn-fields, worn so deep that the top of the carriage did not appear. We were often obliged to cross ploughed lands and ditches, to escape dangerous holes; and I was sometimes compelled to call in a person to assist me in keeping the coach in its proper equilibrium. In spite of all our care, it was once overturned. The next day we had to ascend a lofty hill, where there did not seem to be any trace of a high-road.'

Soon after his arrival at Paris, he is presented at Versailles—

'The Duke of Dorset was the only Englishman presented with me. We met in the Salle des Ambassadeurs, and there made acquaintance. After a little waiting, the ambassador (Lord Stormont) escorted us to the prime minister's levee, (the Duc d'Aiguillon.) If he said any thing to me, it was so little and so low that I do not recollect a word of it. In the antechamber the envoys of Europe were assembled, decorated with ribbons of all colours, and crosses and keys of all metals. About eleven, the introductors gave notice of the King's levee being ready, and so, in company of a German baron, we trudged up stairs, and surprised his most Christian Majesty in his waistcoat; for none but the foreign ambassadors may see him in buff. After staring at us, talking about the Opera with some few of the crowd of courtiers, and saying about one minute's prayer with his cardinal, he drew towards us, who were ranged near the door in rank and file. All he said was, "Est-il fils du vieux Duc de Dorset, que j'ai connu autrefois?" and so marched off.'

Mr Swinburne had then time to look about him; and he describes the Dauphin, Louis XVI., 'as very awkwardly made, 'and uncouth in his motions,' but with 'an aspect that be-'speaks a good-natured man;' the second brother (Louis XVIII.) 'as a pretty figure;' and so also the third (Charles X.) Their courtly minds and manners do not appear to great advantage; indeed we look in vain for that refined and easy manner which the French are pleased to assume as peculiarly their own. Mr Swinburne describes these young princes as having 'a good deal of restless motion, first upon one leg and then upon another;' and 'the questions they

'ask are,' says he, 'very frivolous and puerile. I believe they 'find their time hang very heavy on their hands; for they ran 'with great glee to tickle one of the king's valets-de-chambre 'as he was carrying out the King's dirty clothes.' And yet they already were all married. Mr Swinburne does not flatter their wives, for he calls the Comtesse de Provence 'a little dumpy 'woman, and plain piece of goods; her sister, the Comtesse 'd'Artois, is rather prettier, having a fine skin and tolerable 'eyes; but her nose is immense, and her toes turned in. Poor 'thing, she seemed quite frightened, and could hardly speak!'

He, and the persons to be presented, are then conducted successively to the levee of each distinct member of the royal family. He is enchanted with the Dauphiness;—'her eyes, shape, mo-'tion, her *tout ensemble* were most charming.' Not so the King's ungainly daughters, whom he calls 'the three *not* Graces.'

'After all these perambulations, up stairs and down stairs, through the royal family, we climbed up a dark winding staircase, which I should have suspected would have led to an apartment in the Bastile rather than to the temple of love and elegance. In a low *entresol* we found the favourite Sultana in her morning gown, her capuchin on, and her hair undressed; she was very gracious, and chatted a good deal—as every body else seemed to do at Versailles—about the Opera. She is of a middling age; just plump enough; her face rather upon the yellow leaf; her eyes good, and all her features regular; but I cannot think her a pleasing figure now, whatever she may have been, or may be still, when made up and decked out in her pride.

'Thus ended our business, and then we proceeded to dine at the Duc d'Aiguillon's, where we found all the foreign ministers, and some French. Our dinner was very good; but our amphytrion never spoke one word to us, and did not give us a very famous idea of *la politesse Française.*'

What a Court—what a state of society! The royal mistress *en titre*, a ci-devant prostitute, receiving ambassadors and holding her levee in the royal palace, amidst the daughters, and grand-children, and the young wives of those grand-children, of this dishonoured, shameless old profligate, who was then just tottering on the very verge of his grave! We do not know that a greater outrage against the decencies of life was ever committed, than that of Louis XV. placing Marie Antoinette, on the very first day of her reception, as the affianced wife of the Dauphin of France—an innocent bride of fifteen—at the supper-table at La Muette, amidst the royal family, the court, and this Madame du Barry, who thenceforth became her bitter enemy, because the imperial maiden had the delicacy to recoil from the kept-mistress. Madame du Barry assisted also at the councils of state. But all this was fated suddenly to change; on the very

day after the Duke of Dorset and Mr Swinburne's presentation, Louis XV. took to his bed, and the small-pox rapidly made its appearance. He is said to have caught the infection from one of the wretched inmates of his infamous *Parc-aux-Cerfs*. During the first days of his illness, Madame du Barry used to attend him at the hour of dinner, that is, as soon as his daughters, Madame Louise, the Carmelite nun, and Madame Adelaide, retired from his chamber. The end was worthy of the course. His death-bed, finally deserted by all, was, in the early stages of his disease, alternately disturbed by the exhortations of the Carmelite—of whom Marie Antoinette said, 'C'est la petite Carmelite, la plus intri-'guante qui existe dans le royaume'—and by the blandishments of the mistress, and the intrigues of the high church party which she had brought into power. Even the sanctimonious Archbishop of Paris was seen ostensibly urging the King to communicate, and covertly permitting delay; lest his communion should lead to the expulsion of the patron saint of the party, and who, should the king chance to recover, might revenge herself, as Madame de Pompadour had done after the scenes at Metz. Eye-witnesses tell us how easily the Duc de Richelieu persuaded the Archbishop not to trouble the King 'with a theological question;' and how the Duc de Fronsac threatened to throw the curé of Versailles out of the window, if he spoke of the *viaticum* or extreme unction. The Cardinal de Luynes well said of them, 'Ils agiotaient et trafiquaient, de sang froid, en ce moment, de la conscience et des remords du Roi.'

On the other hand, the Choiseul party and the philosophers joined with Madame Louise in protesting loudly for the royal consolations of that *viaticum* whose chief merit, perhaps, in their eyes, lay in the hope that it might expel their political opponents. When the case became desperate, the King was permitted to die in all the odour of an edifying confession. The *viaticum* was carried there with all the pomp imaginable—the canopy borne by the Princes of the blood, and attended by all the principal personages of the court; while it was observed the Dauphin seemed the most affected of any one, and wept profusely.

And so Louis the XV. slept with the hundred kings, his fathers, whose ashes were all shortly to be scattered to the winds; and meanwhile Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette reigned in his stead. Youth, good intentions, innocence, beauty, and grace, succeeded to the deformities and degradations of vice. The moral and political profligacy of the latter part of Louis XV.'s reign, had affected rather the person of the king than the office of monarchy. There was a tide of loyalty and affection waiting to flow and superabound in favour of his successor. The enactment of a

few popular and beneficial laws, the reform of a few of the more glaring abuses and extravagancies, with the removal of the Du Barry Ministers, coupled with the example of a moral and dignified court—seemed to be the evident and easy means by which the young King and Queen might pass through a splendid and prosperous reign. Much depended upon the King himself, and, unhappily, seldom has there been the being born who, with better and purer intentions, has committed greater political errors, and brought down heavier misfortunes and retribution upon himself, and upon all connected with him or opposed to him. When the crown of France was placed on his brow, he unconsciously said, on the day of his coronation, 'Cela me gêne;' and so indeed it did. King at three-and-twenty, he had the honest desire to govern, without the courage to rule; he had sense enough to know the right and rebuke the wrong, but without fortitude to abide by the one and repel the other: his word was truthful, but he had not the constancy steadily to adhere to it. Men seldom do much harm, without having much good in them. It is the ill assortment of the parts that upsets; and so it was essentially with Louis the XVI., *le gros garçon mal elevé.* He sought to rule justly; yet his first acts confirmed and continued the unjust exile and supercession of his parliaments. He detested the profligacy of the late King's Ministers, and the dishonouring patronage under which they had arrived at power; yet he continued them. He desired to put Machault (who might have saved France) at the head of affairs, and he wrote a letter of appointment to him. The courier was booted and ready; his aunt, Madame Adelaide, and the courtiers, afraid of Machault's integrity, interposed; and the order written for him was changed, and dispatched to Maurepas. And what was the consequence? At the very first entry of the King and Queen to Paris, they were received with an ominous silence. And then all was changed. Having incurred the unpopularity of continuing to act against the parliaments; of retaining Maupeou, Ferray, la Vrillière, and D'Aiguillon; and of postponing Machault to Maurepas—in less than three months the parliaments were recalled and reinstated; the unpopular Ministers, one by one, dismissed, and Maurepas retained alone, to mar and ridicule the wise efforts of their several reforming successors, Turgot, Malesherbes, and Necker. It was this perpetual wavering throughout his whole reign, this retraction and alternation between a sense of right and the persuasions of wrong, by which the well-meaning King irritated, from year to year, that national excitement which ended in frenzy.

Two bodies, with principles far from being clearly expressed, or indeed understood, by themselves, had long existed in France,

but were now becoming more visibly distinct. Collision subsequently split them into sections, with sharper and harder edges. The old school of Richelieu, which looked with jealousy upon the House of Austria, and sought the support, by affecting the protection, of the minor states of Europe;—which ruled at home with a strong and absolute hand, resting the Crown upon the Church, the Jesuits, the Princes, and the Noblesse, all of whom it subjected and corrupted, by destroying their individuality—still subsisted. The Duc d'Aiguillon, the unworthy grand-nephew of Cardinal Richelieu, was now its representative. The Duc de Choiseul may be taken as the rallying-point of the other sect, which leant to a convention of the greater states of Europe, for the preservation of peace and the balance of power; and in this spirit had merged the old jealousy of the House of Austria in the marriage of Marie Antoinette;—and which looked to the instruction of the people—the amelioration of their condition—the restraint of the absolutism of the Crown—and the general correction of abuses. The houses of Orleans and Condi were their leaders. Turgot and the Economists, Necker and the Anglomanists, Voltaire and the Philosophers, La Fayette and the Liberals, with the Jansenists and great mass of the parliament, met the Luxembourgs, the Rochefoucaulds, the Montmorencies, the Malesherbes, the Raynals, the D'Alemberts, the Diderots, and the Marmontels, at Madame de Geoffrin's or Madame du Deffand's; as their ancestors of old had assembled around the Duchesse de Longueville, or the Hotel Rambouillet. Between these ill-defined sections stood a *clique*, rather than a party, of dissipated courtiers and princes, who looked upon grants, sinecures, and pensions, as their birthright, and the legitimate means of supplying their extravagancies and paying their dependents. On some Court reforms taking place, the Baron de Besenval exclaimed against them as more tyrannical than any thing in Turkey. And M. de Coigny actually permitted himself to go so far as to reproach, in terms of passion, his royal master for presuming to reform his own household.

Louis XVI. stood between all these parties and interests, leaning first to one and then to the other, without reforming or attaching any; while finally he was betrayed, deserted, and oppressed by all. His country may or may not have deserved a wiser sovereign; his wife certainly merited a different husband. Young, giddy, bright, and happy, she reached France in May 1776. She was then not sixteen. Her first reception was somewhat rough, as well as ominous: she had no sooner crossed the frontiers than she was stripped of every thing Austrian; French linen was substituted; and she was forthwith consigned to the

formal old Comtesse de Noailles, whom she too soon learned to call *Madame l'Etiquette.* The next step, we have seen, was to associate her with Madame du Barry; and the third, to consign her to an awkward, cold, repelling husband, who, for the first seven years of their marriage, was a stranger to her bed; who mixed little in her society; who, when he did so, was ungainly or rude; and, coming into her apartment with his hands begrimed with the labours of his favourite employment—his blacksmith's shop—blurted out those gruff replies, which were soon known as *les coups de boutoir du Roi.* It was natural she should seek to form a more congenial society of her own. If she recurred to her husband's aunts, they were ancient and reserved, and Madame Adelaide positively hostile; if she turned to her grandfather, he was in the *Parc-aux-Cerfs*, or with Madame du Barry; if she sought his court, it was composed of the creatures of Du Barry and the anti-Austrian faction. The Duc de Vauguyon had so far fomented the King's indisposition to his Queen, that there were rumours of a divorce; and Prince Louis de Rohan had been permitted to proceed to such lengths with his scurrilous and malicious reports, that Maria Theresa dispatched Monsieur Neni to ascertain the real state of the case. The society which Marie Antoinette sought and formed was of her own age, and, like herself, easy, gay, and frivolous, without discretion but without vice. All formality was banished; and with scarcely any other object than mere amusement, occasional private theatricals, *petits jeux*, and *fêtes*, with the newest song, and the last bon-mot, filled up the measure of their time.

Maria Theresa had the reputation throughout Europe of being an excellent mother. When foreigners of distinction came to Vienna, they found her surrounded by her family, and living in the simplest and most unostentatious manner—a plain dinner, plain dresses, slender attendance, a few persons of different ranks, marked only for their talents, their virtues, or their services, and assembled without ceremony, formed the circle within which the empress spent her evening, after having paid a visit in the morning 'en bourgeoise' to an Esterhazy or a Palfi. The delighted stranger exclaimed, on his return home—'What an 'admirable mother, what simplicity, and how well brought up a 'family!' But when the foreigner was gone, the Empress would not see her children for a whole week. Von Swieten, the physician, visited them daily, and reported to the Empress that they were well; while the governesses and tutors went through a course of pretended education. The empress lent herself to this pretence. A portrait, said to be the painting of Marie Antoinette, was sent to France as a specimen of her ac-

complishments, when her mother knew full well that poor Marie had never touched, not even a pencil. All she ever really learned was Italian and a taste for the Italian poets, and this was from Metastasio, whom Mr Swinburne describes 'as a little, old, 'sharpish-looking, pocked-faced abbate, with a curled wig.' Marie Antoinette was naturally fond of music; but so well aware was she of the deficiency of her reputed knowledge of it, that on reaching Paris, when La Garde was appointed her music-master, she was so afraid of betraying her ignorance, that she put off his attendance for some months, in order to take lessons in secret;—saying with *naïveté*, 'Il faut que la Dauphine 'prenne soin de la réputation de l'Archiduchesse.'

Maria Theresa's ruling passion, like that of many other respectable dowagers, was to make great matches for her daughters; she hoped thus to strengthen her own interests and those of Austria. To this she sacrificed her children's happiness, and occasionally her own dignity. When she had an object to gain, she could condescend to address Madame Pompadour as 'son 'amie;' and the chief of the Jesuits at Vienna knew her passion in this respect so well, that writing to Ricci, who had speculated on her interposition in favour of their order, he said, 'Depend not upon her; for if every drop of the Jesuits' blood 'were demanded and necessary for the marriage of her daughters, 'she would, without hesitation, spill it.' This passion, combined with other harsh features, was exemplified in her conduct towards her daughter the Archduchess Amelia, who was betrothed to the Prince of Naples. The Emperor Joseph's wife having died of the small-pox, Maria Theresa bade her daughter, who was then on the point of departing for Naples, descend to the family vault, and there offer up her prayers for the prosperity of her family and her native land. The Archduchess objected, that her sister-in-law's remains had just been deposited there, and that she dreaded the infection. The mother insisted—the daughter obeyed—caught the small-pox, and died. Maria Theresa substituted her next sister Caroline, who became the too well-known Queen of Naples.

The dull state of those daughters who could not get husbands, kept them ready for any offer. Mr and Mrs Swinburne were presented to them. He says, 'The Archduchess Marianne is plea- 'sing; the Archduchess Elizabeth was beautiful before she had 'the small-pox, but is now plain. She complains of never seeing 'any one but in her sister's company, who, as the eldest, 'engrosses the conversation. She is naturally very lively and very 'volatile, and suffers sadly from ennui. A short time ago an ulcer 'came in her cheek, which ate it quite through, and confined her

'many weeks to her room. On Sir Robert Keith coming to condole 'with her on this accident, she burst out laughing, and told him 'he was wrong to think it a subject of condolence:—"Croyez-'moi," said she, "pour une Archiduchesse de quarante ans, qui 'n'est point mariée, un trou à la joue est un amusement; for," 'added she, "no event which breaks through the loneness and 'tediousness of my life, ought to be considered as a misfor-'tune." She told him that it was a blot on the reign of Maria 'Theresa to have kept her old daughters under restraint like 'children, and denied them the pleasure of mixing in society.' Speaking of the Empress, Mr Swinburne says, 'she has such an 'internal fever and heat of blood, that she cannot bear to have 'the window closed at any season of the year. She is generous 'even to prodigality; is extremely imposed upon by hypocrites; 'and her affairs are wretchedly managed, without intelligence or 'ceremony.'

With her great minister, Prince Kaunitz, Mr Swinburne is little pleased. He complains of him as full of childish vanities, and wishing to be thought to excel in every thing. Some of his habits were in the last degree offensive. 'After dinner,' says Mr Swinburne, 'the Prince treated us with the cleaning 'of his gums, one of the most nauseous operations I ever 'witnessed; and it lasted a prodigious long time, accompanied 'with all manner of noises.' Further on he adds, '"La petite 'veuve," Comtesse de Clary, who lives by play, does the honours 'of his house.' But the greatest curiosity of the Court was an old Prince of Saxe-Hildburghausen, who, hale at eighty years old, 'always retires to rest at eight o'clock; and as he walks from 'the salon to his bedchamber, has men posted, who pull off 'his wig and clothes, so that he is ready for his bed by the time 'he gets to his bedchamber.'

Such was the court and society, and such the previous training of Marie Antoinette, who was suddenly transported to France, where the Austrian alliance was hated, and where she was to find herself associated with an abandoned grandfather—a dissolute mistress—formal aunts—a profligate court—a reckless ministry—and chilled and rejected by an ungainly husband. All this, too, was to be encountered and digested by a girl of sixteen, whose only notions of France had been gathered from insulting recitals of his debaucheries by Prince Louis de Rohan, the underbred sarcasms of the Abbé de Vermond, and the instructions of a French hairdresser;—the three persons that the French Government thought it necessary to send to Vienna, in order to prepare her for the throne of France. It is an honour to her, that under all these circumstances, and under the trials

to which she was exposed, her conduct has been able to bear the malignant scrutiny and misinterpretations to which it has been so pitilessly exposed.

But let us leave Marie Antoinette for the present, and follow Mr Swinburne, who, having witnessed the accession of Louis XVI., travelled through the south of France; and, crossing the Pyrenees at Bellegarde, followed the beautiful shores of the Mediterranean by Barcelona, Valencia, and Malaga, and thence through Andalusia, by Granada and Seville. He is charmed with all he sees: the gardens of the Alcazar at Seville are still the same:—'They are like fairyland, with galleries, 'water-works, myrtle and yellow jasmine hedges, and orange 'groves, and water running through every part.' Here he encountered a curious specimen of antique grandeur, an old Spanish grandee—the Duke of Medina Cœli:—'He is a sort of 'king in effigy; and parades the streets with three coaches, 'each drawn by six mules, with lacqueys innumerable in yel-'low liveries, every one stopping to bow to him as he passes.' He then proceeds to Madrid, and thence to the court at Aranjuez, where he is presented by Lord Grantham. We throw together the chief particulars which he mentions here:—

'The prince sails in his golden galley on the Tagus. The king goes out shooting every day, and sometimes twice a-day. He seldom speaks to young men, and likes old people best, particularly monks. There are twelve thousand head of deer kept up in the wood of Aranjuez: the king has one hundred and fifteen sets of mules; and ten thousand persons follow the Court when it changes palaces. The king has already shot several persons in his shooting parties, from his badness of sight. He pays annually thirty thousand francs for damage done to the corn by his game. The infante Don Gabriel is a great painter and mechanic. Don Antonio (his brother) amuses himself with filling and drawing an earth cart. The Spanish grandees do not like to mix with other company; and a grandee can only marry a grandee's daughter. The ladies here wear no rouge, and have low heels. The life led by young Spanish ladies of rank, is very strange. In the evening they meet at the house of some relation, but never join in the conversation, from whence they hasten home to dress their own suppers, and chat with their maids. The servants here are never discharged. The Duke of Infantado gives upwards of ten thousand pounds sterling in wages and pensions.'

The Biscayan provinces were the same then as now. 'As soon,' says he, 'as we entered Biscay, there seemed to be an air of wealth and liberty.'

We next find Mr Swinburne at Naples, amidst crowds of English—Lady this (Pomfret), who will not visit Lady that (Maynard)—Lady such an one (Orford), separated from her husband, and fond of whist and toadies (Mrs Sperme)—Lord another

(Tilney), who gives *soirées;* and some four or five others, who create laughter or astonishment by their vulgarities or extravagancies. The very Naples and the very English of to-day! His remarks upon the court and society are amusing; but exhibit a picture of profligacy and absence of all honour, which, we hope, is exaggerated. We can vouch for the fact, that the moral tone of the Neapolitan society of the present day, although rated very low by some passing strangers, is at least on a par with that of some other capitals which bear a better name. Mrs Swinburne is presented to the King and Queen (Ferdinand and Caroline) at Caserta. He describes 'the king as good-natured 'and well-disposed, but boyish and romping, and very fond 'of amusement, and excels in telling a story, and setting it off in 'the most ridiculous colours. He speaks Italian and French, but 'generally talks Neapolitan; his voice is harsh, and his manners 'boisterous.' He gives instances of his coarseness, which we forbear to quote; but the following anecdote may be extracted as presenting a farcical scene:—'The other day, the king 'met an old woman near Caserta, of whom he bought a 'turkey. She not knowing the blackguard little fellow she 'was with to be the sovereign, accompanied him towards the 'palace with his purchase. As soon as he appeared there, the 'drums beat and the guards turned out; upon which the old 'woman, who knew the signal, pulled him back and told him to 'get out of the way, for that "Lou Pazzo" was coming, who 'would run over them, and that he made nothing of trampling people under his horse's feet; that he was constantly 'running about instead of minding his business, and that every 'thing went "al diavolo." There is no justice, added she, no 'law, and all things are extremely dear. The king conducted 'her in, and you may suppose that she was frightened out of her 'wits when she found out who it was, by his reception at the gate. 'His majesty, who was extremely diverted at her terror, made 'her repeat it all to the queen, who gave her some money.'

The king's education was barely superior to that of the lazzaroni, his occasional companions. Like the rest of the Bourbons, he had a strong passion for hunting, shooting, and fishing. Later in life he obtained a dispensation from the Pope to shoot on Sundays; he would pass whole nights spearing fish by torch-light; and his supreme delight was to cut up, as a butcher, the game (wild boars and stags) which he had killed. Coarse profligacy, tomfoolery exhibitions at the carnival, and childish superstition, filled up the measure of his character. 'It had been raining sadly during the 'carnival,' says Mr Swinburne, 'and the king was very much 'afraid of his brilliant spectacle being frustrated by the weather;

'therefore he had five hundred masses said for obtaining fine 'weather for that one day. It did not rain, and he has been 'going about telling every body how he procured it.'

Of the queen he says—'She is rather shy, and has something 'very disagreeable in her manner of speaking, moving her whole 'face when she talks, and gesticulating violently. Her voice is 'very hoarse, and her eyes goggle. If she sees or suspects the 'king to be talking with any woman, she plagues his life out; is 'in horrid humour, and leaves no stone unturned to break off all 'connexion between them; either from real jealousy, or apprehen-'sion of losing the power she has over her husband, which is very 'great since she has got rid of old Tanucci.' Tanucci was hostile to the Austrian interest, and was therefore dismissed at the instigation of Maria Theresa, and by the interposition of Marie Antoinette; while the King of Spain, who still exercised a degree of control at Naples, consented, on condition that his daughter-in-law should have no more masked balls at the theatre! Mr Swinburne witnessed one instance of her jealousy:—'A magnifi-'cent Court ball, the other night, was stopped and put an end to, '*dans le beau milieu*, by her majesty, who could not contain her 'jealousy of the Duchess of Lucciano, and in her fury she ordered 'every one to depart.' And yet this unhappy woman gave as much cause for jealousy as her husband; but he, with a coarse insensibility, published and rejoiced in, rather than resented his dishonour. At a grand supper at Posilipo, he took Guarini, one of her favourites, by the hand, and brought him from the end of the table to the seat next the Queen, saying that was his place.

But let us turn our view for a moment from these revolting deformities of the social scene, and take, with Mr Swinburne, one glimpse of glorious nature herself, as seen on that brightest spot on earth, the Bay of Naples:—

'I went,' says he, 'with Mr Thomas Pelham, a pleasant trip to Capri in five hours. We had charming weather, and a smooth sea. The landing-place is one of the most enchanting spots imaginable, embellished by a variety of timber, evergreens, and country houses, with the town rising above them all. All fruits thrive there, and no inch of the soil is lost. The points of view are delightful, and vary every minute. The eastern is divided from the western part of the island by immense perpendicular rocks, and the only communication is by a staircase of above four hundred steps. We mounted the eastern heights of the point which overhangs the sea. Here was Tiberius's summer villa, of which the vaults and reservoirs are still pretty perfect. Above the palace now stands an hermitage, from which the view of the Pæstan coast, and all the Gulf of Naples and coast of Romagna, is quite matchless. We dined in the village, and then rowed off to Massa, coasting round the cape, and in raptures at every new landscape which opened at each bend of the pro-

montories. No painter can imagine a richer prospect than that of the woody sloping shore of Massa, with its convents peeping up through the wood with such a variety of verdure as renders the tints superlatively mellow and pleasing to the eye. We passed by Sorrento, Castelamore, and returned by moonlight, enjoying a delicious evening and still sea, with the animating prospect of the lights of Naples.'

How much purer, brighter, happier this, than the crowded rooms, the gewgaws, and the palaces of Naples! But before quitting it we will give the following traits, which are characteristic:—

'The other night, at a ball at Posilipo, the queen was taken ill and retired, and not long after the roar of cannon announced the birth of a prince. The queen had three young ladies praying for her safe delivery, who are now to be portioned off as wives or nuns. When one of her children was ill of a swelled face, she sent it regularly to kiss an image of St Iago in one of the churches. All the ladies of quality have, let the circumstances of their husbands be what they may, a hundred ducats per month for pin-money, and no more. At the birth of every child, the husband makes her a present of one hundred ounces, and many other things of value, according to her fortune. In Calabria, widows are forced to scream and roar and tear their hair for grief, but the rich people hire women to perform these grimaces for them.'

We will not follow Mr Swinburne to Rome, where he meets Cardinal York, whom he describes as 'an ugly, foolish-looking, 'long visaged fellow, very like his grandfather, full of pride, and 'just such another bigot.' At the opera at Florence he found his 'brother, "The Pretender." We passed close to him,' says he, 'as he was *carried away* at the end of the performance, being 'half asleep and completely intoxicated.' Such was the degraded state of the last of the Stuarts and of the Sobieskis; for by his mother he inherited that warrior blood. He was constantly led to the theatre at Florence by his attendants, in his garter, blue ribbon, and star. The Countess d'Albanie and her cavalier, Alfieri, usually sat in the front of the box in order to conceal his infirmities from the public. In 1770 the Duc de Choiseul, pending the Falkland Isles' dispute with this country, sent for this wretched man to Paris, with a view to employ him. At the first interview he appeared—drunk: it was his last. On the remonstrances of England, he was removed from France, and was actually taken from the Opera—little to the credit of his French protectors.

From Florence Mr Swinburne proceeded to Turin. 'The 'King,' he says, 'was on the point of speaking to us; but his 'bashfulness could not be surmounted, and he sheered off. The 'Prince of Piedmont did speak to us: he is thin and sickly, like 'a worn-out man. His wife (Madame Clotilde of France) is as

'fat as butter, very merry, and good-natured. She has no chil-
'dren. The Duc de Chablois seems to be a mere driveller; the
'rest of the Princes are absolute Corsican fairies. The substance
'and strength of the stock seem to be quite exhausted in them.
'They are the smallest unformed things I ever saw.' He crosses the Mount Cenis, not as now, but '*en porteurs*, seated on a little 'stool, with a back to it fixed on poles, which two men bore like 'chairmen, and a rope was placed so as to swing the legs upon.' How can we be sufficiently grateful to the science and the enterprize which, within the last half century, has brought the nations of the earth so much nearer together, and which, if it has not yet 'annihilated both time and space,' has made many a traveller happy! Mr Swinburne then passes rapidly through France to the north of England, where he joins his friends, and a shooting party on the moors; but after paying flying visits at Newby, Saltram, Cassiobury, Belvoir, &c., he again whirls off to Naples, Vienna, and Brussels; and then re-alights in London in the midst of *the season*. 'On Thursday, at Almack's, the Prince 'of Wales never moved from Mrs Fitzherbert's side, and supped '*en petit comité* with her, Lady Beauchamp, Lady Horatio 'Waldegrave, and Mrs Masters, who all paid her the deference 'they would to a Princess of Wales.' But we pass over his remarks on London society, contenting ourselves only with his catalogue of *beaux esprits*, since happily some of the brightest and best yet remain. He says, 'We dine often with my cousin, Sir 'Harry Englefield, and his mother, who have a pleasant house, and 'draw together *les beaux esprits:* Wraxall, Sloane, Istid, Knight, 'Lady Mary and Mr Churchill, Horace Walpole, and the Misses 'Berry, are the general society there.'

Our chief object being the Court of France during its latter days, we gladly follow Mr and Mrs Swinburne, in September 1786, when they hired a *campagne* in the environs of Paris, and attended by invitation the *Voyage de Fontainebleau*. The mighty storm was then brewing. Malesherbes and Turgot had long since resigned. Necker too, their ultimate successor, had also resigned in a fit of disappointed vanity and impatience, notwithstanding the request of the queen, (an evidence of her integrity and indisposition to prodigality,) who pointed out to him that death would soon remove Maurepas, the great obstacle to all his administrative reforms. The method by which Maurepas forced on Necker's resignation, is a happy illustration of the intrigues of the French court and ministry of those days. Necker felt himself aggrieved and lowered in the eyes of the public by the rejection of his economical reforms, after the publication of his *Compte Rendu*; and he

proposed, by letter unhappily, instead of by an audience with the king, that he should receive some token of the royal approbation, and pointing out five distinct means of so marking it. The letter was entrusted to Maurepas, who, changing the *ou* into *et*, made Necker thus ask for the whole five favours, and so persuaded his blinded royal master that Necker was either utterly insatiable, or resolved by extravagant demands to force on his dismissal. He retired, and forthwith was visited by the Condés, the Orleans, the Chartres, the Archbishop of Paris, the Beauveaus, the Luxembourgs. Even the Emperor Joseph and the Empress Catherine wrote to him letters of praise. His feeble successors, Joly de Fleury, and then D'Ormesson, were unable to contend with these difficulties; and after three years' failures, and when Maurepas was now dead, M. de Castries entreated Louis XVI. to have recourse to Necker—but in vain. Calonne was chosen, October 1783, of all the candidates—nearly of all men—the most unfit and the most mischievous. He it was who broke the first seal of the ancient monarchy of France. The betrayer of La Chalotois in his youth, he had fawned on and deserted Maupeou, and was now loaded with debt and dislike; and subsequently, when dismissed, he actually assisted the infamous La Motte in her calumnious libel on poor Marie Antoinette, respecting the 'diamond necklace' affair. The queen showed Madame de Campan La Motte's manuscript, with Calonne's interlined corrections. The king, the queen, the parliament, and the public were all against him; and yet, supported by the Count d'Artois, and the hungry or ruined band of princes and courtiers, and ably seconded by his mistress, Madame d'Harvelay, he pushed on, and with unabashed dexterity forced himself into the controller-generalship. There he heaped loan on loan until all credit was exhausted, and imposed tax upon tax on the wretched people—urging on his taxgathers with redoubled rigour, even during the famine of 1784; while he lavished money and grants and immunities on all the higher orders, with a prodigality that left the exchequer penniless. Least of all did he forget himself; having marked his entrance into office by persuading the facile Louis XVI. to pay his debts from the coffers of the public, to the amount of 230,000 livres. His courtiers exclaimed, 'C'est un ministre 'modèle!' Having run this career to its last *sous*, he suddenly turned round upon his supporters; and in less than three years from his accession to office as an ultra supporter of the privileged classes, he proposed not only to tax them, but to abolish the more grinding of their feudal and financial abuses and immunities; and to create a quasi popular council, which should

supersede the political functions of the ancient parliament. These measures might be good, but coming from Calonne they created a storm of derision, scorn, and opposition; to meet which he proposed, and the king consented, to a convocation of the Notables, 'afin de leur communiquer ses vues pour le soulagement 'de son peuple, l'ordre des finances, et la réformation de pluseurs abus.' The good easy king, writing the next morning to Calonne after having announced this convocation, said, 'Je n'ai pas 'dormi de la nuit, mais c'était de plaisir.' The Viscount de Segur said with more foresight, 'Le roi donne sa demission.'

There was truth in this. The success of American independence had generated feelings in France which no rigour could restrain. Men's minds were in a state of effervescence and expectation, which made them even believe in the impostures and dreams of Cagliostro and Mesmer. Balloons were thought likely to supersede ships and carriages. Voltaire, as the incarnation of the spirit of the age, had come to Paris to receive the homage of France in defiance of the court, and there to die, as his followers believed, on the Pisgah of their promised hopes. The Cardinal de Rohan had degraded the church and the aristocracy in himself and the queen, by his delusive connexion with her. Beaumarchais, ridiculing all authorities, was yet patronised in disobedience to the king, by those very authorities which he ridiculed. 'Figaro' and the 'Diamond 'Necklace' have been magnified into proximate causes of the French Revolution; and it has been aptly asked, what could save a monarchy that trembled before a fraud and a farce!

And yet poor unconscious Louis, when he had thus convoked his Notables, could not sleep for pleasure! It was, in fact, the commencement of the Revolution. The Notables, as is well known, instead of being the tools, became the opponents, and then the masters of Calonne. They opposed the royal authority with dignity and success, amid the acclamations of the salons. Calonne was dismissed, and decamped. Montmorin and Lamoignon in vain urged Louis XVI. to send for Necker. He refused for the third time; and the Abbé de Vermond and the Baron de Breteuil carried the appointment of Brienne, Archbishop of Thoulouse, better known as the Archbishop of Sens, for he soon added this see to that of Thoulouse;—his whole ecclesiastical revenue, on his retirement, exceeding 600,000 livres. During the few months of his mischievous career, the second seal was broken, and the queen became unhappily implicated in public affairs. The exile and the recall, the resistance and the triumph of the parliament, the futile beds of justice, the insults to the authorities, the formation of clubs, the riots in Paris, the re-

sistance of the provinces, the utter exhaustion of the finances, and finally, the edict for the assembling of the *Etats Généraux*, rendered a revolution certain. Necker, too late, was called to rule it, and he had not fair play; the utter insincerity of the courtiers, the feeble vacillation of the king, and the blustering armed menaces of the Baron de Breteuil, on his superseding Necker, finally decided its character, broke the third seal, and marked it for blood. These three men, Calonne, Breteuil, and Brienne, with the horde of selfish courtiers and dependants, evoked more evil than all the Mirabeaus, Egalités, and others, who have been condemned to everlasting disgrace.

Mr and Mrs Swinburne reached Dover just at the outbreak of all these troubles. He attended the *Voyage de Fontainebleau* on the 21st October 1786, only two months before Calonne convoked the Assembly of the Notables. The sun of royalty was shining in all its wonted splendour, up to the very eve of the fountains of the great deep being broken up. Mr Swinburne kept a journal, from which we shall make a few cursory extracts. They are trivial, but yet interesting, from their lightness and tone of security, as contrasted with the frightful events then so near:—

'Oct. 21. Arrived at Fontainebleau by invitation.

'Oct. 22. Presented to the Princesse de Lamballe, and supped there.

'Oct. 23. Dined at the Marquis de Talaru, Premier Maitre d'Hotel de la Reine.

'Oct. 24. Went out boar-hunting with the King;—uniform blue and crimson, velvet cuffs, with broad gold and silver lace; and dined at Mr Eden's, and went to the Court Theatre, where the admission is gratis. All foreigners are seated sideways on benches behind the orchestra, on account of the King's chair, which is placed in the middle of the pit, and nobody must turn his back to it. Before us sat the ambassadors, and a bench is left for the princes of the blood. *Opposite us, sat on similar forms the ladies of easy virtue of Paris!*

'Oct. 25. Boar-hunt with the Count d'Artois. The uniform green, crimson and gold. The Queen came in a calêche, and with her ladies in other carriages; the Princesse de Lamballe on horseback.

'Oct. 29. At court, dined at the Count de Vergennes, supped with the Princesse de Lamballe. The Queen, Monsieur and Madame, Comte and Comtesse d'Artois came after supper, and played *sans façon*; Monsieur is in *cicisbeatura* with Madame de Balbi. This is the only thing of the kind I saw at court, where every thing is *de la dernière decense*. The Comte d'Artois plays deep at quinze and whist; he has lost much, and on that account hazard is forbidden. The games in use here, are trictrac, quinze, whist, reversi, and trente et quarante, which concludes the night. At the Jeu de la Reine, which is held from seven till nine on Sundays and Thursdays, all the court comes to crowd a room too

small for such an assembly. A lotto table is formed of ladies in hoops, for the amusement of Madame. The King's brothers play whist; the Queen plays trictrac in a window, but she is continually staring about, talking, and laughing. Her voice is not musical; her size of the fullest; she is very fat, and her features are beginning to be strongly marked. Madame d'Artois looks like a starved witch. At the end, the Queen rises, and speaks to the ladies. All play ceases, and away she walks to supper at Madame's, where the royal family always meet to sup, unless the King has a supper in his cabinet. The King walks out early every morning in a greatcoat. He is very much attached to his wife. The Duc de Fronsac, son of the Maréchal de Richelieu, kept the little Zacarie of the opera. One night he heard the King, who seldom takes notice of any thing, praise her very much. This raised ideas in his head of making her mistress to his Majesty, and thereby building favour and power for himself. In pursuance of this scheme, he, as gentleman of the bedchamber, contrived to place her in the King's way, and as his majesty passed, said, "La voilá, Sire, la petite Zacarie." Louis turned to him with scorn, and exclaimed, "Allez, Fronsac, l'on voit bien de qui vous êtes fils!"'

But let us turn from these gay and frivolous doings at Fontainbleau, to the deep proceedings at Paris and Versailles:—

'8th April, Calonne out.—17th Calonne exiled sixty leagues off. There is a vast scene of iniquity laid open. He had paid to the Count d'Artois one hundred and seven millions, which was from thence to be divided among the gang; and if the King found it out and complained, his brother was to declare that he would replace it hereafter, but at present it was necessary to patch up his affairs and prevent eclat. This prince who has three millions (livres) a-year, has for many years spent twenty-one millions yearly. The seizure of the papers of his fugitive treasurer Bourdon, has let this secret escape. The Marquis de la Fayette has signed a remonstrance and delivered it to the King, setting forth the alarms of the public at his Majesty supplying the stockjobbers with money to support their gambling. There have been strong doings in the Sancerres business; a job by which the Baron D'Espagnac, the proprietor, gained prodigiously. The Controlleur-general (Calonne) had five hundred thousand francs; Madame de Polignac three hundred thousand, and so forth.'

Thus ended Calonne's administration:—of his successors, the wits of Paris said, 'qu'il a trois governantes (Madames de Gram-'mont, de Montesson, et de Boisgelin,) et pas une bonne.' Then began the Count d'Artois's silly counter-bullying system, and to the growing insubordination which it produced, Mr Swinburne thus testifies: 'July 10, At the Chambre des Comptes the other day, 'where the Count d'Artois went to enregister by force the '"edit du timbre," "et du l'empôt territorial," he was hissed 'and hustled; but on somebody calling out "aux armes," the 'cowardly mob (soon to charge) fled in an instant. But the

'president of the Chambre (Nicolai) not the less resisted;—ex-
'claiming "On veut nous forcer à passer une loi la plus op-
'pressive, mais jamais nous ne la ferons!" and raising his hand
'and voice, repeated, "Non, monseigneur, nous ne la ferons ja-
'mais!" Thereupon the King sate at Versailles, *en lit de jus-*
'*tice*, and had the edicts enregistered before him. The Parlia-
'ment was sullen and mute, and the King angry. As soon as
'they returned to Paris, the Parliament assembled and came to
'very strong resolutions, containing a doctrine of fundamental
'rights, and primitive contracts, and national consents, that the
'Kings of France seem long to have lost sight of—on the 15th
'they were exiled. The Parliament of Rouen, too, was ordered
'to go into exile at Libourne, but the people have risen and kept
'them by force in the city. The abuse bestowed on the King
'and Queen, and the Archbishop of Thoulouse, is incredible.
'The populace have given the King the nickname of Louis
'le Timbre, and the Queen they call Madame Deficit.'

Let us turn for a moment to lighter matters in this strange melo-drame:—'Sept. 28. Went after dinner with the Beauveaus
'and Jarnacs to visit Madame du Barry. She received us
'very amiably and merrily. She looks a very happy dame.
'That time six years she was entreating in vain, with screams
'and floods of tears—"Monsieur le Bourreau encore un moment."'
And Mr Swinburne writing from Paris, November 1797, says,
'I have had a melancholy letter from the poor Marechale de
'Beauveau. She says she cannot press me to visit "une per-
'sonne que vous avez laissée si heureuse, et que vous trouverez
'si misérable par la perte qu'elle a faite de tout ce que l'atta-
'chait a la vie:" and he then adds, "I am quite melted with
'her sorrowful letter; 'mais tu l'as voulu, George Dandin,' one
'might say to her."'

But to revert to this journal of those unforeseeing days: he says—'Oct. 12. Came to an estate left by M. d'Orvelay to young
'Laborde, at Choisy, a grand place. I found him with his father,
'Count Mercy, the imperial ambassador, and Mademoiselle le
'Vasseur, his *chéri amie*, just coming out shooting. I joined
'them, and we five in line, (the father, the son, *the mistress*, the
'ambassador, and the friend,) with each a loader, and five attend-
'ants to hand guns, proceeded regularly from one end of the
'vast plain of stubble and pasture, while a long line of peasants
'on each side beat up and chased the game before us.'

Here let us look forward again. Mr Swinburne writes of this family from Paris in 1797:—'I have seen poor little Madame de
'Laborde, the picture of misery and desolation.' And how comes this? there is a moral in the tale. Let us see—he says, 'The way

'poor fat Laborde (the father) lost his life, was this: in Robe-'spierre's time scarcely any thing was more criminal than being 'out late at night, and driving in a cabriolet. His son, Auguste, 'supped with some gay ladies, and stayed very late; so about 'two in the morning he drives away in a gig—is stopped by the 'first patrol, and asked who he is, "Laborde." "Quoi, fils du 'riche?" "Non du fermier-général." "Où est le père?" "A tel 'endroit." "Quoi! il n'est pas mort avec les autres fermiers 'généraux? on nous avait donc trompés." And next morning 'the hell-hounds were dispatched, and the father taken to prison, 'all by his son's dissipation and folly.'

The extravagance of the French, too, in those times, is truly remarkable. Mr Swinburne says of it, 'It is scarce credible, and 'nothing in England ever equalled it, at least that ever I heard of. 'The trousseau of Mademoiselle de Matignon, who is going to 'marry the Baron de Montmorency, is to cost a thousand crowns, '(about L.25,000 sterling.) There are a hundred dozen of shifts, 'and so on in proportion. The expense here of rigging out a 'bride, is equal to a handsome portion in England: five thou-'sand pounds' worth of lace, linen, and gowns, is a common 'thing among them.'

Do the following sketches resemble? 'The Duc de Chartres is 'very well educated and well-mannered, but rather formal and 'dressy.'—'La Comtesse d'Albanie breakfasted with us and in-'troduced Count Alfieri; he is melancholy-looking and reserved, 'but very clever.'—'Met Mademoiselle de Stael; she is clever, 'dictatorial, talkative, and seemingly not unaware of her merits.' And we must add this one extract more, in commemoration of the perseverance with which the present Marquis of Huntly continues to dance:—'The Queen is very gracious; she danced with 'Lord Strathaven.'

The following summer, 1788, Mr Swinburne returned to England, which he found in all the ferment of the Regency Question. On landing, he bears this testimony to his native land:—'The 'country is in high beauty, the limpidity of the streams, neatness 'of the gardens, beauty of the women, and elegance of almost 'every vehicle when compared to those we left in France, struck 'me forcibly.' The next summer Mrs Swinburne returned to Paris with her son, who had been named one of the king's pages. In the interim, the excitement and danger had greatly increased. The *Etats Généraux* had been convoked; Brienne had been expelled, and Necker called to the helm—too late for his, perhaps for any hands, to have guided the vessel through the storm, and through the exasperation and insincerity of both parties. Mrs Swinburne writes to her husband:—'May 1789. That she had just had an

'audience of the Queen, who is very much altered, and has lost 'all her brilliancy of looks. She was more gracious than ever, 'and said, "Vous arrivez dans un mauvais moment, chère Ma- 'dame Swinburne, vous ne me trouverez point gaie; j'ai beau- 'coup sur le cœur."' The unhappy mother was at this moment trembling for her eldest son's life, (he died soon after,) as well as at the aspect of public affairs. Mrs Swinburne's letters speak the language of the Court. She says,—'July 1. Necker is very 'popular, and makes up to the Tiers Etat. Being a Calvinist, 'he has a horror of the French clergy; and, being of low origin, 'naturally hates the nobles.' 'The King went to another *séance* 'of the *Etats Généraux*, but was very ill received; and Mirabeau 'behaved most insolently.' This was the day, and this the Court interpretation of the celebrated *serment du jeu de Paume.*

The next paragraph shows the blind, self-destroying policy of the Court *clique:*—'The King has at length been prevailed 'on to send for troops, and the Marshal de Broglie is or- 'dered to come with twelve thousand men.' The very next letter tells the tale of this insane policy:—'July 16, Necker is dismiss- 'ed and banished from France, and the Baron de Breteuil is 'come in. *This has been the Count d' Artois's doing.*' The depar- ture of Necker was the signal of explosion. His bust, and that of the Duke of Orleans, were paraded round the city, and they were called 'les defenseurs de la patrie. All the theatres were 'closed, soldiers and populace filled the streets, force was sent to 'the barriers, cannon were fired, the tocsin sounded, and all was 'sedition. The Prince of Lombese, with his regiment, appeared 'on the Place Louis XV., but the troops had no orders to act; there- 'fore, although they drove away some of the assailants, the latter 'very soon armed themselves *en masse*, and in less than a day 'they amounted to a corps of six thousand men, with M. de la 'Salle for their commandant. They have taken the colours of 'the Duke of Orleans' livery—blue, red, and white—for their 'cockade. They seized the arms at l'Hotel des Invalides. The '*gardes Françaises* joined them, and, the day before yesterday, 'they attacked the Bastille, which they took without trouble. 'Poor M. de Launay, and some other officers, were massacred.' And further on, he adds—'The king has recalled Necker, and ac- quiesced in every thing:' 'it is said he makes a point of acting 'contrary to Charles I;' 'he has ordered the Comte d'Artois 'and his family to leave France.' To such a pitch was the in- fatuation of the court party carried, that they actually thought this exile of the Comte D'Artois would produce a reaction in their favour; and they went about exclaiming, 'Paris ne pourra 'jamais s'accoutumer à l'absence de M. le Comte d'Artois!'

Mrs Swinburne writes graphically on the passing events; but we shall only give her account of the attack on Versailles, in which she renders due credit to La Fayette. She says, October 9, 'We have had dreadful doings. On the 6th at night, a 'set of wretches forced themselves into the Château, screaming '"La tête de la reine! à bas la reine! Louis ne sera plus roi—il 'nous faut le Duc d'Orleans—il nous donnera du grain celui 'là!" M. Durepaire, one of the *gardes du corps*, defended the 'Queen's door, and was killed. Others took his place, and were 'thrown down. "Sauvez la reine!" was the cry of the *gardes* 'du corps. Madame Thibaud awoke the Queen, who threw a 'coverlid of the bed over her, and ran into the King's room; 'and, soon after she was gone, her door was burst open. The 'King rose and fetched his son, and all together they awaited the 'event. *They owed their rescue to M. de La Fayette and the* 'gardes d'honneur.'

It was now time to leave France. Mrs Swinburne asked for her passports, and took leave of the Queen. The interview was a most affecting one; and it is impossible not to be deeply touched by the words of the unhappy and ill-fated sovereign: 'Vous allez 'dans votre heureuse famille,' said she, '*dans un pays tranquille*, '*où la calomnie et la cruauté* ne vous poursuivront pas: *je dois* '*vous porter envie.*' Mrs Swinburne then goes on to say, 'We 'were alone. I don't know how I was worked up to it, or had 'the courage to make the proposal: but I did so;—that if she 'thought herself in danger my services were at her command, and 'that she could come with me to England in the disguise of my 'maid, whom I could easily dispose of, by sending her, under 'some pretext, to her friends at St Germains. She thanked me, 'and smiled faintly; but said, nothing could induce her to leave 'her family. She added, that she had refused other offers of 'the same sort. Besides, and she looked round, "Si je voulais, 'celà ne se pourrait pas, el y a trop d'espions."'

Seven years passed away. At the end of this time Mr Swinburne revisited France to negotiate the release of Sir Sydney Smith, and to open a cartel for prisoners. He landed at Calais on the 6th November 1796. The Directory was then in power. 'It was Sunday; and Sunday,' he says, 'is observed 'here; for nobody will have any thing to say to decades, or the 'dimanche of Robespierre: although this inscription, "le peuple 'François reconnait l'être suprême et l'immortalité de l'âme," still 'appears upon the churches, a great apathy, despair, or indifference, seems to have got the better of all the spirit of the 'French.' On the road he passes Chantilly, and sees over the stables the following inscription, 'Bandeau mis sur un nom ab-

'horré, (Condé!) par les charrois de la Revolution.' Arrived at Paris, he says, 'I have been running about Paris just as formerly. 'The beggars call me milord; how dull, how gloomy it is!' 'The 'Fauxbourg St Germain is quite depopulated; the hotels almost 'all seized by the government, and the streets near the Boulevard 'are choked with weeds. Half the houses in Paris are confis- 'cated, many churches are pulled down. I have been at the site of 'the Bastille, now a timber yard; but as there are fifty-seven new 'prisons instituted in Paris, I think I may say that the Parisians 'have uselessly destroyed an ornament of their town.' And to as little purpose had they clamoured for the liberty of the press; for the Directory, in September 1797, suppressed forty-two journals, exiled their proprietors, authors, editors, contributors, &c., and confiscated their property; while twenty-four others were denounced and suspended during pleasure. His friends, too, he found equally shattered and dilapidated. 'Poor Basile (he 'writes) was with me this morning—white haired with poverty, 'chagrin, and imprisonment. Every one,' he says, 'looks 'twenty years older.' We have already cited his account of the 'Beauveaus' and his friend Laborde. 'Madame Campan,' he says, 'keeps a boarding-school at St Germain; her father 'died quite insolvent; her sister, Madame Noguet, threw her- 'self out of a window upon her husband being arrested and her- 'self denounced.' Again, 'Poor Laville is where he was; but, 'instead of being a *fermier-général*, he is a retail snuff-seller;' but, as a counterbalance to this, he mentions the ball of a Monsieur and Madame D'Anrelgau, ci-devant chocolate makers of Versailles, (*Prince and Princess de Calao,*) which cost a couple of thousand pounds, and was attended by the *élite* of Paris. Every thing, in fact, was reversed or destroyed. A Mulatto was giving concerts in the old apartment of the Duchesse d'Orleans in the *Palais Royal.* The Spanish ambassador, the Marquis del Campo, giving dinners, 'with his table presided by Mademoiselle Chaleté, the tall opera-dancer;' and Robert Dillon at the head of a *Bal abonné*, called '*Les restes de la Guillotine*'—none being admitted but *femmes presentées and fils de perdus.* No wonder that he was disgusted with the changed and lowered tone of society and manners. He complains of the vulgarity of the audience at the *Comédie Française*, and the gloominess of the house,—of weekly balls, where the ladies appear in fancy dresses, chiefly as nymphs, in flesh-coloured clothing,—of the frequency of divorces; as, for instance, of young ladies marrying one day on condition of being divorced and emancipated the next,—of the inefficiency of the police, Paris being full of robbers and murderers,—and of such a want of

money, that the government actually seized the receipts of the Opera. The depravity of all ranks, (if, he adds, we may talk of ranks,) is past belief. Every one plunges into the mud-pool of vice as soon as he or she is strong enough to paddle in it, without fear of parental or political control; and further on, he says, 'It will require great efforts to re-establish an *appearance* even 'of morality, decency, and probity, which is nearly the sum-total 'of what existed before.—I look upon the younger part of the gen-'eration, I mean such as were about seventeen at the beginning 'of the Revolution, as irretrievable.' But in the midst of all this depravity there were signs of a reaction towards a higher tone. The storm had exhausted itself. There was the apathy of disappointed expectations, under which honest men, and men of parts and education, were seen by degrees rising to their natural level, and regaining their proper ascendency over the unlettered, the strong, and the ferocious: fashion and leisure too, were again beginning to exercise their frivolous but softening influences. 'The re-'turn of tranquillity and diminution of terror, have produced a 'wonderful improvement and increase of luxury. The quantity 'of handsome carriages just come out; the circumstance of ser-'vants again getting up behind them, and being better dressed; 'abbés and others walking *chapeau bras;* the men more elegant-'ly, and the women more richly habited, strike my eyes 'as I move about in private and in public. I have this day for the 'first time seen a *vinaigrette*, (sedan chair.)' All this paved the way for the authority of Napoleon. Abortive equality, abortive anarchy and bloodshed, abortive licentiousness, and abortive legislation, all relieved more or less by a vain-glorious patriotism and daring courage, prepared the way for his energetic rule. He found France, as he truly said, in the gutter, and in his hands she became an instrument of punishment and regeneration to herself, and to the rest of the continent.

We have now glanced rapidly over Mr Swinburne's Panorama of Courts. We have seen the house of Bourbon, in its three branches at Paris, Madrid, and Naples, utterly worn out and deficient in all those virtues and regal qualities which ensure respect and obedience. Of the descendants of Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze, the chief, shy and awkward, found his greatest amusement in hammering in his blacksmith's shop, or inditing a work on the killing of rabbits. 'Voyez, je travaille 'aussi,' said the simple King as he showed his writing to Turgot. His brother Kings were lower still in the scale of royalty. Charles the Third of Spain is the only one who contrasted honourably with them. The house of Savoy was effete; that of Braganza was reduced nearly to decrepitude and imbecility.

The Stadtholder was without dignity or manners; and the Viceroy of the Netherlands consoled himself under all misadventures by exclaiming, 'Eh bien, n'importe, je n'en serai pas 'moins le Prince Charles de Lorraine!' It is singular how the greater number of the leading personages of all these courts agreed in one quality, which one should least expect to find in them—shyness and awkwardness. One other ruling passion, too, they seem to have had in common—hunting, or rather shooting—pursued with an untiring zeal, great in proportion to the weakness of their understandings.

We will not follow Mr Swinburne through the remainder of his amiable life. He suffered heavy afflictions, which he bore with Christian fortitude. His only son was lost at sea, and the vessel never heard of, on the voyage to the West Indies. Those who have lately suffered by the similar fate of the President, will read the following passage with painful sympathy:—'Every day takes away part of our hopes; there are letters by 'the Jamaica mail, and arrivals have been received from the Hon'duras and other parts of the island. They have seen nothing 'of the unfortunate Babet; so that little hope remains but the 'chances of capture, which I am afraid would be known before 'now. The Knox family and Colonel Barry give it up for lost. 'I write illegibly, for my eyes are dim, and every letter appears 'double. Can it be that the Almighty made my Harry so good, 'so perfect, and protected him through so many perils, to take 'him away so early? I cannot believe it, till compelled by 'time and circumstances. I will still hope, till hope itself shall 'turn to despair. Pray, look among my papers for all his pre'cious letters, and put them carefully together.'

Poor man, he himself soon thereafter paid the great debt of nature! The government gave him the place of Vendue Master at Trinidad, and there his usual alacrity and sight-seeing habits exposed him too frequently to the sun. On the very day before his death, he writes thus—'To me, Trinidad is a delightful 'climate, and I can ride in its sun, or sit on its waves, with the 'same unconcern that I did near dear Ischia and Capri.' The next day he was dead, struck by a *coup de soleil.* The concluding lines of his last letter not inaptly shadow forth the lineaments of his character:—'I am not one of those who think 'ill of human nature. I have lost friends, some perhaps by my 'own fault and want of punctuality; but others have started up 'most unaccountably to replace them. One must never be in a 'hurry to take umbrage, and look upon friends as ungrateful, 'treacherous, or inconstant. Give them time, they may come 'round—if they do not, let them go.'

We have now performed an agreeable task in bringing this publication, which however is grossly misnamed in its title-page, before our readers. A short and not pleasant duty remains to be performed in respect to its Editor, whose notes and illustrations, we are compelled to say, are, with scarcely one exception, either unnecessary, vulgar, or ignorant; and not unfrequently combine all these qualities. Any thing more silly, more trifling, or more palpably incompetent, we have never seen, even in this age of unscrupulous book-making. We shall trouble our readers with only one exemplification of the incredible blundering of this annotator. Gross as it is, we should have overlooked it, had it stood alone, or been compensated by any other merits; but it is only a small sample of that ignorance and weakness which characterize the whole of the editorial notes. Mr Swinburne relates his presentation to an old Duchess de la Vallière, who had been a beauty, and not very austere in her youth. Hereupon our editor takes upon himself the edifying defence of her as the renowned and unfortunate Mademoiselle de la Vallière, of the youthful days of Louis Quatorze; and whose grandnephew's widow happened to be the subject of Mr Swinburne's remarks. Mademoiselle de la Vallière would have been only a hundred and forty-three years old at the time Mr Swinburne was writing; and was dead and buried before this Duchess de la Vallière was born! But we can safely recommend these volumes as amusing and instructive, in spite of the deficiencies of their Editor.

ART. VI—1. *First, Second, Third, and Fourth Annual Reports of the Board of Education of the State of Massachusetts, with the Reports of the Secretary of the Board for* 1837, 1838, 1839, *and* 1840.

2. *Abstracts of the Massachusetts School Returns*, 1837, 1838, 1839, *and* 1840.

3. *The Common School Journal of Massachusetts.* 3 vols. 8vo, 1837 to 1840.

4. *Report of the Committee of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts on Education, presented on the 7th March* 1840.

AT the present time, no problem, perhaps, engages a larger share of the attention of patriotic minds, than the question, to what extent the government of a country may legitimately prescribe and enforce measures for the universal educa-

tion of its people. Prussia exhibits the example of an enlightened government, forcing moral and intellectual cultivation on its subjects, by the unsparing exercise of despotic power. The free institutions of Great Britain render it impossible for us to imitate this example, even although it were proved by reason and experience to be beneficial. In the United States of America, again, we observe a democracy labouring to educate itself, by the application of such means as are consistent with its own principles of rule. We do not propose, at present, to investigate the advantages and disadvantages which attend each of these methods of promoting public instruction; but we may remark that, as the government of Great Britain wields, to some extent, the concentrated power of that of Prussia, while it acts on elements resembling, in no inconsiderable degree, those of the American democracies, some useful principles of action, applicable to our own country, may be deduced from contemplating both.

The Prussian system has deeply engaged the attention of Europe; but that of America has scarcely received the consideration which its importance, and its closer adaptation to our own circumstances, appear to demand. Many persons believe that there is nothing deserving the name of an organized system of public instruction in operation in the United States; but this is a mistake. It is true, that each commonwealth has adopted a special political constitution suited to its own habits and condition, and that each of them has also instituted particular arrangements for the education of its people; but it is equally certain, that in their general features they bear a close resemblance to each other. Universal suffrage (excluding the coloured race, felons, paupers, foreigners, and persons under twenty-one years of age), and annual elections, by ballot, of the members of the popular branch of their legislatures, characterize nearly the whole of the confederated States. In these commonwealths, therefore, the people at large control every social interest, public education included. Moreover, the provisions for education in them all, exhibit such a striking similarity, that by examining the system in force in one State, and tracing its details, we shall be able to judge of the general merits of the whole, and of the relation which they bear to our own wants and condition. On the present occasion, we select as the subject of our scrutiny the common school system of Massachusetts, for the following reasons:—first, Massachusetts is one of the oldest, most enlightened, and civilized of the States; secondly, It has had a legal system of public instruction in operation for more than two centuries; thirdly, Its system has recently received

some important additions; and fourthly, The publications we have named at the head of this article, present us with official information, highly valuable, concerning the past and present effects of its educational arrangements.

The history of education in Massachusetts may be briefly told. From the very infancy of the colony, two grand features stand forth on the statute-book, and which have never undergone repeal or modification; namely, That the benefits of a common school education should be brought within the reach of every child in the State, however poor; and that the property of the State should support a number of schools sufficient to confer this boon.

The provisions for public school education in Massachusetts are now substantially as follows:—The whole superficies of the commonwealth is laid off into 'towns,' (or townships, as we should designate them,) each of which is a body politic and corporate, with power to elect officers and levy taxes. There are three hundred and seven of these 'towns' in the State, which are subdivided into two thousand five hundred school 'districts.' The revised statutes, title x. chapter 23, under the head of 'Public In-'struction,' contain an act which prescribes the number of schools that shall be maintained by the 'towns.' Towns containing *fifty* families are required to maintain a school or schools, for terms of time which shall together be equivalent to *six* months in each year, in which children shall be instructed in orthography, reading, writing, English grammar, geography, arithmetic, and good behaviour, by teachers of competent ability and good morals.

In towns of *one hundred and fifty* families or householders, the same kinds of schools, and not less than two, are to be kept for terms not less than nine months each, or three or more schools for terms together equivalent to *eighteen* months.

In towns of *five hundred* families, similar schools, not less than two, are to be kept for *twelve* months each, or three or more such schools for terms together equivalent to *twenty-four* months; and, in addition to the above, they are required to maintain a school for the benefit of all the inhabitants of the town, *ten* months at least, exclusive of vacations, in each year; in which the history of the United States, book-keeping, surveying, geometry, and algebra, shall be taught by a master of competent ability and good morals. And if the town contain *four* thousand inhabitants, the teacher shall, in addition to all the branches above enumerated, be competent to instruct in the Latin and Greek languages, general history, rhetoric, and logic.

The act authorizes the inhabitants to raise money, by taxing themselves, for supporting the schools, and ordains them to appoint committees annually for managing them. It confers on the school committees ample powers over the teachers, scholars, school-books, and subjects to be taught, and imposes on them the duty of visiting the schools. If the parents neglect to supply the children with the school-books prescribed, the committee are empowered to provide them, and to levy the price by a tax on the parents. If they are unable to pay, the tax on them may be partially or totally remitted, and the expense charged to the town. Section 23d enacts, that 'The school committee 'shall never direct to be purchased or used, in any of the town 'schools, any school-books which are calculated to favour the 'tenets of any particular sect of Christians.'

The statute prescribes rules for forming 'school districts,' each of which is authorized to appoint a 'prudential committee,' with a clerk. The prudential committees are empowered to fix the site of school-houses, to raise money for their erection, and for other purposes.

Regulations are prescribed as to the mode of levying the school taxes; and it is declared, that if the inhabitants of a 'district' neglect to establish schools, the committee may do so, and that the 'town' may order the necessary sums to be levied on that district.

It provides also, that where two or more contiguous school districts, in adjoining towns, are too small to maintain schools advantageously in each, they may unite themselves into one, and become corporations for the purposes of maintaining schools, raising money, and appointing committees, as before described.

By section 60th, it is declared, that if any town shall neglect to raise money for the support of schools, it shall forfeit double the highest sum which had ever before been voted for schools therein; and if it refuse to choose school and prudential committees, it shall forfeit not less than one hundred, nor more than two hundred dollars, to the treasury of the county.

The school committees are ordained to make returns annually to the Secretary of State, setting forth certain prescribed particulars regarding the condition and management of the schools; sufficient to enable the legislature to judge whether the provisions of the law have been duly attended to. If they fail to make returns, the district receives no share in the distribution of the public school fund.

This machinery, more or less modified, has been in operation during two centuries in Massachusetts; but it will be observed, that although the schools have been supported by taxes levied

on property, and managed by committees chosen by the people, no central directing or supervising power has existed. Every district has been permitted, to a great extent, to follow its own perceptions of utility in the management of its schools. It was assumed by the legislature, that the dictates of self-interest would prompt the inhabitants to nominate the best qualified individuals as members of the school and prudential committees; and that feelings of public duty and responsibility would induce the committees to execute their functions in the best manner. The law gave the committees ample authority over the schools, and power to enforce the practical adoption of every measure which they conceived calculated to promote their efficiency; yet under this system, as we shall presently see, education declined, and remedial measures were loudly called for by the public.

The first improvement adopted by the legislature was the formation of a public school fund. It was enacted that, on the 1st of January 1835, a sum not exceeding one million of dollars (L.200,000) should be permanently invested by the state, under the name of the 'Common School Fund.' It was derived from the sale of lands in the state of Maine belonging to Massachusetts, and from certain claims for military services on the government of the United States. The statute ordained that the income of this fund should be paid over annually to the 'towns,' in proportion to the number of children, between the ages of four and sixteen years, within the territory of each; but on the condition always, that the towns should, by taxes imposed on themselves, raise a sum annually, equal to one dollar and twenty-five cents (5s. 3d.) for every child between those ages comprised in their population. If any town fail to levy this amount, it receives no share of the fund. The analogy between this regulation and that adopted by our own government, of bestowing a certain amount of public aid in favour of schools, on condition that the inhabitants who apply for it shall contribute an equal sum themselves for the same purpose, will be at once recognised.

An act was passed in 1836, chap. 245, which provided, that children under fifteen years of age should not be employed in FACTORIES, unless they had attended school for 'at least three 'months of the twelve months next preceding any and every 'year in which such child shall be so employed;' under a penalty of fifty dollars for each offence, to be levied on the employer, to the use of the common schools in the town.

The legislature, by an act passed in 1837, chap. 147, authorized school districts to establish and maintain LIBRARIES AND APPARATUS for the use of the common schools; and to raise

money from the inhabitants by taxation for that purpose, to an extent not exceeding thirty dollars the first year, and ten dollars in any subsequent year. This provision might, with great advantage, be imitated in Britain.

The next step which followed, was the appointment, in April 1837, of a Board of Education, with a secretary. The statute of that year, chap. 241, establishes 'a board of education' for the state. The governor, with the advice of his council, was authorized to appoint eight persons, who, together with the governor and lieutenant-governor, *ex officiis* constitute the Board: The persons appointed hold their office for eight years, but one retires every year, commencing with the person first on the list. The governor and council fill up vacancies occurring by death, resignation, or other causes.

Governor Everett exercised the power of making the first nomination. We are informed by the Common School Journal, that although himself a Unitarian and a Whig, he selected from both political parties, (Whigs and Democrats,) and from all the leading religious denominations in the state, men of talents, literary reputation, and philanthropy, residing in different sections of the country, and representing as nearly as possible equal portions of territory and population. They receive no remuneration for their labours; but their incidental expenses, and all charges incurred in the execution of their office, are defrayed by the state.

The powers and duties of the Board are thus defined:—

'The Board of Education shall prepare and lay before the Legislature in a printed form, on or before the second Wednesday of January annually, an abstract of the school returns received by the secretary of the Commonwealth; and the said Board of Education may appoint THEIR OWN SECRETARY, who shall receive a reasonable compensation for his services, not exceeding one thousand dollars per annum, and who shall, under the direction of the Board, collect information of the actual condition and efficiency of the Common Schools, and other means of popular education, and diffuse as widely as possible, throughout every part of the Commonwealth, information of the most approved and successful methods of arranging the studies and conducting the education of the young; to the end that all children in this Commonwealth, who depend upon Common Schools for instruction, may have the best education which those schools can be made to impart.

'The Board of Education, annually, shall make a detailed report to the Legislature of all its doings, with such observations as their experience and reflection may suggest, upon the condition and efficiency of our system of popular education, and the most practicable means of improving and extending it.'

The act of 21st April 1838, prescribes the DUTIES and fixes the COMPENSATION of the SECRETARY of the BOARD OF EDUCATION as follows:—

'The secretary of the Board of Education, in addition to the duties required of him by the act establishing the Board of Education, shall, once in each year, at such times as the Board of Education may appoint, attend in each county of the Commonwealth a meeting of all such teachers of public schools, members of the school committees of the several towns, and friends of education generally in the county, as may voluntarily assemble at the time and place, in the county, designated by the Board of Education, of which sufficient notice shall by him be given; and shall then and there diligently apply himself to the object of collecting information of the condition of the public schools of such county, of the fulfilment of the duties of their office by all members of the school committees of all the towns, and the circumstances of the several school districts in regard to all the subjects of teachers, pupils, books, apparatus, and methods of education; with the intent of furnishing all requisite materials for the report by law required by the Board of Education.

'§ 2. The compensation of the secretary of the Board of Education shall be one thousand five hundred dollars per annum, to be made in equal quarterly payments.'

The Board of Education, at its first meeting, appointed the Hon. Horace Mann, then president of the Senate of Massachusetts, to the office of secretary; a choice which, judging from the Reports named at the head of this article, appears to have been highly advantageous to the state. In these Reports, he exposes defects, urges their removal, and recommends improvements with earnestness, persuasiveness, and sagacity. He describes the condition of education in the State, at the time of his appointment, in the following words:—'The Common 'School system of Massachusetts,' says he, 'has fallen into a 'state of general unsoundness and debility; a great majority 'of the school-houses are not only ill adapted to encourage 'mental effort, but, in many cases, are absolutely perilous to 'the health and symmetrical growth of the children; the schools 'are under a sleepy supervision; many of the most intelligent 'and wealthy of our citizens have become estranged from their 'welfare; and the teachers of the schools, although, with very few 'exceptions, persons of estimable character and of great private 'worth, yet in the absence of all opportunities to qualify themselves for the performance of the most difficult and delicate task 'which, in the arrangements of Providence, is committed to 'human hands, are necessarily, and therefore without fault of 'their own, deeply and widely deficient in the two indispensable 'pre-requisites for their office—viz. a knowledge of the human 'mind as the subject of improvement; and a knowledge of the 'means best adapted wisely to unfold and direct its growing 'faculties.'

This representation of the results of the administration, for

two centuries, of the common schools *by the people themselves*, without the aid of any controlling, advising, or enlightening central power, is highly instructive. It shows, that in conducting education, as in executing every other difficult and complicated process, the blind are not adequate successfully to lead the blind.

The example of Massachusetts is calculated to prove instructive to Great Britain equally in those points in which her machinery for education has failed, and in those in which it has proved successful. The evidence afforded by the 'Reports,' that the schools had degenerated, and that public education was rapidly declining under the management of mere local committees, is overwhelming and irresistible. We shall now notice the effect of the remedial measures adopted by the legislature. Although it instituted the Board of Education, and prescribed certain duties to be performed by them, it conferred on them no compulsory powers. Neither the Board nor the secretary can direct the school committees and prudential committees, who retain the entire management of the schools, otherwise than by the influence of reason and persuasion. The law provides, that if the towns do not raise the statutory sums for education, they shall be subject to a fine, and receive no share of the common school fund; but the execution of these provisions is committed, not to the board and secretary, but to the civil officers of the state. Machinery of a somewhat similar kind would be better adapted to Great Britain than the Prussian system; for the various sects into which this country is divided, would probably resist, as the people in America have done, the application of any compulsory measures to enforce public instruction. Let us trace, then, the measures adopted by the Board, and the success which has attended them.

To rouse public attention to the actual condition of the schools, and to the means of improving them, the secretary summoned conventions of the friends of education in every county of the state, excepting Suffolk. By way of preparation for these county conventions, he drew up and circulated throughout the commonwealth a series of questions, addressed to the school committees, for the purpose of drawing forth and concentrating information on the most important points connected with education. Written answers were received from the school committees of nearly half the towns in the state; and at the conventions, the secretary delivered a lecture to the assembled citizens on the general subject of education and the schools, and afterwards the various topics suggested by the queries were publicly discussed. Massachusetts is rent by powerful and bitter political parties; yet, to the credit of the people, the secretary reports that

'neither at the conventions which have been held in the several 'counties, nor in the intercourse or correspondence with any 'one, has there been infused into this cause the slightest ingre-'dient of partisan politics. In regard to this great subject, all 'have reverted to their natural relations as fellow-men, discard-'ing strifes about objects which are temporary for interests which 'are enduring.' This affords a valuable example to the opponents of national education in the United Kingdom.

The law requires that the Board of Education and its secretary shall present to the legislature an annual report of their proceedings, accompanied by such suggestions for the improvement of the whole educational system as may appear to them important. The first annual reports were prepared from the materials obtained from the answers to the queries, and the experience and observation of the secretary and members of the Board at the conventions. They are minute and instructive, and unsparingly expose defects. The general results arrived at are—apathy in the people, incapacity in the teachers, dilapidation in the school-houses, irregular attendance of the children, the absence of all system in the modes of teaching, and of uniformity in the books used; with the desertion of the common schools by the rich, in order to avoid that deterioration of manners and morals by which too many of them are characterized. The Board recommended an increase of the salaries of teachers, (who then received less than the wages of common labourers,) accompanied by the exaction of higher qualifications. They insisted largely on the improvement of school-houses; on the establishment of schools for training teachers; on the introduction of improved books; on the state allowing a pecuniary recompense to the individuals composing the school committees, for the time they should bestow in the discharge of their duties; and on the exaction of more efficient supervision of the schools. The legislature granted to every member of the school committees a compensation of a dollar for each day he should be engaged in the discharge of his public duties; and it ordered the Reports to be printed and circulated widely throughout the state.

In the second and subsequent years, the secretary addressed to the school committees certain queries prescribed by statute; and required from them written answers. He reduced these answers into a connected form, and presented them to the legislature. He also attended conventions in every county, and addressed the meetings. The Board and secretary presented the second, third, and fourth annual reports to the legislature; which, with the annual abstracts of the school returns, were printed each year, and widely circulated in terms of the statute.

The effects of these measures were, in many instances, most salutary. In Nantucket, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, two additional schools for young children, and one for more advanced pupils, were added in one year to the previous number. 'Within the last year,' says the secretary, 'every 'school-house in Nantucket has been provided with a good ven- 'tilator. For the town school, an extensive and valuable appa- 'ratus has been provided. A year ago, in the town of Salem, 'the school-houses were without ventilation, and many of them 'with such seats as excited vivid ideas of corporal punishment, 'and almost prompted one to ask the children for what offence '"they had been condemned to them." At an expense of about 'two thousand dollars, the seats in all the school-houses except 'one, have been re-constructed, and provisions for ventilation 'have been made. I am told that the effect, in the quiet, atten- 'tion, and proficiency of the pupils, was immediately manifested.' The following facts also indicated improvement:—.

	Dollars.	Cents.
In 1839, the sum raised by taxation on the towns for the support of schools, was . . .	477,221	24
In 1838, the amount was only . . .	447,809	96
Showing an increase within one year of .	29,411	28
In 1839, the average amount of salaries paid to male teachers, *per month*, was . . .	33	08
In 1837, the amount was only . . .	25	44
Being an increase on the salaries, *per month*, of	7	64
In 1839, the average paid to female teachers per month, was, say	12	75
In 1837, it was only	11	38
Increase, ...	1	37

During the year 1840, 'more school-houses have been erected 'than for ten years previous to 1838; and not only is the num- 'ber greater, but many of them are admirable specimens of 'school-house architecture.'

The public mind was awakened to the importance of education, and the deficiencies of the teachers were widely recognized. 'There is scarcely a single instance,' says the secretary, 'in the 'reports, where the school committees speak with universal com- 'mendation of the teachers whom they have appointed.' An improved education of the teachers is loudly called for. These facts afford strong evidence of the possibility of operating on the public mind by means of an organized system, and authorized

functionaries, wielding moral powers alone; and in this point of view they appear to us to be instructive to ourselves.

In these Reports, another and rather singular fact is mentioned, which ought also to excite attention on this side of the Atlantic. 'A change, it is said, is rapidly taking place, both in the public 'sentiment and action, in regard to the employment of female 'teachers. The number of male teachers, in all the summer and 'winter schools, for the last year, was thirty-three less than for 'the year preceding, while the number of females was one hun-'dred and three more. That females are incomparably better 'teachers for young children than males, cannot admit of 'a doubt. Their manners are more mild and gentle, and hence 'more in consonance with the tenderness of childhood.' This statement is worthy of serious consideration in this country, where employment suited to women of cultivated minds and polished manners, is greatly wanted.

Much as Massachusetts was suffering from the deficiencies of her common school teachers, the state had, hitherto, made no provision for training and instructing schoolmasters. Amidst the general excitement, however, produced by the publications of the Board, a private citizen stepped forth and conferred on his country that inestimable benefit. Mr E. Dwight, a merchant of the city of Boston, offered a gift of ten thousand dollars, on the condition that the state should grant an equal sum, to be applied to the institution of *Normal schools*. The offer was accepted, and three excellent schools for the training of teachers are now in operation.

Feeling deeply the want of proper and instructive books, to carry forward the mental progress of the young after they had learned to read, the next object of the Board was to take measures for the publication of a series of works, to compose a suitable common school library. No funds are placed at their disposal for this purpose; nor have they any power to compel the school committees to purchase their books in constituting district libraries. They depend on the zeal and enterprize of a publishing firm in Boston, Messrs Marsh, Capen, Lyon, and Webb, for the production of the works; and these gentlemen rely on the intrinsic merits of the books, and on the moral influence of the Board in recommending them, for their sale. The library will embrace two series of works of 50 volumes *each*; the one to be in 18mo, averaging from 250 to 280 pages per volume; the other in 12mo, each volume of which will consist of from 350 to 400 pages. They are designed for reading, and not for school, class, or text books. In the preparation of these works, as well as in the subjects to be taught in school,

we might have expected some difficulties to arise, as in this country, on the thorny point of difference in religious opinions. But this evil also has been successfully avoided. No work is admitted by the Board into the school library, except it has received the sanction of *every one* of its own members. 'Although,' says the report, 'it may not be easy theoretic-'ally to draw the line between those views of religious truth 'and of Christian faith which are common to all, and may 'therefore with propriety be inculcated in school, and those 'which, being peculiar to individual sects, are therefore by 'law excluded; still it is believed, that no practical diffi-'culty occurs in the conduct of our schools in this respect. It 'is the general sentiment of the people of all denominations, 'that religious instruction shall be left to parents at the fireside, 'and to those religious teachers to whose ministrations parents 'and guardians may choose to confide their own spiritual guid-'ance, and that of those dependent on them. The legislature, 'therefore, has but acted in accordance with the sense of the 'whole community, in prescribing that no books shall be 'directed by school committees to be purchased, or used in any 'of the town schools, "which are calculated to favour the 'tenets of any particular sect of Christians."'

The list of authors who have undertaken to prepare works for the school library, contains the names of the most distinguished men in the United States, and the volumes are prepared in a handsome and substantial style by the publishers.

We might have anticipated serious obstruction to the Board of education, from the political parties and religious sects which contend for superiority in Massachusetts. Such, however, has not occurred. Fierce opposition, as we shall immediately show, did arise; but it emanated exclusively from the enemies of all public improvements. The real friends of the people, with admirable magnanimity, laid aside every prejudice, and joined cordially in promoting the general good. The Board reports, that 'no sectarian or party interest has, in any single case, 'been manifested; and those attending the meetings have 'come together as on ground common to every good citizen. 'It may be regarded as by no means one of the least bene-'ficial results of holding these conventions, that they unite, 'in an object of permanent and sacred interest, all those who, 'however alienated from each other in reference to other topics 'of public concernment, take a lively and a common interest in 'the welfare of the rising generation.' This point is so impor-tant, that we subjoin Mr Mann's own testimony and experience on the subject. In the autumn of 1840, when his educational

conventions were held, the political struggle between the Democrats and the Whigs was at its height. The two parties, drawn up in hostile array, were closely engaged in the election of a President of the United States. The contest resulted in the ejection of Mr Van Buren at the end of his first term of four years; and the election of General Harrison, the Whig candidate, in his stead. The contest thinned the attendance at several of the conventions; but, says Mr Mann, notwithstanding the height 'to which the voice of party contest arose outside the walls where we met, not a whisper, nor a breath of it, was heard within them. By tacit and almost unanimous consent, the grand and enduring interests of education are held to belong to all mankind, and not to be restricted to any portion or party of them. It is a cause which enlists its advocates and champions alike from ranks which, on other subjects, are arrayed in hostile attitudes against each other; and it seems now, at least to a very considerable extent, to have become an axiom in the public mind, that the diffusion of useful knowledge, the increase of intellectual energy, the habit of impartial investigation, and a higher moral purity and purpose, will assuredly, in the end, promote whatever is right, and diminish whatever is wrong, in the views of all parties into which our society is unhappily divided.' It is difficult to avoid the inference that these fortunate dispositions resulted from two causes—first, the absence of all powers of compulsion in the Board; and secondly, the perfect impartiality of its constitution. To these may be added the discretion and strong sense of the Secretary, which seem to have acquired for him universal respect.

Of all the influences, exhibited in these Reports, as having been brought to operate favourably on the public mind, it appears to us that the publication and circulation throughout the State, of the 'abstracts of the common school returns,' has been the most powerful. In 1837, 294 towns made returns; and in 1840, 301 complied with the law; the total number of towns being 307. The returns varied in length from five to fifty lines, and, in the latter year, amounted in the whole to more than 2000 compactly written pages of letter-press.

The Secretary perused them all, made selections from them, and printed the selections under the title of 'Abstract of the Massachusetts School Returns.' These make known the actual condition of the common schools, and also the views of the school committees on a great variety of topics connected with education. The 'Abstract,' with the Report of the Board and that of the Secretary, as we have already mentioned, are presented annually to the legislature, by whom they are ordered

to be printed, and then widely circulated throughout the State. By this means, the mirror is held up to nature in the most effectual manner; and not only is there a vast amount of valuable information and useful suggestion presented to the public mind, but each district is informed of what all the others are doing. Each also sees its own attainments and deeds contrasted with those of all the other districts in the State. Instances of stolid ignorance and stupid indifference appear side by side with bright examples of talent, intelligence, energy, and zeal. These contrasts operate powerfully on the spirit of emulation; and even the most callous are roused into sensibility and shame, when they see their own imperfections exhibited to the public gaze.

In addition to the information to be derived from the official labours and yearly Reports of the Board, we may refer also to the 'Common School Journal,' published at a cheap rate every fortnight, and dedicated to the diffusion of knowledge on education. It seems to be conducted, not officially, but as a labour of love by Mr Mann, with the assistance of several able and zealous coadjutors; and from the specimens we have seen, we regard the work as well calculated to advance the cause of public instruction.

Every friend of education will recollect the bitter and inveterate hostility with which certain very moderate proposals, on the part of our own government, for the promotion of public instruction, were received in both Houses of Parliament, under the influence, in some instances, of a purely fanatical, and in others of an unyielding party spirit. We regret to observe, that even in Massachusetts, where the people wield the supreme power, the efforts of the enlightened and philanthropic members of the community in this great cause are obstructed. In that State, hostility to the Board of Education has been strongly and perseveringly manifested, not only through the medium of the press, but in the legislature. One circumstance, however, attending it, is consolatory. It has proceeded, not from religious and enlightened individuals who have attended the conventions, studied the Reports, and watched the proceedings of the Board, and by these means become capable of forming a sound judgment on their merits; but, apparently, from persons who are hostile to all improvement in the public mind, and who consider their own influence in danger of being diminished in proportion as that of reason and morality is increased. We are led to this conclusion by a statement of the secretary, that the returns from the school committees in general breathe no hostility to the Board;—by the unsound and factious arguments adduced by the opponents in support of their own views;—and by their proposing simply to

abolish the Board without substituting any better institution in its place. The secretary's testimony to the spirit of the school committees on the subject of religious instruction, is in these words:—'It 'will ever remain,' says he, 'an honour to the Commonwealth 'of Massachusetts, that among all the reports of its school 'committees for the last year, so many of which are voluminous 'and detailed, and a majority of which, probably, were prepared 'by clergymen belonging to all the various denominations in 'the state, *there was not one* which advocated the introduction 'of sectarian instruction or sectarian books into our public 'schools; while with accordant views—as a single voice coming 'from a single heart—they urge, they insist, they demand, that 'the great axioms of a Christian morality shall be sedulously 'taught, and that the teachers shall themselves be patterns of 'the virtues they are required to inculcate.' The opposition, therefore, proceeded from a different source, and it exhibited itself most formidably in the legislature.

On the 7th March 1840, the majority of a committee appointed by the House of Representatives to report on the subject of Education, recommended that the Board should be abolished, the Normal schools suppressed, and the 10,000 dollars returned to Mr Dwight, who had presented them to the State for the institution of these schools; and they reported the draft of a bill to carry their recommendations into effect! We do not enter into the arguments by which the committee attempted to support their recommendations, because they are neither interesting nor instructive with reference to this country. The minority of the committee, consisting of two members only, presented a separate Report, which contrasts favourably with the malignant spirit and illogical composition of that of the majority. The propositions of the majority were finally rejected by a vote of 248 members to 182.

In February 1841, a fresh attack was made on the Board in the House of Representatives; but it also failed. The vote stood thus—for the Board, 131; against it, 114; giving a majority in its favour of 17. It is mentioned in the Boston newspapers that this division took place in a thin house, and in circumstances otherwise unfavourable to the friends of education; but, nevertheless, it is considered as fatal to the opposition. If the motion to abolish the Board and the Normal schools had passed both Houses of the legislature, and if no better institutions had been substituted in their stead, the cause of Democracy would, by that act, have sustained a severer blow in Europe than it has suffered since the enormities of the French Revolution. Massachusetts presents the most favourable specimen of Democracy in the New

World; she boasts of industry, wealth, religious zeal, and a comparatively enlightened population. Had her legislature extinguished these institutions, and reverted to the previously existing educational arrangements, we should have been justified in inferring that democracy instinctively hates light, refinement, and civilization; and that its native atmosphere is that of ignorance, selfishness, and passion. The better spirit, however, prevailed; and we trust that the continued and increasing success of this scheme, will hasten the day when practicable measures for public instruction may be adopted in our own country, and supported by the liberal and good of all political and religious opinions.

The following Table is, in several respects, both curious and interesting. It contains 'the aggregate result of the school 'returns of Massachusetts' for the year 1840; and presents, in a condensed form, the moral statistics of that state, drawn from the most recent and authentic sources. It indicates the proportions of the population between the ages of four and sixteen to the whole number alive, in a country in a state of rapid increase; and it shows the rate at which the teachers, male and female, are remunerated, and the attendance at the schools. The 'valua-'tion' includes all the real and personal property of the people, estimated at their actual worth.

No. of towns which have made returns, (the total number of towns is 307,)			301.
Population, (1st May 1837,)			696,197.
Valuation, (1830,)		207,404,358 dollars,	26 cents.
No. of public schools,			3,072.
No. of scholars of all ages in the schools,	in summer,		124,354.
	in winter,		149,222.
Average attendance in the schools,	in summer,		92,698.
	in winter,		111,844.
No. of persons between 4 and 16 years of age,			179,268.
No. of persons under 4, who attend school,			7,844.
No. over 16, who attend school,			11,834.
Average length of time of the schools in months and days,			7, 10.
No. of teachers (summer and winter terms)	males,		2,378.
	females,		3,928.
Average salaries paid per month, including board,	to males,	33 dollars,	8 cents.
	– females,	12 —	75 —
Average value of board per month,	– males,	8 —	92 —
	– females,	5 —	85 —
Average salaries per month, exclusive of board,	of males,	24 —	14 —
	– females,	6 —	89 —

Amount of money raised by taxes for the support of schools, including only the salaries of teachers, board, and fuel,	477,221 dollars 24 cents.
Amount of board and fuel contributed for public schools,	37,269 — 74 —
No. of incorporated academies,	78.
Aggregate of months during which they were kept open,	775½.
Average number of scholars,	3,701.
Aggregate paid for tuition,	57,458 dollars, 59 cents.
No. of unincorporated academies, private schools, and schools kept to prolong common schools,	1,306.
Aggregate number of months kept open,	8,324.
Average number of scholars,	28,635.
Aggregate paid for tuition,	241,114 dollars, 20 cents.
Amount of local funds,	321,079 — 65 —
Income from the same,	15,270 — 89 —

Besides the sums raised for Education, the people of Massachusetts tax themselves for support of the Poor. In 1838, there were, in the whole State, 15,069 paupers, who were maintained at an expense of 325,092 dollars, 7 cents. The average *weekly* cost of each pauper in the almshouse was 83 cents, or 3s. 5½d. Sterling.

ART. VII.—1. *Speech of the Right. Hon. Henry Labouchere, March* 12, 1841.

2. *Speech of the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, May* 7, 1841.

3. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, May* 18, 1841.

4. *Speech of the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, May* 10, 1841.

5. *Speech of the Right Hon. Francis Baring, May* 17, 1841.

6. *Speech of the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston, May* 27, 1841.

7. *Common-Sense View of the Sugar Question.* London, 8vo. 1841.

THE history and the prospects of the manufacturing industry of Great Britain, have long excited mixed feelings of pleasure and of pain, of pride and of regret, of satisfaction and of uneasiness, in all thinking minds. We have raised the value of British industry far beyond the value of that of any other

European community. We have accumulated a capital far exceeding, both positively and in relation to our population, that of any other existing nation, or indeed of any nation whose history is known. Though struggling with a bad climate and a moderately fertile soil, that industry and that capital have made our land more valuable than any other country of equal extent. In no portion of Europe does the whole amount of wages bear so large a proportion to the whole number of labourers; or the whole amount of profit to the whole number of inhabitants; or the whole amount of rent to the whole cultivable area. So far as wealth has been our object, we have been successful beyond the dreams of avarice. And our success has not been obtained by the sacrifice of present enjoyment. We have not grown rich by parsimony. Whatever may be thought of some portions of our own countrymen, the English, and they form the bulk of the population of Britain, are not a saving people. In every occupation and in every rank—among labourers, mechanics, shopkeepers, capitalists, and proprietors—there is a tendency to the display and the consumption of wealth little known on the Continent. The Government has been still more extravagant than its subjects; so that we have exhibited the strange spectacle of a nation rising rapidly to enormous wealth in the midst of profuse public and private expenditure.

But sacrifices we have made, and they are very serious ones, both as they affect our present happiness, and as they endanger, at no remote period, our future welfare; and we have diminished the advantages of our position, aggravated the difficulties which are necessarily incidental to it, and multiplied tenfold its dangers, by legislative errors which we are now beginning, we trust not too late, to rectify.

Some dangers, some difficulties, are, as we have said, incidental to our position. What they are, will be best seen by comparing the state of our labouring population with that of the nations which surround us.

In every other portion of Europe, indeed in every other portion of the civilized world, the bulk of the free population are occupiers or proprietors of Land; employing themselves partly in raising food for their own consumption, and partly in rough manufactures for their own use. The cottage of the French *Paysan* or of the German *Bauer*, is a much worse habitation than that of the English labourer—but it is his own. He feeds on the inferior vegetables, or on a bread which would be rejected by an English beggar—but they come from his own garden or his own field. His dress is coarse and ill-made—but his linen has perhaps been grown, spun, and woven in

his own house; and his woollen garments are often the produce of his own sheep. He is not a diligent workman—but he is almost always working. He does nothing well—but a great many things tolerably. Both his labour and his skill are diffused, instead of being, like the Englishman's, concentrated. Such a population may be ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-lodged; but it is at least secure of employment. The only accidents to which it is subject, are the accidents of the seasons. Such a population necessarily acquires habits of economy and prudence. Every head of a family is to a certain degree a capitalist. He is accustomed to make present sacrifices for future objects; to reserve a portion of his crop for seed; and to proportion the daily consumption of the remainder to the number of days that must elapse before the harvest recurs. The greatest of all improvidences, improvident marriage, is repressed, partly by the comparative unproductiveness of the labour of women and children—partly by the difficulty of procuring a house and land for a new family, except on the death of a previous occupant—partly by legal restrictions—and still more effectually by the customs which these different causes have produced.

Such a population has almost always a deep respect for property and for authority. Every man values highly his own small possessions, and reverences the law which protects them. And even if the law become oppressive instead of protective, a scattered peasantry have neither the knowledge, the habits, nor the opportunities, which would enable them to combine in resisting it. A tranquil, unadvancing, indolent, but frugal and contented poverty, with little to hope, but still less to fear, is the state of the great mass of the inhabitants of continental Europe.

On the other hand, in Britain, particularly in England, the very large majority of the population consists of labourers hired by the week or by the day, dependent for subsistence solely on their wages, and for their wages solely on the will of their master. Both the skill and the diligence of the British workman are unrivalled; hence, when these admirable qualities are well directed, the high value of his labour, and the large amount of his wages. But the skill and diligence of each individual can be applied to only a few purposes, and are useful only under numerous and complicated conditions. The continental workman may in general be compared to the tools which he uses—his axe or his spade,—an instrument of no great efficiency, but always fit for independent use. The British workmen, and more especially the most numerous classes, those employed in manufactures, resemble the component parts of the vast machines which they direct. Separately taken, they are as useless as a

single wheel or a single roller. Combined with many hundreds or many thousands of others, each helpless when alone, a hundred families can produce results which could not have been obtained by the individual labour of a thousand. But the instant the moving power that animates one of these great bodies ceases to act—the instant the engine ceases to be supplied with water, or the factory with capital—the component parts lose their mutual support, and, with that support, their value. The engine becomes old iron, the spinners and weavers become paupers.

It might be supposed, that classes exposed to such contingencies, would save in their prosperity a fund to support them in adversity. But such is not the habit of the English. They have not been accustomed, like their continental rivals, to treat their earnings as the means of further production, or even of future support. When wages are high, they work fewer hours and inhabit better houses; and, if there still remain a superfluity, the women and girls waste it in dress, and the men in drink or luxurious living. When wages fall, they endeavour to increase their earnings by more assiduous labour, and to economize, first in house-rent, then in dress, then in fuel, and ultimately in food. When their earnings become insufficient for a maintenance, they throw themselves on the parish. The virtue which they possess the least is providence.

We have already remarked, that the greatest of all improvidences is improvident marriage. But among many classes, perhaps among most classes, of mere labourers, although it may be clear that the usual period of marriage is far too early, and that the welfare of the whole body would be much promoted if that period were generally retarded, it is difficult to say that any given marriage is improvident. The great object of machinery is to supply strength and skill; its great triumph is to render the labour of women and children as efficient as that of men; and in many extensive branches of manufacture this has been effected. A girl of eighteen can attend to a power-loom as well as a full grown man; a child of thirteen is more valuable as a piecer than an adult—its touch is more sensitive, and its sight is more acute. A factory lad of eighteen who marries a factory girl of the same age, finds himself immediately richer; and although he may be pinched during some of the following years, yet as each child attains the age of nine years it can earn more than its support; and the earnings of three children between the ages of nine and sixteen can, in prosperous times, support the whole family. It was under the influence of this enormous stimulus, with some assistance from immigration, that the population of our manufacturing districts increased during the thirty years that elapsed between

1801 and 1831—the last period for which the returns are published—at a rate equalled only in some portions of America. During the ten years between 1801 to 1811, the population of Lancashire increased at the rate of 23 per cent; during the next ten years at the rate of 27 per cent; and during the last ten years also at the rate of 27 per cent. That of Lanark increased at the rate of 31 per cent in the first period; of 27 per cent in the second; and of 30 per cent in the third. At the beginning of that period, in 1801 the two most populous counties in Scotland were Lanark and Perth; the former containing 146,000 inhabitants, the latter 126,000. At the end of the period, in 1831, Lanark contained 316,000, and Perth only 142,000. While the population of the manufacturing county increased at the rate of more than 100 per cent, that of the agricultural district increased at the rate of less than 14 per cent. During the same period, the population of the North Riding of Yorkshire, a district chiefly agricultural, rose from 158,000 to 190,000; that of the West Riding, a manufacturing district, from 565,000 to 976,000.

It is scarcely necessary to remark how much the habits which we have described, must aggravate the sufferings incident to any serious interruption of our manufactures. The millions whom we have crowded into densely-peopled districts, are accustomed not merely to prosperity, but to constantly advancing prosperity. All their calculations assume a constantly increasing demand for labour—a demand which shall absorb a supply quite unrestrained by any prudential checks. A painful question follows, as to the temper and the conduct which may be expected from them under a reversed state of circumstances. If the demand for British manufactures, instead of increasing, should diminish; if the new swarm of candidates which every year throws into the labour-market should be rejected; if the employment of all should become precarious; if many establishments should be discontinued, and others give work only for three or four days a-week; if the wages for this diminished and irregular work should themselves be diminished; if a family, accustomed to earn forty shillings a-week, and to a proportionate expenditure, should fall to an income of nine or ten shillings, and no prospect of improvement were afforded—what, we repeat, is the temper and the conduct to be expected from the sufferers? Are they likely to treat these evils as mere calamities, or as injuries? If as injuries, are their habits likely to induce them to patience, or to attempts at redress, or resistance? If patience is not to be expected from them, are their struggles likely to be formidable?

We fear that, to every one of these questions, we must give an alarming answer.

If the commercial policy of the British legislature had been prudent, or barely impartial; if our rulers had been wise enough to know, that in a state of freedom industry will spontaneously take the most productive course; or just enough to feel, that interference in favour of one class of producers, or one class of proprietors, to the injury of any other class, or of the community in general, is injustice, even if it be not folly; if, in pursuance of these principles, they had allowed every man to exert himself in the mode which he thought most advantageous, the Government might have to deplore the misfortunes of trade, but could not be held responsible for them. Or if it had been guilty of interference, but had interfered only from ignorance; if errors of judgment had been the only errors of which it could be accused; if the members of the legislature could not be charged with direct selfishness; if they could not be accused of legislating, at the expense of the public, for the benefit, or supposed benefit, of the class to which they belong, though the detection of their mistakes might lower them in public estimation, it would not occasion public resentment.

It is scarcely necessary to state at length how far each of these assumptions is from the truth.

For centuries, the Government has laboured to fetter and misdirect the industry of the people. Instead of confining itself to its true task of defending its subjects from foreign and domestic violence and fraud, it has taken on itself the task of rendering them, or of rendering certain classes of them, rich. It has dictated to them what they shall produce, and to whom they shall sell, and what they shall purchase, and to what markets they shall resort. It has considered the whole body of consumers as a prey to be sacrificed to any class, or to any section of a class, that chose to ask for a monopoly. And when one class has complained of the privileges granted to another, it has bribed it into acquiescence by allowing it to inflict a further injustice on the public. In order to benefit the class engaged in exporting supplies to the colonies, it prohibits or restricts the direct trade between the colonies and foreign countries. In order to induce the colonies to submit to these prohibitions and restrictions, it prohibits or restricts the importation into the British islands of foreign colonial commodities, the public suffering by each set of rules; first, by being confined to the market of the British colonies; and secondly, by those colonies being stunted, and that market rendered still more unfavourable by the restrictions laid on the colonies. To benefit the lumberers of Canada, and the owners of some old vessels fit only for the American timber trade, it imposes duties from 500 to 100 per cent on the

best timber, because it is the cheapest; duties not only not productive, but positively injurious to the revenue. To reconcile the shipowners to the additional expense of about 15 per cent thus imposed on British ship-building, it imposes higher duties on the same commodities when imported in a foreign than in a British ship. To benefit the British tanner, it subjects foreign tanned leather to a prohibitory duty; and it purchases the silence of the manufacturers who use leather for their material, by imposing prohibitory duties on almost every foreign commodity, of which leather forms a part. The favourites, of course, of the legislature, have been the landowners, the class to which they themselves belong. The importation of cattle, sheep, swine, beef, lamb, mutton, and pork, they absolutely prohibit; and on grain, they impose duties which, on an average, raise the price of bread 20 per cent;—which cramp our trade, which convert our customers into our rivals, which lower wages, and, what is perhaps a still greater evil in a society constituted as ours is, render employment uncertain.

If this has been the conduct of the rulers of this country, we repeat the question, what is likely to be the conduct of their subjects if such a reverse as we have alluded to should occur? When they are told, and told with truth, that the government has ventured to assume the direction of manufactures and trade; when they are told, and truly told, that it has used this monstrous usurpation for the benefit, or the supposed benefit, not of the many, but of the few; when they find, that of all the monopolies which it has conferred, that which it enforces most rigidly, and maintains most pertinaciously, is the monopoly of food; when they find, that this is the monopoly which inflicts on them the most suffering, and gives, or is intended to give, to the governing class the greatest immediate profit—are they likely to endure it as a misfortune or to resent it as an injury? If they resent it, we repeat, what form is their resentment likely to take—sulky submission, or fierce struggles for redress? and, in the latter alternative, to what degree are they formidable?

These questions scarcely require an answer. The manufacturing population of Great Britain consists of many millions of persons concentrated in towns, or in districts as populous as towns, accustomed to political discussion; with their own leaders and their own press; organized in combinations, with executive, deliberative, and corresponding officers; with funds for the separate purposes of each distinct society, and for the general purposes of the united societies; and trained, by a long and successful contest against the combination laws, to elude or to defy the authority of the state. Such a population is formidable even in prosperity;

it would become doubly formidable in adversity, even though that adversity arose from causes involving no blame to the government. But if it were miserable, and could trace its misery directly to the legislature; if it could accuse the governing body, not of error, but of oppression and robbery; if it felt itself sacrificed to the rents of landlords, and to the profits of sugar planters and timber merchants—what limits can we assign to its passions or to its violence? Are we sure that our wealth, our political greatness, or even our constitution, would come out safely from such a struggle?

We are grieved to come forward as alarmists. We deplore the necessity, and do not much like the character; but we believe that the dangers which we have hypothetically suggested are really imminent; and we feel it to be a duty to state to the public the grounds of our conviction.

At the conclusion of the war, we possessed a commercial and manufacturing supremacy which no other nation has ever attained. Positively, indeed, neither our trade nor our industry were nearly as extensive as they are now; nor was it possible that they should be so when our population did not exceed two-thirds of its present amount. But relatively to other nations they were much greater. We had enjoyed internal peace while every country in Europe had been laid waste by war, and every capital had been held by an enemy. We had become the workshop of the world, and the rest of the world seemed willing to continue a relation from which it benefited as much as ourselves. But for this purpose our own consent was necessary. If we wished to sell, we must buy; if we wished to increase our sales in proportion to our increasing population, we must increase our purchases in the same proportion. Our first act was to establish a corn law. We say to *establish* a corn law; for that which previously existed had, from the altered value of money, become nominal. By the memorable law of 1815, the law to which our subsequent calamities and our present dangers may be traced, the importation of wheat was absolutely prohibited when it was under the famine price of 80s. a quarter. Butcher's meat we absolutely prohibited, whatever might be its price. Next to meat and bread – indeed, in as far as the majority of our population is concerned, next to bread—the most important article of food is sugar. We imposed on all foreign sugar prohibitory duties. The north of Europe, then the great market for our manufactures, and within a week's sail from our shores, sold to us the best timber and at the cheapest rate; the Canadas, a distant, thinly-peopled country, offered us timber almost worthless for building purposes, and at a much higher price. By imposing differential duties, rising

from 100 to 500 per cent, we forced the community to resort to the bad customer instead of the good one—to use the distant market instead of the near one—to take the inferior instead of the superior commodity, and to pay for it a larger price. We repealed in words most of our prohibitions, except where food was concerned; but still subjected foreign manufactures to duties scarcely ever falling below 20 per cent on their value—that is, on their value here; all expenses of commission and conveyance being added to their original cost, and generally rising above that extravagant rate.

It is difficult to say what would have been the whole effects of these regulations, if foreign nations had submitted to them. That they must have been highly mischievous, is indeed obvious. As every regular trade is a trade of barter—as every thing that we regularly import is, in fact, received in exchange for British manufactures which we export—every obstacle to importation must be an obstacle to exportation. Every diminution of demand for foreign commodities, must be a diminution of demand for the British commodities with which the foreign commodities would have been purchased. They must therefore, under any circumstances, have retarded the growth of our manufactures and commerce. Still, if we had been able to force foreign nations to take our commodities, and to pay for them in the forms which we chose to approve, our condition, though far less favourable than it would have been under a system of free trade, would still have been safe. But for this purpose we must have been able to apply to them the treatment which drove our North American colonies to resistance and separation. We must have been able to prohibit them from manufacturing for themselves, or from trading with any manufacturing country except ourselves. To do this was quite in the spirit of our commercial policy; but, luckily for the rest of the world, we had not the power. The agriculturists whose produce we rejected, of course turned their surplus labour and their surplus capital towards manufactures. 'You taxed us,' said a New-Englander, 'into independence, you fought us into a maritime power, and 'you now enact that we shall be manufacturers.'

The new interests which our folly had created, followed our example where we were wrong more eagerly than where we were right. They saw that our industry had flourished in the midst of prohibitions and restrictions, and they believed that it had flourished in consequence of them. To these fetters they gave the name of protection, and called on their governments to impose them. Their governments, with the instinctive love of regulation and restraint by which every govern-

ment is infested, were ready enough to answer the call. In one country indeed, whose staple produce, since it interfered with no class interest of our own, we freely admitted, those who benefited by our commerce resisted the alteration. The southern Anglo-American states, whose cotton and tobacco we consent to receive, would have separated from the Union if the Anti-British tariff of 1828 had been persisted in; and if we had continued to receive the flour of the northern states, that tariff would never have been imposed. But we deserved no such support from any European people. Foreign legislatures could lay no duties on our products, they could impose no restrictions on our commerce, which they could not justify, and more than justify, by our own example. A network of tariffs is gradually excluding us from our nearest and natural customers—our European neighbours; and confining us to our own colonies and dependencies—to the semi-barbarians of Africa and Asia, and to the young communities of America. We cannot illustrate this part of our subject more effectually, than by the following extract from the truly admirable and statesmanlike speech of Lord Palmerston, mentioned at the head of this article—

'Protection is a game that two can play at. It is impossible that a great country like England can go on protecting, as it is called, its various interests, and that other countries should not follow the example. Can we tell other countries that they ought to diminish the duties of their tariff; that competition is the very life of trade; that emulation inspires activity and enterprize; and that without enterprize and activity commerce can never flourish, nor be beneficial to those who carry it on? can we hold these doctrines to other nations, and at the same time persist in our own restrictive system? When we propound these civil principles to foreign governments, they listen to our arguments with incredulity; they appeal from our doctrines to our practice; they point to our own tariff, and tell us in diplomatic paraphrase, "when you alter your own commercial system; when you bring down to a moderate amount your excessive import duties, we may become converts to your doctrines, and shall be ready to talk with you about a revision of our own tariff."

'I have had to discuss these matters with most of the foreign states with which we have commercial relations, and they are all in the same story. They invariably give us to understand, that when we ask them to permit a more liberal admission of our manufactured goods into their markets, we ought to set them the example by allowing a more liberal admission of their produce into our market. Commerce, they observe, is a system of barter; and if we exclude from our ports their corn, their timber, their sugar, their coffee, every great article, in short, of their produce, which they could offer us in exchange for our commodities, how can we suppose that they can carry on trade with us?

'I have said that one great evil of our restrictive system is, that it

induces other states to fancy that it is the secret of our prosperity, and that it sets them to imitate our example. Is this an imaginary evil? far from it. In proportion as the increase of communication between countries in time of peace has enabled every country to be better informed as to what is going on elsewhere, other nations have seen more deeply into the details of our restrictive system, and have been tempted, some by ignorance, some by prejudice, some from a spirit of retaliation, to imitate our example.

'First, there is the Prussian Commercial Union, which has spread itself over almost all of the central and northern states of Germany. That league has just renewed itself by treaty for twelve years from 1842. Next year their deputies will meet for the purpose of revising their tariff; and this House and the country deceive themselves greatly, if they imagine that a perseverance in our restrictive system, and in our prohibiting duties, will not induce the German League to continue their present high duties upon our manufactures, and perhaps to increase those duties in such a manner as to shut our commodities out from the whole of that part of the market of Europe. Russia and Sweden prohibit a great number of our manufactures; and when we ask them to relax their tariff, they say, take our corn and timber, and then we will talk with you about admitting your manufactures into our ports. About two years ago, Sweden sent over here a nobleman of high distinction, and of great influence in his own country, for the purpose of endeavouring to come to some agreement with us for a mutual modification of the tariffs of the two countries; but timber was our stumbling-block; and we had no hope at that time of being able to carry through Parliament any arrangement of our timber duties, that would have met the views of the Swedish government; we had had a mortifying experience, but a short time before, of the manner in which any proposition of that kind was likely to be dealt with in this House. France, which ought to be a great market for our commodities; France, a country so near to us, producing many things which we want, and wanting many things which we produce; France has a tariff which excludes many of our principal manufactures. But France will not alter her tariff unless we alter ours. As an instance of the extent to which this mania of protection rages, France, not content with prohibiting our cotton goods, and excluding by high duties our iron, has lately descended to a minuteness of protection which would be ludicrous, if it were not an indication of the force of existing prejudices on these matters. France has lately laid an excluding duty upon our needles and fish-hooks, for the purpose of protecting that important branch of her own national industry! The Belgians, too, are running wild with the notion of protection, and are for excluding, by protecting duties, almost every thing which the industry of man can make.

'When you preach to these foreign nations the absurdity of such practices, they reply:—It is all very well; but we observe that England has grown wealthy and great by these means, and it is only now, when other nations are following her example, that she has discovered that this system is a bad one: when we shall have attained the same pitch of commercial prosperity which England has reached, it will then be time enough

for us to a abandon a system which perhaps may then no longer be necessary. It is in vain we tell these people that England has grown great and prosperous, not by means of this fallacious and mischievous system, but in spite of it. It is in vain we tell them that this protective system has checked our growth, and has prevented the full development of our national resources. Until we prove by our practice that we are sincere in our doctrines, neither France, nor Belgium, nor Germany, nor Russia, nor Sweden, nor any other country in either hemisphere, will be induced to relax their own restrictive and prohibitory laws.

'The United States of America have imitated our example, and have established a protecting tariff. The ill effects of this tariff upon the commerce between these two countries, has been mitigated by the circumstance that the Southern States are chiefly agricultural, and have few or no manufactures to protect; and that thus the protecting tariff of the north cannot prevent a great trade between the two countries—the result of which is to send over to us vast quantities of that slave labour cotton, which all parties have acknowledged is so essential for us to have, and which it would be impossible for us to do without. Yet no man can doubt that, if England and the United States were mutually to revise their scales of import duties, the commerce between the two countries would greatly increase. But are the United States the only country in America where this vicious system has taken root? Mexico is following the example—and who, does the House think, are the parties who have petitioned the Mexican government for protection against the importation of British manufactures into Mexico? Why, some renegade sons of England, who have established manufactories in Mexico, and who are endeavouring to prevail upon the Mexican government to exclude, by high protecting duties, British manufactures of the same kind as those which they are themselves making. Such is the course which our restrictive system induces other countries to take.

'And what, then, is the state of our trade generally with other countries? It is quite true, as stated by the right hon. bart. the member for Tamworth, that there is nothing in the condition of our foreign trade to inspire despondency; I trust that the resources of the country are too deeply rooted to be withered even by this vicious system, though it prevents their full growth and development. But if you examine and analyse our foreign trade, you will trace in it remarkable proofs of the injurious effects of this system. You will see how these protecting laws cramp the industry of the country. Every year a smaller and smaller portion of the manufactures which we export, consists of articles in the making of which much labour and skill are employed. Every year a greater portion of our exports consists of articles of an elementary nature, which are not destined for use and consumption, but are to serve as materials which are to afford employment to the foreign manufacturers. For instance, the exportation of cotton goods does not increase in the same proportion as the exportation of yarn. Then, again, look to our artisan and capitalist. Both of them are leaving the country. The capitalist goes elsewhere, with the notion of finding cheaper labour: the artisan with the hope of obtaining better remuneration for his industry.

Every year our protecting system is raising up against us, in other parts of the world, manufacturing competitors; and every year British skill, British industry, and British capital, are transferring themselves abroad, to render the competition of foreign countries more and more formidable. We are thus ourselves assisting to exclude our own commerce from the markets of other countries. If this system is persevered in, we shall at last come down to that spendthrift industry, which is to consist in exporting machinery as well as the elements of manufactures; and when our exports consist of capital, skill, industry, machinery, and materials, we shall no doubt wonder how it happens that our finished manufactures are no longer able to compete with those of other countries in the markets of the world.'

We are induced to add another extract from a different production; because it shows that, even without the interference of foreign governments, our own Commercial Code is enough to destroy our commerce. It forms part of a letter from Mr Muller of Lubeck, inserted by Mr Hickson in his Report to the Hand-Loom Commissioners.

'Although our agricultural neighbours in Mecklenburg and Holstein complain much about the present system of corn laws in England, yet all our manufacturers are happy to see them continued. They hope soon to be able to push the English entirely out of foreign markets, and to furnish themselves all the articles we still import from England. If your corn laws remain *in statu quo*, it may be taken for granted that in ten or fifteen years there will be very little demand for English manufactures on the Continent. If a free trade, as formerly, could be re-established in corn, the landowners would soon augment their wheat fields, secure to themselves by it a constant revenue, and be able to purchase and consume a great deal of British manufactures of all kinds. Mecklenburg and Holstein alone, with 1,000,000 inhabitants, would become important customers of England.

'I cannot understand the policy of your government, by which, while you ruin us, you injure yourselves at the same time. England is essentially a manufacturing country; we were agricultural, and were content to pay you with our corn for your manufactures; now you refuse to take our corn, and, as we have nothing else with which to buy, you compel us to manufacture for ourselves. The policy you are pursuing, is making the whole German people your rivals instead of your customers. Cloth manufactories, hemp and flax spinning-works, iron founderies, and hardware manufacture, are increasing rapidly among us, and your cotton trade must expect to compete more and more with continental establishments. Every year adds to the number of steam-mills in Germany; and every acre laid down in pasture transfers some of our cheap labour, by which you might be fed, to manufactures, which, ultimately driving yours out of the market, will cause a large portion of your industrial population to starve.

'To your corn laws must be attributed the Prussian League, by which your manufactures are already excluded the greater portion of the German States. By-and-by, you will not have a market left in Europe. At

present, however, not only the Hanse Towns of Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen, but the large provinces of Holstein, Mecklenburg, and Lauenburg, admit all British manufactures free of duty. But of what avail is it that we are ready to receive your manufactures, when our farmers and peasants have nothing to buy them with but the produce of the soil? Receive our corn, and we will in a year or two receive thrice the quantity of goods we do at present. Besides coal, slates, salt, cutlery, earthenware, for which we have always a ready market, there are many articles we should be glad to purchase with corn from Great Britain and Ireland, which we can obtain from other countries only for gold.'

'Perhaps the most formidable competition we have to anticipate,' adds Mr Hickson, 'is from the United States of America. By diverting their attention from agriculture, we have made a manufacturing and commercial nation of a people of the same habits of industry, the same spirit of enterprise, with ourselves. Already has their progress been so great, that the export trade of America is increasing in a ratio four times greater than our own. I see nothing to prevent their foreign commerce exceeding that of the United Kingdom within less than another twenty years. With the great advantage of cheap food, the current of emigration will constantly be directed thither. America is regarded by many of our artisans as their second home. There many of their friends are settled, and our best workmen are at all times much more easily induced to follow a capitalist to America, where their own language is spoken, than to France or Germany. High wages in the United States, it is supposed, will be an obstacle to manufacturing progress; but this is really a very slight impediment where machinery is employed in manufactures. Nor is the difference between the wages of skilled artisans here and in America very great; they are high in both countries. The difference in America is less in favour of the mechanic than of the day-labourer; and for working cotton-spinning and power-loom machinery physical strength is not required, and the labour of women and children can be obtained as cheaply in America as in Lancashire. Miss Martineau states, that in Boston the earnings of young women, at needlework, are but 9d. per day.

'The progress already made in power-loom weaving in the United States, proves that, in this respect, they have encountered no difficulties which cannot be overcome. Mr Galbreath, of the firm of Johnstone and Galbreath, Glasgow, told me that he was informed, upon authority upon which he could depend, that already there were at Lowel 4800 power-looms in full operation. Mr Galbreath had been led to enquire into the subject, finding American cotton cloth competing with his own at Canton; and at Valparaiso, monopolizing nearly the whole of the trade. He was in the habit of exporting largely, but foreign competition was fast gaining upon him in every third or neutral market.'

We repeat that we are sorry to appear as alarmists; but do not the foregoing statements justify alarm? Who can read them and doubt, that, on the event of the contest now raging between the principles of Monoply and Freedom, not merely the imme-

diate prosperity of the country—not merely the question, whether the labouring population shall or shall not consume sugar, or shall or shall not be taxed 20 per cent on their bread, or whether the higher classes shall submit to an income-tax in peace—but the extension, and even the maintenance of our manufactures and commerce; and with those manufactures and commerce, the permanence of our welfare, of our institutions, we might almost say of our civilization, essentially depends.

The early progress of any nation that attempts to rival us in manufactures, must be slow. It has to contend with our vast capital, our mineral wealth, our traditionary skill, our almost infinite division of labour, our long-established perseverance, energy, and enterprise, our knowledge of markets, and with the habits of those who have been bred up to be our customers. There is no reason to believe that, in the absence of disturbing causes, we should ever have lost a market that we once possessed, or should ever lose one which we now enjoy. In the absence of disturbing causes, we might for centuries have preserved the superiority which we possessed twenty years ago, and might even now look forward for centuries to come to an export trade, not merely undiminishing, but increasing with the general increase of wealth and population in the civilized world. But if the products of a rival once meet us in any third market upon an equality, it is a proof that all these difficulties have been surmounted. If they shall once have obtained a superiority, that market, so far at least as respects the commodity in which we find ourselves undersold, is gone for ever. 'We find by 'experience,' said Mr Gardner, (a very intelligent manufacturer, examined by the Committee of the House of Commons on Hand-Loom Weavers in 1835,) 'that if we lose a market one year, 'we lose it altogether. It is not well to trifle with trade: by 'trying experiments for only one year, we might shut ourselves 'out. Once in possession of the market, they would keep 'it.' The explanation is to be found in the well known law of manufacturing industry, that, *cæteris paribus*, with every increase of the quantity produced the relative cost of production is diminished; and, what is the same in different words, that with every diminution of the quantity produced the relative cost of production is increased. The larger the production the greater is the division of labour, and consequently the skill of the workman, the smaller the expense of superintendence, the more extensive the use of machinery; in short, every element of production becomes relatively more efficient, and every source of expense is relatively diminished. Hence it is that the price of a manufactured commodity falls as the consumption of

it extends. Hence also the difference between the sum at which a large contract can be made, and that which must be paid on a small one. A single pin could not be made for a shilling—when they are made by millions, a shilling can purchase them by hundreds. 'The instant, therefore, that any given class of manufacturers 'begin to feel that their competitors are outstripping them—'the instant they find that commodities similar to their own 'meet them in the market at a lower price—that instant they 'ought to know that they are engaged in a contest which, if its ele-'ments continue the same, must terminate ruinously. If they can 'change those elements, they may perhaps regain their ground. 'But, if they are unable to do so, their relative inferiority must 'become more striking every year. The less they produce the 'greater will be the relative cost of the produce; while the more 'their rivals produce, the less will be their relative cost of pro-'duction. First comes a fall of profits, next a reduction of 'wages, then irregular employment even at reduced wages, 'until the capitalist is ruined, or forced to change his business 'or the seat of his manufacture, and the workman must follow 'his example, or be supported by charity.'*

'As soon as I hear that a bale of my goods,' said an eminent manufacturer to us some four years ago, 'is met in the markets of 'China or Peru by a similar article from Germany at a lower 'price, that instant I remove my establishment to the Tyrol: 'for I shall know well what is to follow.' The warning was given, and our informant acted on it; and his skill and his capital are now using the fine water powers of the Voralberg, to aid the competition which he did not choose to encounter even when it was weaker. The contest indeed, in some respects, resembles a civil war: the force that was to-day on one side, may to-morrow, if the chances of success appear to have altered, be found on the other. The capital which to-day employs hundreds or thousands of British workmen, may to-morrow not merely leave them unemployed, but actually be on its way to set to work hundreds or thousands of their continental rivals.

It is obvious that, under such circumstances, not merely years, but even months become important. The evils, the dangers, are not only progressive, but progressive in an accelerated ratio. The cloud which long remained a mere speck on the horizon, has now rapidly dilated, and may break while we are calculating the rate of its approach.

It is with deep alarm, therefore, that we have observed the sluggishness of public opinion on this subject. The manufac-

* Report of the Commissioners on Hand-Loom Weavers.

turing districts, notwithstanding their vast population, are of comparatively small extent, and lie at a distance from the metropolis. Until the Reform Act they were almost totally unrepresented, and even now they possess a representation grossly inadequate. The receivers of rents, tithes, dividends and salaries, are scattered throughout the country: they form, with colonial proprietors, professional men, and the more opulent merchants and bankers, almost the whole educated society of Britain and Ireland. In that society the manufacturers do not mix. They must reside among their works and their work-people, in neighbourhoods from which coal-mines and steam-engines have banished all whom business does not detain. Of their situation, their wants, their feelings, or their sufferings, little is known in one House of Parliament, and nothing in the other, and scarcely any thing by the community at large. The consequence has been, that the dangers which we have described can hardly be said to have attracted public attention. The great majority of the higher classes have never heard of them. Others, and we lament to find Sir Robert Peel among the number, disbelieve, or affect to disbelieve, their existence; and of those who know that there is peril, very few appear to be aware of its magnitude or its imminence. It seemed probable, therefore, that on this occasion, as it has often happened before while escape was possible, the danger would not be known or appreciated; and that, as we repealed the Stamp Act after the North American colonies were lost—as we emancipated the Catholics after the affection of Ireland was forfeited—so we should liberalize our Commercial Code when the preservation of our trade had become impossible. Then, indeed, when half our mills are stopped, and the others are working short time—when the ruin which has fallen on the hand-loom weavers shall have spread to the spinners, the power-loom weavers, the shipbuilders, and the numberless trades that depend on our exports for their existence—when Manchester and Birmingham have to pray for rates in aid from the surrounding parishes, and can justify their application by showing their absolute inability to support their own poor—then, the voice of starving millions will be heard. Corn laws, and timber laws, and sugar laws, and differential duties, and sliding scales, will be swept away. But would these be the only sacrifices? Are we sure that the Peerage, or the Church, or even the Monarchy, could resist the storm? Even if the worst extremities should be avoided, still the mischiefs of a sudden and total change, effected by such means, would be unutterable; and, in all probability, they would be endured in vain. Commerce and manufactures fly from the seat of a revolution: they languish under the mere fears of a revolution. In agricultural countries, like Spain or

France, revolution, though it destroys the happiness and the morals of the existing generation, yet, in as far at least as the educated classes are concerned, it may leave the elements of future prosperity unimpaired. For Great Britain there are no such hopes; with her capital frightened away, and her fixed machinery destroyed, the value of her labour would sink at least to the general level of Europe. She might open her ports to corn, but she would be unable to purchase it; she might repeal her timber duties, but she would cease to be a great maritime power; she would become the abode of a potatoe-eating population, dense and miserable, and therefore formidable to its governors, but defenceless against exterior aggression. Under such circumstances could we retain our colonies? could we retain our Indian Empire? could we retain the union with Ireland? could we keep faith with the public creditor? could we preserve the resemblance of our present power, or of our present prosperity?

Under the influence of such apprehensions, we saw with little regret the continuing deficiency in the revenue. It afforded means of forcing the public to look at the state of our trade, and at the monstrous code by which it is fettered. And, what is of far more practical importance, it afforded the means of saying to classes, and even to individuals—'Unless you will consent to 'allow us to increase the revenue by diminishing duties, we 'must tax you. If you wish sugar to continue at 8d. a pound, 'or bread at 9d. a loaf, you must pay for those blessings by a 'tax of L.50 on your house, or perhaps L.500 on your income.' Lord John Russell, in the remarkable speech mentioned at the head of this article, stated, that to meet the deficiency of L.2,400,000 in the income of the present year, the Government had only four courses to pursue,—1. By petty taxation to make up a part of the deficiency, providing, of course, for the remainder By the issue of Exchequer bills—that is, by borrowing. 2d, To raise the whole by a loan. 3dly, To add greatly to the direct taxation of the country; and 4thly, By diminishing prohibitory import duties, at one and the same time to increase the revenue, and increase the comforts of the people. In fact, however, these four expedients are reducible to two—increased taxation and improved taxation; for borrowing is merely taxation deferred, to fall, when it does come, with the severity of compound interest. If we meet this year's deficit of L.2,400,000 by borrowing at 4 per cent, the deficit next year will be L.2,496,000; being the deficit of the year and the interest of the loan—and that L.96,000 will be a burden imposed on the country for ever. A loan, therefore, this year, if the events of the last two months should occasion the adoption of such a course, will render it necessary

to raise next year, and indeed for an indefinite period, L.2,496,000 a-year by taxation, either increased or improved, instead of L.2,400,000. The delay of a single year will cost the country, for ever, more than three times as much as the annual grant for the purposes of Education; and nearly twice as much as the annual expense of the Poor-Law Commission—an expense which has been the pretext for so many petitions.

Many circumstances concurred to render more than usually perceptible the advantage of adopting improved instead of increased taxation. A series of crops, all rather inferior to the usual average in amount, and some in quality, had materially raised the price of wheat, particularly of good wheat. A diminished supply of sugar from our own possessions—the supply to which our present tariff confines us—had increased, in a still greater proportion, the price of sugar. Commercial difficulties, arising in a great measure from the irregular importation of corn, occasioned by the fluctuating duty, aided by the tendency of a high price of provisions to produce a low rate of wages, had occasioned distress so extensive as almost to deserve to be called universal among the largest body of our labourers—those engaged in manufactures. Their employment had become irregular, and their wages, when employed, had fallen; while the prices of the commodities on which their wages are chiefly expended, had risen. The Report and the Evidence of the Committee of the House of Commons on 'Import Duties,' had produced a deep and wide impression. Although the worst effects of the protective system—the growing danger to which it exposes our export trade—was little understood—we believe, indeed, that it is little understood even now; yet the immediate effects of that system on the price of the principal articles of consumption, and on the revenue, began to be perceived. The public began to see, that, as to many of those articles, the best market was absolutely barred against them; and that, as to many others, it was mischievously confined. They began to perceive that they were suffering under an oppressive *taxation*, not merely without benefit to the revenue, but to its loss. Whatever may be the burdens imposed on the inhabitants of the British empire for the purposes of external security, or for those of internal tranquillity and improvement, or of fidelity to our engagements, they will be cheerfully submitted to. Nothing will be grudged for the maintenance of the public faith, or for the keeping up our military and naval establishments; for the proper splendour of the monarchy; for the support of the ministers of religion and justice; or for the extension of education. The sacrifices necessary for these purposes

will be readily undergone. But men became indignant when they found that the taxation under which they were labouring, instead of increasing the revenue devoted to these great objects, actually diminished it; when they found that a loss of twenty or thirty millions to the consumer, produced a further loss of five or six millions to the exchequer.

The feeling which, in this country, is a necessary precursor to any great change—the feeling that that change was necessary and inevitable—began to prevail. And its extension was most powerfully assisted by the consideration which forced itself even on the most careless minds—what must be the alternative while that change was deferred. The deficit existed and was increasing. An income tax, a duty on the devolution of land, a house tax, an increased window tax, further duties on horses, servants, and carriages—such were the expedients which, though they might be delayed by loans, only to be aggravated, must be ultimately resorted to. At length it seemed probable that the cause of that helpless body, the great mass of her Majesty's subjects, might be taken up with some prospect of success. At length it seemed probable, that a BUDGET which would relieve our financial difficulties by adding to our comforts—which would benefit the Exchequer by benefiting the consumer—might be accepted for the sake of its immediate and palpable effects; although its still greater but more remote advantages—the security which it would give to our existing commerce, and the avenues which it would open to the extension of our trade—might be unperceived or undervalued. And while these circumstances rendered the late Session an eminently favourable opportunity for proposing such a Budget, there were others which rendered its early adoption peculiarly important. Our commercial treaty with Brazil was entered into for fifteen years; expiring in 1842, on two years' notice. Under the provisions of that treaty, they admit our commodities at a duty not exceeding fifteen per cent *ad valorem*. It contains no stipulation as to the amount of duty to which we may subject theirs; and on their staple, sugar, we impose one of 300 per cent. They have testified their disapprobation, by giving the earliest possible notice for the termination of the treaty. In 1842, also, the United States of America must reconsider their tariff. The admission of their grain would secure the votes of the corn-growing states, and prevent any alteration unfavourable to us; as it would have prevented, according to the opinion of our minister, Mr Addington, the original enactment of its objectionable parts. Our commercial relations with these great countries—the best foreign markets left to us—

cannot remain stationary. We stand in the remarkable position of being able to make to them concessions, as they are called, which will be still more beneficial to ourselves; and to ask from them concessions by which they will be gainers. Such a favourable field for commercial diplomacy was never opened before. Another ground for immediate action was the state of feeling in Northern Germany. The states forming the north-western German Commercial League—a league adopting the tariff which, next to that of Switzerland, is the most liberal in Europe—were at the beginning of the Session proposing the prolongation of the league. The following extract from the Report of the Commissioners on Hand-Loom Weavers, shows the use which might be made of this state of things :—

'The treaty is not yet complete, and we are strongly of opinion that a favourable opportunity now exists for an arrangement between your Majesty's Government and the countries constituting the North-Western League, which would be beneficial in its immediate results, and still more so by the example which its benefits would in time hold out to the rest of Germany. A very few concessions on our part, and still fewer, if indeed any be required, on theirs, would produce an increase of commerce between the two countries, which would be useful to us, but of course much more so, from the proportion it would bear to the rest of their commerce, to the countries constituting the North-Western League. To the influence of such an example we attach great importance. The questions whether freedom of commerce is or is not a public benefit—whether what is called protection is or not a public mischief—are no longer considered in Germany by those alone who make political science their study. They are canvassed by merchants, manufacturers, and, what is still more important, by consumers. In every part of Germany in which the individual interests of local manufacturers do not prevail, not merely a belief in the superior advantages of free trade, but an earnest desire for it, is extending. This is particularly the case in the smaller states constituting the North-Western League, in the Hans Towns, and the Grand Duchies of Mecklenburg, and in the vast regions forming the Austrian empire. In general, it will be found that the benefits of commerce are best understood in the smaller states: because the less the state the greater is the proportion which its foreign commerce is likely to bear to its home trade, and also, because in a small community the effect of every institution is more obvious. Russia, France, and England, all without doubt suffer from their restrictive systems, and all would be benefited by a change; but among the many causes which affect the prosperity of such vast and complicated bodies, the effect of any single one is not easily ascertained or easily demonstrated. In the simply constituted communities of the Hans Towns, or the Duchies of Mecklenburg, or even of Hanover, the influence of a single change becomes immediately perceptible. On the other hand, in the greater part of the Austrian empire there is as yet no manufacturing interest which can ask for protection at the public expense. She cannot supply her own actual consumption

of manufactured goods, much less could she supply those which she would be desirous and able to consume, if a more extensive export of the produce of her own fields, pastures, forests, and mines, afforded to her the means of purchasing them.

'If the result of a negotiation with the North-Western League were a freer intercourse between the two countries, and if the benefits derived by the people constituting that league were, as we have no doubt they would be, obvious and notorious, we are firmly convinced that there would arise, throughout the vast and productive dominions of Austria, a desire for an increased intercourse with this country, which the Austrian government would not be able, and we think would not be desirous, to oppose.'

It was obvious, however, that to propose such a Budget, was to place at the mercy of the opposition the ministerial majority in the existing House of Commons. If the opposition chose to resist it as a body, it was certain that they would be joined by ministerialists—fearing inconvenience to themselves or to their constituents from some portion of the scheme—sufficient in number to place the government in a minority. And it was probable that the opposition would be reinforced by the whimsical, irresolute individuals—the pest of a balanced state of parties, some voting without assignable motives, and others on motives that will not bear exposure—who, in a crisis, almost always assist the party which they profess most to disapprove.

There were however grounds, and strong grounds, for hoping that the opposition would refuse the party triumph which would be placed within their grasp. No man had denounced more firmly than their great leader the ruinous expedient of loans in time of peace; and it was not likely that he would be willing to incur the risk of having to signalize his resumption of office by severe additional taxation. He is known to be a friend of commercial freedom. What man of any intellectual eminence is not so? And he had not distinctly avowed that preference of a fluctuating to a fixed corn duty, to which he has since most unfortunately pledged himself. It was probable, therefore, that if he could restrain the ignorant and unscrupulous members of his party, he would follow the example set by the Whigs, when Mr Wallace and Mr Huskisson introduced reforms, which, without detracting from their great merit, were far less useful and less urgent than those in contemplation. We feel sure that Sir Robert Peel wanted the power, not the will, to act thus. The Cabinet seem to have thought it probable, or at least possible, that he had both the power and the will. Had they thought otherwise, it appears clear that they would have brought forward their Budget at an earlier period of the Session, when preparation could have been made for a dissolution before the Easter recess. But though they did

not despair of success, they must have felt that, as a party measure, it was a most dangerous one. The event depended on the patriotism of Sir Robert Peel and the discipline of his followers;—followers who despise him for his defects, and hate him for his merits. But, to use the words of Lord John Russell, they did not shrink from the resolution, when once its advantage to the country was agreed upon.

The first indication given to the public of the plan resolved on by the government, was the proposal for the revision of the customs in the West Indian and North American colonies, brought forward by Mr Labouchere on the 12th of March. Under the existing law, beef, pork, fish, coffee, cocoa-nuts, tea, raw sugar, molasses, and rum, when imported into those colonies from any foreign country, are still absolutely prohibited;—the commodities selected for exclusion being, as usual, the principal articles of food. On flour, timber, and lumber, duties are imposed varying from 20 per cent *ad valorem* to 40. On another class of commodities, few of which seem to deserve enumeration, an *ad valorem* duty of L.7, 10s. per cent is imposed; on glass, soap, refined sugar, tobacco, and cotton manufactures, a duty of 20 per cent; on clocks and watches, leather manufactures, linen, musical instruments, wires, books, papers, and silken manufactures, a duty of L.30 per cent; and on unenumerated manufactures a duty of 15 per cent.

In the room of this oppressive and anomalous tariff, Mr Labouchere proposed to give to the British colonies a freer trade than is enjoyed by any European nation, except Switzerland; indeed, practically, a much freer trade than that of Switzerland: for the Swiss trade is fettered by the transit duties imposed by the countries among which it has the misfortune to be imprisoned. The British colonies have for their neighbour, the sea. It would have placed them in the situation in which they themselves have proclaimed, that they can compete with the slave labour of the whole world.*

We have said that Mr Labouchere's proposals were an indication of the intentions of the government. The short conversation which followed their introduction, shows that those interested in monopolies took the alarm. Mr Palmer, the member for Essex, complained that these propositions carried out to its full extent the system of free trade—that every petition which fostered or supported free trade had the protection of the Secre-

* See Mr Burnley's speech in the *Trinidad Gazette* of the 11th Feb. 1841.

tary for the Colonies; and declared, with an almost ludicrous misuse of the word *protection*, that every class had the same right to be protected by the State against the competition of foreigners, which a child had to be protected by its parents, (we presume against violence.) Mr White, the member for Sunderland, rose in defence of the shipping interests, and claimed protection for them; because, to use his own words, 'the British cannot, *owing* 'to the timber duties, build their ships so cheaply, nor, with 'our present corn laws, can they victual them so cheaply as fo-'reigners, and therefore they cannot compete with foreigners.' And when they came again before the House, on the 5th of April, the apprehensions of the enemies of commercial freedom, that they formed only part of an extensive scheme of reform, became apparent. Mr Goulburn thought it very desirable that some information should be given to the House, as to the extent to which the principle of the resolutions was to be carried out. He thought that the inhabitants of the North American colonies might apprehend, that a similar change would be carried into effect with respect to the timber imported from those colonies into Great Britain. He was anxious to know whether this was not only one of a series of measures? Mr Palmer's fears had now ripened into a belief that, if these Resolutions were carried, they would be followed by an attack on the corn laws; and certainly Lord John Russell's answer was not calculated to allay these fears. 'The principle,' said Lord John Russell, 'on which the right hon. gentleman '(Mr Goulburn) seemed to proceed was, that you must give 'advantages to the British manufacturers against the colonies. 'The colonies must take *their* silk, leather, cotton, &c. Then 'the people of the colonies say, we feel ourselves aggrieved by 'this restriction. Then to satisfy *them* you say, they shall have 'advantages against the farmer and the labourer of the United 'Kingdom. Then the farmer and the labourer complain, and 'you, to satisfy *them*, give them advantages against the manu-'facturer—and so you go on in this vicious circle of constantly 'endeavouring to do something for the advantage of a particular 'class, instead of looking to the benefit of the whole community.'

When the leader of the ministeralists denounced so unreservedly the folly and the mischief of the protective system, it was clear that the Cabinet had resolved to attempt its reform. On the 30th of last April—a day which will long be memorable in English history—the long-expected Budget was brought forward. It turned, as all those who believed that the Ministers would do their duty had fully expected, on TIMBER, SUGAR, and CORN. With

respect to timber, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to diminish the enormous difference between the duty imposed on colonial and Baltic timber, by raising the duty on the former from 10s. a load to 20s., and reducing that on the latter from 55s. to 50s. From this change, which would still give to colonial timber an advantage of 150 per cent, he expected an increase of revenue of L.600,000 a-year. The duty on colonial sugar being 24s. per hundred-weight, and that on foreign sugar 60s., he proposed to leave the former duty unaltered, but to lower the latter to 36s. per hundred-weight—still leaving to colonial sugar an advantage of 50 per cent. From this change he calculated on an increased revenue of L.700,000 a-year. The remainder of the deficit was to be raised by an alteration of the corn laws; by substituting for the present fluctuating scale, which oscillates between freedom and prohibition—which seems intended to give the least possible advantage to the Exchequer in proportion to the suffering which it inflicts on the people—a fixed duty, producing a regular trade, and a revenue that may be relied upon. The amount of the proposed duty was not stated on the 30th of April; but was afterwards announced to be 8s. a quarter on wheat, 4s. 6d. on barley, 3s. 4d. on oats, and 5s. each on rye, peas, and beans.

The language of the leaders of the opposition left their future treatment of this memorable Budget doubtful. Mr Goulburn and Mr Herries asked time for consideration. Sir Robert Peel refused to express any opinion, 'as he felt deeply the magnitude of the interests involved, and wished to pause before he pronounced an irrevocable judgment.' But the temper manifested by the subordinate members of the opposition, led to no hope that the wiser views of their chiefs would control them. All the buzz and whispering on their benches, all that the French call *la physiognomie de la chambre*, indicated the determination of those who think they profit by the great monopoly of corn, to come forward to the rescue of all their brother monopolists, and to collect into one phalanx every defender of every abuse. And the leaders of the small section of mischief-makers, who promote evil because it is evil, and obstruct improvement, not because they think it may interfere with their interests, but because it is good—because it may promote a state of prosperity fatal to their influence—laboured to impute to the authors of the measure every dishonourable motive; and, while they did not venture to object to the proposal, endeavoured to arm and excite against it the prejudices and the fears of every separate class of the community—commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural.

A very few days showed the mistake of the Government, in placing any reliance on the public spirit, or at least on the power, of their principal opponents. Lord Sandon, the member for Liverpool, with the concurrence of the heads of his party, moved as an amendment to the motion for the House going into Committee on the sugar duties—'That, considering the efforts and 'sacrifices which Parliament and the country have made for the 'abolition of the slave trade and slavery, with the earnest hope 'that their exertions and example might lead to the mitigation 'and final extinction of these evils in other countries, this House 'is not prepared (especially with the present prospects of the 'supply of sugar from British possessions) to adopt the measure 'proposed by her Majesty's Government for the reduction of 'the duty on foreign sugar.' It is scarcely necessary to state that this resolution was carried by a majority of 36; and that a subsequent resolution moved by Sir Robert Peel—'That her 'Majesty's Ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of 'the House of Commons to enable them to carry through the 'House, measures which they deem of essential importance to 'the public welfare, and that their continuance in office, under 'such circumstances, is at variance with the spirit of the con-'stitution,'—a motion made avowedly for the purpose of preventing the discussion of the proposed alteration on the corn-laws—was carried by a majority of one.

The Budget therefore, as a whole, has never been considered by the House. One portion of it, providing for the relaxation of the prohibitory duties on sugar, it has rejected; the others it has refused even to discuss. We regret that our limits force us to follow its example in this particular, and to confine our attention to the Sugar Resolutions; leaving timber and corn to a future opportunity.

The proposed alteration in the sugar duties, the only subject on which the House pronounced an opinion, was debated, as far as the leader of the opposition was concerned, on the narrowest possible grounds. Sir Robert Peel denied that there existed 'any over-'whelming moral obligation, in compliance with which we were 'bound to abstain from the consumption of sugar as the produce of 'slave labour, or that supporting the Government plan involved 'any charge of violating conscientious principles. He had on for-'mer occasions voted in favour of great and important relaxations 'in the duties and imposts affecting various commodities, the pro-'duce of slave labour. With respect to cotton he had so voted. He 'had supported the proposition with respect to the consumption of 'coffee, the produce of Brazil or Venezuela. It was not *his* opposition 'which led to the abandonment of that plan; he repeated, there-

'fore, that he did not oppose the present motion on the ground 'of any overwhelming moral obligation. Nor would he ask the 'continued exclusion of foreign sugars on account of the interests 'of the West Indian proprietors; for to them the liberality of 'this country had been so great that, if the present question in-'volved merely their interests, the country had a right to call on 'them to make a considerable sacrifice to the public advantage.' On what grounds, then, did Sir Robert Peel rest his vote against permitting even the detailed consideration of the proposed Resolutions—against merely allowing the House to go into committee upon them? On two grounds, and on two grounds only. First, that the adoption of the Government plan would have the effect of deciding, that sugar could not be produced by free labour in the West Indies. And that the result, according to the report of his speech in the *Times*, in all the West Indian colonies, or, according to the corrected speech, the result in Jamaica, would be the total expulsion of the white population; and the occupation of the soil by a population of negroes, content with the mere necessaries of life, without producing any exportable commodity whatever, and with no trade with England or with any other country. Secondly, that 'the amount of remittances made from India 'was about L.3,200,000 for the purposes of Government annu-'ally, and there were private remittances made to the amount of 'half a million. There was no mode of making these remittances 'except by the medium of these sugars.' And he drew a painful picture of the distress to which portions of the inhabitants of that vast country are occasionally subject—distress which is always incidental to a dense population subsisting on the cheapest of the articles of human food, rice, and therefore without a substitute when the crop is deficient. 'These were the grounds on which 'he should, for the purpose of presenting to the world the ex-'ample that free labour in the West Indies could succeed, and 'for the purpose of giving encouragement to the productions of 'the East Indies, give his vote in favour of the proposition of the 'member for Liverpool.'

The first of the two grounds assigned by Sir Robert Peel may be easily disposed of. The total exports from Bengal during the year 1837-1838, the last for which we have a return, amounted in value to 75,544,884 rupees. Those from Bombay were 44,604,168.* The return from Madras for that year has not been published. We will assume, however, that it did not materially vary from that of the previous year, which amounted to 27,854,757 rupees;†

* Porter's Tables, Part ix. p. 187. † Ibid. Part viii. p. 31.

making, including the exports from Bengal and Bombay, a total of 146,001,806 rupees; or, taking the rupee at its average value of two shillings, L.14,600,180 sterling. Of this amount, only 46,044,085 rupees, or L.4,604,608 sterling, not 30 per cent of the whole, was exported to the United Kingdom. The export of sugar to the United Kingdom during that year was 443,353 cwts., worth in bond in London, after all expenses were paid, less than L.700,000. What becomes, then, of Sir Robert Peel's statement, that sugar affords the only mode by which India can make her remittances to England? or what becomes of the necessity of excluding foreign sugars for the sake of the agricultural population of the Peninsula? Can it be supposed that the trade of India depends on a commodity which does not form one twentieth part of her annual exports?—a commodity, too, which till within the last five or six years she never has exported? Could the welfare of eighty millions of people be seriously affected, even if our admission of foreign sugar should totally exclude Indian sugar from our market? Why, if the whole L.700,000 which their sugar was worth had been pure gain to them—if the sugar, instead of costing them, as we know it must have done, four-fifths of its value in the expense of production and carriage, had been miraculously supplied to them at the shipping ports, and had been worth there the L.700,000 which it was worth in London, that sum divided among the population would not have given them twopence a-head. One-fifth of this sum, that is to say L.140,000, or less than a farthing and a half a-head, was the utmost benefit that they actually received. We are most anxious to promote the welfare of our Indian fellow-subjects, and to give encouragement to their productions; but we do not think that they themselves would ask us to submit to the loss of *millions* in order to give them *thousands*—we do not believe that they would ask that every man, woman, and child in the British islands should pay a *shilling*, in order to give every inhabitant of British India a *halfpenny*. It has been said that no avarice is so unblushing, because none is so tolerated, as that of a monopolist claiming a vested interest in a public injury; but this is a claim which even avarice would not venture to maintain.

The only other ground on which Sir Robert Peel rested his opposition—namely, that the adoption of the Government plan must necessarily lead to the expulsion of all the whites from the West Indian colonies, or at least from Jamaica, and the total occupation of the soil by the negroes—will sink as rapidly and as easily under a short statement of facts. All the facts that are necessary are contained in the following Table; which we extract from a

pamphlet, entitled 'Common Sense View of the Sugar Question:'—

Years	Population.	British Sugar. Price.		British Sugar. Entered for Consumption.	Foreign Sugar. Price.		Foreign Sugar. Entd. for Consump.	Total Annual Consumption per Individual.	
		s.	*d.*	cwts.	*s.*	*d.*	cwts.	lbs.	parts.
1831	24,356,719	23	8	4,364,243	17	11	79	20	11-100
1832	24,719,080	27	8	4,187,135	21	5	605	19	
1833	25,077,441	29	8	4,021,595	22	5	71	17	99-100
1834	25,437,802	29	5	4,154,411	23	3	50	18	31-100
1835	25,798,163	33	5	4,421,145	27	5	31	19	21-100
1836	26,158,524	40	10	3,922,901	27	11	33	16	59-100
1837	26,518,885	34	7	4,349,053	21	3	43	18	28-100
1838	26,879,246	33	8	4,418,334	21	3	65	18	42-100
1839	27,239,607	39	2	4,171,938	22	1	49	17	16-100
1840	27,599,968	49	1	3,764,710	21	6	2,316	15	28-100

It appears from this table, that the average price in bond of British sugar, during the four years that preceded the abolition of slavery, was 27s. 7¼d. per cent. For the four years which immediately succeeded, 35s. 7¼d; and for the last two years, 44s. 1½d; the average of the whole ten years being 37s. 3d. That the price in bond of foreign sugars, during the first of those periods, was 21s. 3d.; during the second, 24s. 5½d.; and during the last two years, 21s. 9½d.; the average of the whole ten years being 22s. 6d.; and it appears also that the foreign price has a slight tendency to rise—owing, without doubt, to the increased demand of the civilized world, increasing, as it is, in population and wealth. The price for the first five years having been somewhat under 22s. 6d. per cwt., and during the last five years rather above 22s. 9½d., a new demand for the internal consumption of the British islands will, of course, have a tendency to create a rise in the foreign sugar market; under that general law affecting the cost of the production of all agricultural produce—namely, that with every increase of demand, the relative cost of production, and consequently the price, rises, just as, with every diminution of demand, the cost of production, and consequently the price, falls. But the British demand bears so small a proportion to that of the whole world, that this rise is not likely to be permanent; and we will assume the fact most favourable to Sir Robert Peel's argument, or rather to his statement—for he has not supported it by any argument—that foreign sugar will continue to be supplied to us at its average price for the last ten years, namely, 22s. 6d. per cwt. To this price the Government Budget proposed to add a differential duty of 12s. per cwt. making 34s. 6d. per cwt., the price with which the British planter would have to contend.

We request our readers to pause, and to reconsider this statement, and the calculations on which it is founded, and to ask themselves whether there is any rational ground whatever for believing that foreign sugar can be supplied at a price less than 34s. 6d. per cwt.—original price and differential duty included? And we request them to ask themselves whether there is any rational ground for believing that a price of 34s. 6d. per cwt.—a price greatly exceeding the average price before the abolition of slavery, and nearly equalling the average price of four out of the six years that have elapsed since that period—is a price so ruinously low, that it must, in the words of Sir Robert Peel, necessarily lead to the expulsion of all the whites from the West Indies, or from Jamaica alone, and to the total occupation of the land by the negroes?

But in stating the question thus, we have omitted one of its main elements.

The Plan of the government must be considered as a whole; it must not be separated from the Resolutions of the 12th of March for the remission of colonial taxation. 'I found,' said Mr Labouchere when he moved these Resolutions, 'that the duties imposed upon wheat flour, upon salted pork and beef, upon 'shingles, upon oak staves, upon lumber, varied from twenty to 'forty per cent *ad valorem*. Now, when he considered that 'these were either articles which constituted the food of the 'people, and necessary for them to procure from foreigners, 'or articles absolutely required for the cultivation of the soil, 'and for the sole manufacture that was carried on in these 'islands, he thought that such a range of duties was perfectly immoderate and excessive. He therefore proposed to 'reduce all these special duties considerably. He believed that 'the duties which he proposed to substitute for the old duties, 'would amount to twelve or fifteen per cent *ad valorem*. The 'following were the present duties, and those which he proposed 'to substitute :—

'Articles.	Present Specific Duties. £	s.	d.	Proposed Specific Duties. £	s.	d.
'Wheat flour (except into Canada, which is free,) 'the barrel,	0	5	0	0	2	0
'Beef and pork, salted, the cwt.,	0	12	0	0	4	0
'Shingles, the 1000, of 12 inches,	0	7	0	0	3	6
'———— above 12 do.,	0	14	0			
'Oak staves and headings Red,	0	15	0	0	7	0
'the 1000, White,	0	12	6			
'Wood hoops, the 1000,	0	5	3	0	2	6
'Pitch, pine, and other lumber (one inch thick,) 'the 1000 feet,	1	1	0	0	10	6

'He came now to an article which was of the utmost importance 'to the support of the West Indies, and which was absolutely 'prohibited; he meant fish, the produce of foreign fisheries. He 'meant to do away with this prohibition. He was no friend to 'prohibitions in general. He wished for all commercial pur- 'poses that the word were erased from the statute-book, or that 'it should not be acted upon as a general principle; but very 'sparingly used under any special circumstances, though he could 'not see any that would well justify it. Recollecting that fish 'constituted the principal food of the West Indies, it was most 'unjust to limit those colonies to a single and often a very nar- 'row supply. The duty which he proposed to put upon fish, 'would be equal to an *ad valorem* duty of 25 per cent. The 'duty would be for fish, dried or salted, not the produce of Bri- 'tish fisheries, by the cwt. 2s. 6d., and for pickled fish by the 'barrel, 5s.'

To these important relaxations he added the reduction of the 30 per cent, 20 per cent, and 15 per cent *ad valorem* duties, to one uniform duty of 7 per cent. The restrictions thus proposed to be relaxed, were estimated by the witnesses examined before the Committee of the House of Commons which sat in 1832 on West Indian affairs, as adding 5s. 6d. per cwt. to the cost of production of sugar. That this is not an extravagant estimate, may be considered from the following official statement of the average prices of produce and merchandize in Jamaica, for the year 1836, the last of which the returns are published.*

Average Prices of Produce and Merchandize.

	Sterling Money.
Sheep,	£3 0 0
Goats,	2 0 0
Swine,	2 0 0
Milk, per quart,	0 1 3
Butter, Salt, per lb.	0 2 6
Cheese, per lb.	0 1 8
Wheaten Bread, per 17 oz.	0 0 7½
Beef, per lb.	0 0 10
Mutton, per lb.	0 2 1
Pork, per lb.	0 1 0
Rice, per quart,	0 0 10
Coffee, per quart,	0 1 8
Sugar, per lb.	0 0 10
Salt,	0 0 5

	Wages of Labour.
Domestic, per week,	£0 16 8
Predial, per day,	0 2 6 and 3s. 4d.
Trades,	0 5 0

* Porter's Tables, Appendix to Part vii. p. 41.

The prices stated in this paper are so extravagant that we doubted its accuracy; and obtained from the Board of Trade the following return—the last which that Department possesses—of the prices in the market at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1837, 1838, and 1839. These prices are generally somewhat lower; but they correspond with the return of 1836 sufficiently to show its general correctness.

Average Prices of Produce and Provisions at the Kingston Market, Jamaica, 1837-39.

	1837.	1838.	1839.
Sheep, . . . each	£2 5 0	£1 16 0	£2 0 0
Goats, . . . „	1 10 0	1 0 0	0 8 0
Swine, . . . „	2 5 0	1 15 0	12s. to 40s.
Milk, . . per quart	0 0 10	0 0 10	0 0 7½
Butter, Fresh . per lb.	0 3 0	None sold.	None sold.
„ Salt . „	0 1 3	0 1 0	0 1 3
Cheese, . . . „	0 1 6	0 1 0	0 1 6
Bread, Wheaten „	0 0 4	per 16oz. 3d.	per lb. 5d.
Beef, ... „	0 0 7½	0 0 6	0 0 6
Mutton, . . . „	0 1 3	0 1 0	0 1 3
Pork, ... „	0 0 7	0 0 7½	0 0 9
Rice, ... „	0 0 4½	0 0 3½	0 0 9
Coffee, . . . „	0 1 0	0 0 7½	0 1 6
Tea, ... „	0 7 0	0 0 0	0 8 0

The prices of fish, timber, and manufactured commodities, are not given; but if they bear any proportion to those of the enumerated articles, it follows that the restrictions imposed by our present colonial policy on Jamaica, render it one of the most expensive residences in the world. Almost every commodity that is mentioned, is at nearly double the English price; and many exceed it by 200 per cent. The adoption of Mr Labouchere's Resolutions would render it one of the cheapest. If the reductions which he proposes in timber, lumber, and the other articles used in the cultivation and manufacture of sugar, should reduce the existing burdens on the production of that article from 5s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. per cwt.—and we are inclined to think that they would be reduced still lower—this would amount to rather more than the difference between the present price of British sugar, 38s. per cwt., and the lowest price at which foreign sugar can, under the plan of the Government, be obtained—namely, 34s. 6d. per cwt. We have seen that, during four out of the seven years that have passed since the abolition of

slavery, our colonies supplied us with sugar at 35s. 7¼d. per cwt., and they did so with profit to themselves. But 31s. 7¼d., if Mr Labouchere's Resolutions had become law, would have paid them as well as 35s. 7¼d. did before. And yet Sir Robert Peel ventured to state, that the admission of foreign sugar at 34s. 6d. per cwt. would decide that sugar could not be produced by free labour in Jamaica. He ventured even to call Mr Burnley as his witness. Mr Burnley stated, and with truth, that if a monopoly of the labour market were continued to the negroes, they would, like all monopolists, continue to abuse it, and the cultivation of the colonies would be ruined. Sir Robert Peel first assumes, that the admission of foreign sugar will destroy the cultivation of sugar in Jamaica; and, that in consequence of the cultivation of sugar having been destroyed, the immigration of labourers into Jamaica will be stopped. And then he says, Mr Burnley's prediction will be accomplished, and the cultivation of the colony be destroyed. According to Sir Robert Peel's reasoning, the means by which the prediction is to be accomplished, is, its having been previously accomplished. The ruin of the sugar cultivation is to stop the immigration of labourers, and stopping the immigration of labourers is then to produce the ruin of the sugar cultivation! It would be difficult to cull out for a new treatise upon Logic, a more apt exemplification of what is called reasoning in a circle.

What Mr Burnley said was, that if they had freedom of trade, and no obstructions were placed in the way of their obtaining labour, they wanted no protection or monopoly.

'The removal of these restrictions once effected,' said Mr Burnley, 'I shall hail with pleasure the day when every monopoly is done away with. Thank God! we are now emancipated as well as our labourers, and we can walk abroad bold and erect, and claim the benefit of the freest principles; and if we are honestly and fairly allowed to trade with all the world without restriction, we fear no competition from any quarter in the colonial market of the mother-country: and when that is effected, the agriculture of Trinidad will successfully compete with that of every country depending upon slave-labour. I firmly believe that the most advantageous mode of proceeding would be, to tear up all our treaties for the suppression of the slave-trade, withdraw our cruisers from the coast of Africa, and allow all who pleased to procure labourers to work in Cuba, the Brazils, and elsewhere, under the influence of the whip; and, in the British colonies, from the higher motive of personal benefit.' *

* *Trinidad Gazette*, 11th February 1841.

These were the words of one of the largest proprietors in Trinidad, where he presided at a meeting of merchants and planters, every one of whom would certainly have contradicted him, had contradiction been possible. And yet Mr Burnley is the witness, and the only witness, on whom Sir Robert Peel relies to prove that the admission of foreign sugar at a differential duty of fifty per cent, will decide that sugar cannot be raised in the West Indies by free labour!

We believe that we are as anxious to promote the success of the great experiment of negro emancipation as Sir Robert Peel can be. The Whig party has been the steady friends of that noble cause: the Tories have been its steady enemies. After Mr Wilberforce, supported by no party except the Whigs, and with the despotic Tory premier as his impotent associate, had for twenty long years proposed the abolition of the slave trade, and been every year defeated—after the struggle had continued, and hopelessly continued, through three Tory administrations—the Whigs were one year in office, and in that year they carried it against a Tory opposition, headed by Sir Robert Peel's future colleagues,—Lord Castlereagh in the Commons, and Lord Westmoreland, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Liverpool, (then Lord Hawkesbury,) and Lord Eldon in the Lords. From 1806 to 1830 was another period of Tory rule, and though the British slave-trade had ceased, British slavery continued, with slight mitigations forced from the planters, and from their friends the Tories, by the Whigs. At the end of 1830 the Whigs were again in power, and on the 1st day of August 1834, slavery had ceased within the British colonies. Every concession to the negro race has been extorted from the Tories. They fought for the slave-trade and they fought for slavery. From 1796 to 1806, they pretended that if the slave-trade were discontinued, the cultivation of sugar must be abandoned. From 1806 to 1833, they predicted ruin if slavery were touched; and they now predict that the cultivation of sugar by free labour must utterly cease, and Jamaica sink to the condition of Haiti, if it be protected only by the low differential duty of fifty per cent!

Sir Robert Peel, with Lord Stanley by his side, cannot decently avoid admitting that the emancipation has succeeded; but by holding that a differential duty of 150 per cent on slave sugar is necessary, in order to render free sugar worth raising, he has in fact destroyed the value of that admission. We are told, and with truth, that foreign nations are watching the progress of our great experiment. We are told, that on its success depends its imitation by France, by Denmark, by Holland, and by Spain. If we admit that the experiment, so far as respects the production of exportable

commodities has failed—if we admit that free-grown sugar cannot compete with slave-grown sugar, even at a protection of 50 per cent—if we tell foreign nations, that after they have set their negroes free, they must, not merely for the first few years, but for an indefinite period, submit to pay 37s. for every hundred-weight of sugar that they consume instead of 22s.—what rational hope can we entertain that they will follow our example? We commenced emancipation by an act great and magnanimous, but yet liable to throw a serious obstacle in the way of all our neighbours. We purchased the right to give liberty, by paying L.25 a-head for every individual on whom we bestowed it. It will be difficult for any other nation to disregard this precedent, and may be still more difficult to follow it. The British Parliament is so accustomed to deal with millions; and British taxation, it must frankly be admitted, from our peculiar arrangements, falls so much more lightly on the governing class than on their inferiors, that the extent of the price which we were to pay was not very anxiously estimated. The crimes of ages were to be atoned for; 800,000 of our fellow-subjects were to be raised from mere articles of property into beings with legal rights and defined responsibilities; a stain was to be wiped from our national character; and the capital sum which was to be the price of this great and memorable act, was, after all, to be paid by posterity. We became responsible only for the interest; and that interest, we repeat, from the mode in which our taxes are imposed, falls principally on the unrepresented classes. No other nation could borrow the necessary principal so readily, or pay the interest with so small a pressure on its aristocracy. This evil, however, whatever be its amount, has been incurred. No nation will find it easy, in future, to emancipate its slaves without purchasing the right from the proprietors. But if we seriously wish our example to be followed, let us beware how we increase the amount of the purchase money. Let us beware of showing that the compensation to be paid at the outset is the least onerous part of the bargain. The immediate and direct payment may be severe: let us prove, and we firmly believe that we have the means of proving, that the immediate and direct payment is all that is necessary; and that if a colony in which the negroes have been freed be not pauperized by protection and monopoly, it can, in a very few years, supply sugar as cheaply after emancipation as before.

But we can show this only by retracing our steps. The losses which emancipation, as we have managed it up to the present time, have inflicted on us, are such as no other nation will be willing or able to undergo. The following table, extracted from

the Pamphlet on 'The Common Sense View of the Sugar Question,' shows that the sums which we have indirectly paid for emancipation already equal its original price:—

Years.	Quantity Consumed.	Difference of Price.	Amount of tax or Premium to West India interest.
		L. s. d.	£
*1834	4,154,411	0 6 2	1,280,943
1835	4,421,154	0 6 0	1,326,343
1836	3,992,901	0 13 0	2,549,885
1837	4,349,053	0 13 4	2,679,934
1838	4,418,334	0 12 5	2,743,048
1839	4,171,938	0 17 1	3,471,151
1840	3,764,710	1 7 7	5,192,161
Total tax since abolition,			19,243,465

Now, we are confident that in this instance, as it almost always happens in such cases, the indirect payment, while it has been far more oppressive to the contributor than the direct payment, has been far less beneficial to the receiver. The direct payment went straight and net to the claimants. Whatever we lost, the compensated proprietors received. But of the indirect payment they have received only a fraction. While we gave them a monopoly against ourselves, the negroes established a monopoly against them. Their labour became negligent and irregular. At certain periods of the crop they combined to refuse all work whatever, unless bribed by extravagant wages. And they used those wages, not so much for the purpose of obtaining increased comforts, as future indolence. They required a dollar for a day's work, and dawdled away the next three days in idleness. Of the millions which seven years of colonial monopoly have cost us, we firmly believe that not one-tenth has benefited either the proprietor or the negro. The remainder has been paid for idleness and extortion. The planter knows that we must have sugar, and can have it only from him. He cares little, therefore, what is the current payment for labour, since he knows that we must repay him. The negro finds that he can get what-

* The crop of the year 1834 was produced before the emancipation; and therefore that year ought to be left out. But if the loss which occurred in the present year be added, the total will much exceed the sum mentioned in the table.

ever he and his companions agree to ask; and, in a country where no settled price of labour has previously existed, his demands and his expectations are unreasonable. And having been trained to consider field labour as an evil and a degradation, high wages do not lead him, as they would in a community of long-established freedom, to continual toil, but to inconstant exertion, with frequent intervals of sloth or dissipation.

How, then, are we to retrace our steps? How are we to escape from a state of things injurious to the health and comfort of the British people, injurious to the revenue, and very doubtfully beneficial to the planter or to the negro? How are we to show to foreign nations what Sir Robert Peel declares it essential to show to them, that sugar can be advantageously produced by free labour within the Tropics? By the mode pointed out by Sir Robert Peel's own witness, Mr Burnley. By removing the double bondage of monopolies with which the cultivation of sugar has been fettered. By giving to the colonist, what Mr Labouchere's Resolutions would have conferred on him—free commerce in all commodities with all the world; and by depriving him, in return, of the monopoly which experience has shown to be injurious both to the economy and to the extent of his cultivation. By forcing him, under the strong stimulus of competition, to exact from his labourers regular and diligent work at moderate wages.

We may be told that these premises lead to a system of perfect impartiality;—a system which would admit foreign and colonial sugars at the same duties. This is true, and this is the system which we should prefer. It obviously would be the best for the consumer, and for the revenue. The consumer, not being confined by fixed regulations in the choice of his market, would obtain the largest quantity at the cheapest price. The duty, not being affected by partial considerations, would be fixed at the point which would afford the greatest revenue. Differential duties must necessarily be injurious to the revenue. The duties on the favoured and disfavoured commodity may be both *too* low, or both too high; or one may be too high and the other too low; or one may be of the proper amount, and the other above or below it; but they cannot both be right. It is impossible that different duties on commodities, the same in kind, can each be assessed at the rate which would produce the greatest amount of revenue.

We further believe that a system of perfect impartiality, coupled with the freedom of trade which, we repeat, is a part, and an essential part, of the measure, would be the best for the colonies. *We*

have already alluded to the evils which their reliance on the monopoly of this country inflicts on both the planters and the negroes—on the waste which it produces, of capital on the one side, and of time on the other. And we have shown the enormous burdens inflicted on them by the restrictions to which we subject their commerce. But set free their commerce, and then throw them on their own resources; let both parties know that their success depends on economy and industry, and all experience shows that industry and economy will be the result. They are now treated as the English labourer was treated under the abuses of the unamended poor law: their gains do not depend on their exertions. As the consumption of sugar by the higher classes of this country is uninfluenced by its price, the price has risen more than in proportion to the diminution of supply: 3,442,812 cwt., the colonial importation of 1840, at 49s. per cwt. produced a larger return than 4,421,000 cwt., the great exportation of 1835, gave at 33s. per cwt. They have actually gained by the deficiency of their production. This certainly is no school of improvement. That, under such circumstances, free labour shall be found more expensive than slave labour, is not merely probable, but necessary. But put them on an equality; let each class of producers be subjected to the same motives, and we firmly believe with Mr Burnley, that the free labourer will be found within the Tropics, as he has been found in every other portion of the world, a cheaper productive instrument than the slave.

In fact, the experiment has been tried, and tried for a considerable time, and on an extensive scale, in Porto Rico. That flourishing colony is situated in the same latitude as Jamaica, is nearly of the same size, though rather smaller, and contained in 1835 nearly the same population—that is to say, 319,161 persons, of whom only 34,336 were slaves.* Its chief exports consist, like those of Jamaica, of coffee, sugar, and rum. We possess a detailed account of its state up to the year 1833, from Colonel Flinter, who was for many years a resident proprietor. Colonel Flinter was not a political economist, or even, in political matters, an instructed man. His opinions on protecting duties, on the colonial system, and on the independence of its neighbours, which he thinks every country ought to maintain, are worthy of the darkest ages of Toryism. But notwithstanding his ignorance and his presumption in political speculation, he was a man of intelligence and observation, and, as far as can be in-

* Turnbull, *Travels in the West*, p. 555.

ferred from his book, of perfect good faith. He states the object of his work on Porto Rico to be—'To make known the importance of the Spanish colonies, to suggest plans for their improvement, to explain the merits of the Spanish colonial government, to point out the beneficent operation of the Spanish slave code in protecting the bondman, and in preparing him for emancipation; and to demonstrate, by unanswerable facts, the mighty advantages of free over slave labour, in security, in economy, and in productiveness.' *

'It must be peculiarly gratifying,' he adds, 'to those who advocate the emancipation of the slaves on sound and salutary principles, to discover, by the facts which I present for their consideration, that free labour on a large scale, and attended by the most beneficial consequences, has for some years been in practical operation in the island of Puerto Rico, and that the free black and the slave work together in the same field with the white man.' †

Our limits force us merely to refer the reader to the facts and calculations from which he infers that three-fourths of the produce exported from the island, or consumed in it, is the produce of free labour; and to those from which he deduces that in every sort of cultivation—in those kinds even which are the most laborious and the most unhealthy, in sugar and indigo, as well as in coffee—cultivation by free men is the cheapest.‡ 'I believe,' he says, 'that there is not a single estate on the island which cultivates sugar only by slaves, that can pay one shilling of interest on the capital. The proof of this is, that all the large sugar establishments on the south coast, which are worked exclusively by slaves, are involved in debt and difficulty; while those on the north coast, where there is a mixture of free labour, unless in particular cases where there has been great mismanagement, are free from debt. It is evident that the slave costs more as a labourer, and works less than the free labourer.'§

Colonel Flinter's testimony is confirmed by Mr Turnbull, who appears to have visited the island in 1838. He states, as the most remarkable fact connected with Porto Rico, that the fields are cultivated and sugar manufactured by the hands of white men under a tropical sun. He states that he has seen

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* Flinter's *Porto Rico* Preface, p. 5.
† Preface, p. 7.
‡ P. 266.
§ P. 280.

white men acting as hired labourers, even in the severest labour exacted from negroes—digging cane holes, and working without a murmur or a sense of degradation, in the same field with free coloured men, free negroes, and slaves.* If the free grown sugar of Porto Rico, unaided by differential duties, can compete with the slave grown sugar of Cuba, what is there to prevent that of Jamaica from doing the same?

This, it may be said, is a triumphant refutation of Sir Robert Peel, and shows that an impartial duty would not destroy, probably would not permanently impair, the cultivation of our colonies; but is it a defence of the government plan, which is not an impartial duty, but a differential one, giving to our colonies a preference of fifty per cent? We admit the justice of the qualified censure which would be implied by such a question. We admit, indeed we have already stated, that the government plan is not that which, if we had been despotic legislators, we should have preferred. We are not sure whether, even in the present state of parties and of public opinion, forced as every government must be to propose, not what is best in itself, but what, with their existing degree of information and intelligence, the people can be induced to sanction, we should have made precisely the same proposal. The great objects of the plan—retention of our foreign markets, reduction of the price of sugar, increase of revenue, repression of the slave trade, and the amelioration and ultimate abolition of slavery—would, we are inclined to think, have been better promoted, if the duty on British sugars had been reduced to 20s. per cent, instead of being left at 24s.; and the duty on foreign sugars had been reduced to 30s. instead of to 36s. These are details, however, on which we speak with diffidence. We throw out the suggestion merely for the consideration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whoever he may be, whether Mr Baring or Sir Robert Peel, who will have to present to the House of Commons, now in process of election, a Budget of the same nature as that which the late House rejected. But though we think that Mr Baring's scale of duties might have been improved, we most cordially approve of it, as far as it goes, as a great and beneficial advance in the right direction.

In the first place, coupled with Mr Labouchere's Resolutions, it would have enabled us to retain nearly the most valuable foreign trade which our monopolies have left us—that with Brazil and the Spanish Islands. They could no longer have complain-

* Turnbull's *Travels in the West*, p. 565.

ed that their produce was prohibited by enactment in our colonies, or by duties in our home market. On our retention of this trade, the welfare of tens of thousands of our manufacturers depends. In 1839, the last year for which we find returns, we exported to Brazil more than seventy-five million yards of plain and died cottons, of the value of more than L.1,500,000. The following table shows that our exports to Brazil have, during the ten years ending in 1839, exceeded by 81 per cent those to France; by 46 per cent those to Russia; by 800 per cent those to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark united:—

	Brazil.	France.	Russia.	Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.
1830	L.2,452,103	L.475,884	L.1,489,538	L.223,227
1831	1,238,371	602,688	1,191,565	208,001
1832	2,144,903	674,791	1,587,250	192,856
1833	2,575,680	848,333	1,531,002	214,538
1834	2,460,679	1,116,885	1,382,300	219,677
1835	2,630,767	1,453,636	1,752,775	292,413
1836	3,030,532	1,591,381	1,742,433	284,079
1837	1,824,082	1,643,204	2,046,592	276,982
1838	2,606,604	2,314,141	1,603,243	361,536
1839	2,650,718	2,298,307	1,776,426	347,166
Average...	2,361,443	1,301,925	1,616,312	262,047

It would be worth while to make some sacrifices to retain such a trade. The government proposal was, to retain it not only without sacrifice, but by measures immediately and directly beneficial to ourselves. A further result of the government measure would have been, the ensuring that the price of sugar should not rise beyond 34s. 6d. per cwt. When the price was at that rate, or at a rate nearly the same, (34s. 7d.,) the annual consumption of the whole population amounted to $18\frac{88}{100}$ lbs. per head. The consumption during the high price of 1840, was only $15\frac{88}{100}$ lbs. per head. To many of our readers these figures may not convey definite ideas. Their importance will be shown by stating a few facts. The annual allowance per head,

	lbs.	oz.
To persons on board her Majesty's ships is, . . .	34	3
To convicts, ...	22	13
To the aged in workhouses, ...	22	12
The well-informed author of 'The sugar Monopoly' estimates the annual consumption of the middle classes per head at	37	0

	lbs.	oz.
The annual consumption per head at breakfast and tea, by affluent individuals, is about 52 lbs., and that on puddings, tarts, &c., about 16 more—together	68	0

It will appear from these statements, that with the remarkable exception of bread, (the other great monopoly which it is the object of the government to relax, and of the opposition to retain,) sugar is the commodity which the poor and the rich consume in the nearest proportions. A man with L.10,000 a-year, spends on his house and furniture at least 200 times as much as a labourer; but he does not use twice as much sugar as a common sailor. Nine-tenths of the expenditure of the rich is for the purpose of luxury or of ostentation; or, to speak in milder terms, for the sake of keeping up appearances. Bread and sugar are used only for health, strength, and comfort. The taxes on these commodities are those which oppress most severely the bulk of the people, while their influence on the higher orders is almost imperceptible. And the opposition has refused even to go into Committee to discuss a plan for reducing them! We do not accuse the opposition of absolute indifference to the wants of the people. We believe that, if they thought they could relieve them without any material sacrifice of income, and without any sacrifice whatever of political power, they would make some exertions for the purpose. But we do accuse them of inattention to these wants. We do accuse them not merely of not having voluntarily enquired into them, but of having, under the influence of avarice or ambition—avarice among the sordid followers in the party, and ambition among the leaders—refused to allow them to be exposed.

We will endeavour to obviate the effects of this refusal, by offering to our readers a few details; and we request their attention to the following extracts from Mr Tuffnell's Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, on the economy of the labouring classes in Surrey and Kent. It was made on the 1st March 1841, two months before the Budget was proposed. These extracts are rather long; but they contain much instructive matter:—

'I visited,' says Mr Tuffnell, 'their cottages, and obtained specific accounts of their furniture, dietaries, wages, and other circumstances that affect their comfort. I will first describe the cottage and mode of living of a Sussex labourer, whose family is such as to make him one of the most distressed of his class. He has a wife and seven children, the eldest of whom is a girl aged twelve, and all the rest happen to be girls, except one boy five years old.

'On entering, the cottage displays a room about 20 feet long by 15, paved with brick, and nearly divided into two by a partition; the fireplace is here, and it forms the sitting-room of the family. The furni-

ture consists of one common-looking deal table, a rather elegant round oak one, with moveable flaps, a mahogany cupboard, and six chairs; there are curtains to the windows. Adjoining is a pantry, which seems filled with all sorts of cooking utensils, and a bakehouse, where the family bake once a-week, as it is the custom in these parts, bakers being rarely employed. Up stairs there are two bed-rooms, in one of which the man, his wife, and the baby sleep, and in the other, which contains three beds, the rest of the children. They purchase six gallons of flour weekly, which is made into bread or cakes with potatoes. They drink tea made with burnt crusts, China tea being too expensive now. *Since the price of sugar has risen, they have been obliged to give up its use; but a quarter of a pound is bought weekly to sweeten the pap for the baby.* They have no meat except on a Sunday, when a meat pudding is made; and none of the family ever tastes beer, except, perhaps, the man gets some now and then from his master. The man is in constant work at 12s. a-week, but sometimes he gets piece-work, and then earns 15s. weekly. The cottage, which is rented at 2s. weekly, is clean and well drained; its literary furniture consists of two Bibles and a New Testament: there is no Prayer-book, as the inmates are Dissenters. The distress of the family arises from the unusual circumstance that the children are nearly all girls, and hence can earn nothing. Were the eldest or the second a boy, he would probably add 2s. or 3s. a-week to the general income by assisting his father.

'The actual weekly expenditure is as follows:—

	s.	d.
6 gallons of flour at 16d. .	8	0
½ lb. soap, . . .	0	3½
¾ lb. candles, . .	0	4½
1 lb. butter, . . .	1	0
¼ lb. sugar, . . .	0	2½
1½ lb. meat, . . .	0	9
Yeast, . .	0	3
Starch, pepper, and salt, .	0	2
1 lb. cheese, . . .	0	6
Worsted, cotton, tape, &c. .	0	3
Total,	11	9½

'Here, and subsequently in the accounts of the weekly expenditure of labourers, I shall not insert the rent or clothing, as I find that these are generally not paid for weekly, but are reserved to be paid off at harvest, or at odd times, when more than the usual wages are earned.

'Here is another wooden cottage, in bad repair, containing four rooms, which cost L.30 to build, and is rented at 2s. 6d. a-week. It is tenanted by a man, his wife, and four children—two boys, a girl, and an infant. They sleep in the two upper rooms; the two boys in a bed in one room, and the man, his wife, and the baby in one bed in the other, a contrivance being made upon the floor for the girl to sleep. The sitting room is 10 feet square, and contains two plain deal tables, and a very small

stained one, a neat corner cupboard, three shelves with earthenware; a few small ornaments are on the chimneypiece, and above it hang some small prints in black frames. There is a calico window curtain, two small bits of carpet on the floor, a cradle, four chairs, and an arm-chair. Some swinging book-shelves, with religious books. Altogether, this cottage has a neat, cleanly, and orderly appearance. The man's earnings are 13s. a-week, but he is occasionally out of work: the wife, from ill health, earns but little. The family consume weekly, 5½ gallons of flour, 3 gallons of potatoes, 1 lb. cheese, ½ oz. of tea, 2 ozs. of coffee, ¼ *lb. of sugar for the infant*, 3½d. worth of milk, ½ lb. of soap, 1 lb. of candles, 1 cwt. of coals.

'I have at former times frequently collected information as to the precise method in which a labourer spends his wages; and, as the point seems to me very important towards understanding the condition and economy of the poor, I will give several of their dietaries,

'In 1837, an aged man and his wife expended their weekly earnings of 6s. in the following way:—

	s.	d.
Bread, 2 gallons	2	2
Bacon, 1 lb.	0	7
Butter, 1 lb.	1	0
Tea, 2 ozs.	0	6
Sugar, 1 lb.	0	7
Coals, 1 cwt.	0	11
Total	5	9

'It would be quite impossible for the old couple to live as well at present, in consequence of the increased price of provisions; *but the tea, the sugar, and the bacon, now disappear from the board, and the money so saved goes to pay the additional cost of the bread.* At the same period, a man, his wife, and seven children, in Sussex, spent their wages thus:—

	s.	d.
6 gallons of bread	7	0
2½ lbs. of bacon	1	5½
2½ lbs. of butter	2	6
1½ oz. of tea	0	6
1½ lb. of sugar	0	9
½ lb. of candles	0	3½
½ lb. of soap	0	3
Total,	12	9

'The following is the expenditure of a labouring man, with a wife and six children, at present. The contrast between these two cases is not so perfect as it might be; as, in the preceding case, the labourer purchased bread; in the following, flour. The expense, therefore, of making the bread and baking it, should be added to the account; and this will more than make up the 6d. difference in the whole sum. Though there is one less in family than in the last case, it will be obvious how much the increased price of provisions has deteriorated the condition of the family:—

	s.	d.
6 gallons of flour	8	0
Yeast	0	3
1 lb. of meat and ¼ of suet	0	8
1 lb. of butter	1	0
1 lb. of cheese	0	6
½ lb. of candles	0	3½
½ lb. of soap	0	3½
Potatoes	1	0
Worsted, starch, cotton, and tape	0	3
No sugar.		
Total,	12	3

'I might insert numerous other examples of labourers' dietaries; but I trust the above will be sufficient to show, in some degree, how their wages are expended. They, however, are insufficient, as they do not show the quality of the articles procured. For instance, since the price of corn has risen, many of the labourers have been compelled to resort to an inferior sort of flour, termed "sharps," in order to obtain a sufficiency of food. Tea, were it not an article so subject to adulteration, ought to have materially risen in price, as the importation in 1840, compared with that in 1836, shows a diminution of 17,571,762 lbs. I believe, however, the reason it has not, is, that its place has been supplied by a deleterious mixture, of which some of the medical men make great complaints. *It is now, too, usually drunk without sugar, as the great rise in price in the latter article has caused it nearly to disappear from the labourer's house.*'

We have no similar details from the manufacturing districts; but we know that the manufacturing population has been struggling for the last three years, and is now struggling, with distress far severer than that of the agricultural labourers. In fact, the distress of the latter arises principally from the high prices of the necessaries of life. They have not, as yet, suffered much either in employment or in wages. The manufacturers have severely suffered in both. Much less work has been offered to them, and a much lower rate of payment for their labour. The accuracy of the representation of the state of the labouring population in Bolton, contained in Lord John Russell's remarkable speech, has not been questioned.

If a mere rise of prices has forced the tolerably well employed labouring classes of Kent and Sussex almost to discontinue sugar, it is impossible that its rise should not have equally affected the consumption of the manufacturers. On the other hand, there is no reason for supposing that the affluent have made the slightest alteration in their habits; or that the middle classes have made any very material change. And we infer that the diminution of consumption from $20\frac{28}{100}$ lbs. in 1831, and from $18\frac{28}{100}$ lbs. in 1837,

to $15\frac{88}{100}$ lbs. in 1840, has fallen almost exclusively on the labouring classes; and that their annual consumption, instead of being $15\frac{8}{100}$ lbs. per head, does not really exceed 8 lbs. per head; or, in other words, that their consumption is more than 180 per cent less than that of the pauper or the convict; and more than 312 per cent below that of the common sailor.

Now, the mere possibility of importing foreign sugar at a duty of 36s. per cwt. instead of 60s., would, as we have shown, prevent the price of British sugar from ever rising beyond 34s. 6d. per cwt., the price (including original cost and differential duty) at which foreign sugar can be obtained. This, in the absence of disturbing causes, would enable us to return to the consumption of 1837, $18\frac{48}{100}$ lbs. per head. If assisted by the increased commercial prosperity which would follow from the general adoption of the Budget, it would probably enable us to return to the consumption of 1835—$19\frac{81}{100}$ lbs. per head.

But we believe, in the third place, that the Government plan, taken as a whole, would have enabled our own colonies to supply us with sugar at a price much lower than 34s. 6d. per cwt. The average price of the four years preceding the abolition of slavery, was 27s. 9½d. Now, if it be true that the cost of production of free labour sugar, when not artificially augmented by a monopoly, is below that of slave sugar—and it must be admitted that there is much evidence to that effect—it seems to follow, that when the colonists and their labourers are subjected to competition, they will again be able to furnish sugar at 27s. 9½d. per cwt. And if we are right in our calculation, that Mr. Labouchere's Resolutions, if they had become law, would have diminished the cost of production by 4s. per cwt., it seems also to follow that they could furnish it at 23s. 9½d. per cwt.,—a price, it must be recollected, considerably exceeding that of foreign sugar;—exceeding, indeed, that of British sugar in 1831. We are unwilling, however, to push the argument to its utmost extent: instead of assuming that free cultivation is less expensive than slave cultivation, we will assume that it is much more expensive;—we will assume that it adds 25 per cent to the cost of production. On that supposition, the price would be 29s. 7½d. per cwt. That is to say, it would exceed by only 1s. 10d. per cwt., or about a farthing per pound, the price before the abolition of slavery.

In the fourth place, the Government plan, while it increased the comforts of the people and extended our trade, would have benefited the revenue to an amount much exceeding the L.700,000 which Mr Baring, with the caution incumbent on a Chancellor of the Exchequer, relied on. This is proved at once, by the following table annexed to his speech:—

Years.	Rate of consumption per head of sugar and of molasses, reduced to its equivalent of sugar.	Average price of British Plantation Sugar as advertised in the Gazette.		Consumption of 1841, population 27,962,727, at the average rate per head of each year.
		per cwt.		
	lbs.	*s.*	*d.*	cwts.
1830	19.94	25	0¼	4,976,583
1831	20.11	23	8	5,019,012
1832	19.	28	8¼	4,741,980
1833	17.99	29	7½	4,489,907
1834	18.31	29	2½	4,569,771
1835	19.21	33	9½	4,794,392
1836	16.58	40	9	4,138,002
1837	18.38	34	5	4,587,162
1838	18.42	33	7	4,597,225
1839	17.16	39	4½	4,274,721
1840	15.28	*48	7¾	3,813,550
Av.	18.22	33	4	5,545,664

It appears from this table, that at the price of 34s. 5d. per cwt., the price to which (within one penny) the government plan must necessarily have reduced sugar, the consumption of sugar in 1841 would have been 4,587,162 cwt., instead of 3,813,550, its computed amount, according to the consumption in 1840. The difference between the consumption of 1840 and the consumption of 1841, as it would have been at the reduced price, is 773,612 cwt.; the difference in revenue, supposing the whole additional supply to have come from our own colonies, would have been L.928,334. Supposing the whole additional supply foreign, it would have been L.1,392,506. The enemies of the measure assume that the whole additional supply would have been foreign; for they cannot suppose that the agriculture of our colonies would be destroyed, or even impaired, by the measure, if its consequences were an *increase* of their exports. Sir Robert Peel, therefore, must have felt convinced that the measure would produce an increase of revenue of at least L.1,392,506, instead of Mr Baring's estimate of L.700,000. And, consistently with this opinion, he did not intimate a doubt that, as a financial measure, the proposed

* Some of the figures in this column differ slightly from those which we have already adopted. We believe that ours most nearly represent the real market prices

sugar duties would be successful. In fact, Sir Robert Peel and his friends, if they were sincere in their fears of injury to our colonial agriculture, must have expected a much greater gain to the revenue than L.1,392,506. They must have expected—not the continuance of our present amount of colonial imports—but its great diminution. Sir Robert Peel, as we have seen, maintained that the measure would occasion the total expulsion of the whites from Jamaica, and the occupation of the soil by the negroes, without any trade with England or with any other country. He believed, therefore, that the importation of colonial sugar would be diminished by at least the whole annual export of Jamaica—that export, on an average of the six years that have elapsed since the abolition of slavery, amounts annually to 907,256 cwt. On that supposition the addition to the revenue would be, not, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate, L.700,000, or, according to his data, 24s. per cwt. on 773,612 cwt., but 36s. per cwt. on more than 907,256 cwt., that is to say, more than L.1,633,060. We believe Sir Robert Peel's anticipations to be utterly absurd: we believe that the admission of foreign sugar, at 36s. per cwt., accompanied by Mr Labouchere's Resolutions for the relief of the colonies, would not exclude from our market an ounce of colonial sugar: and we have given our reasons for that belief. We do not believe even that the whole additional supply would be foreign. But, supposing only one half to be foreign, the increase to the revenue would be L.1,060,420, even at a consumption governed by the price of 34s. 5d. per cwt. And of course as the price fell—and we have shown that, with the fall in the cost of production, it would fall—the consumption and the revenue would augment together.

Fifthly and lastly, we believe that the Government plan would have eminently promoted the extinction of the slave trade, and the amelioration and ultimate abolition of slavery. This we must observe is a proposition which Sir Robert Peel holds to be monstrous—which he maintains 'will never be believed by any 'country on the face of the universe.' Now, as we know it to be true, and as we think that we can explain the grounds of our conviction, we will endeavour to show, at least to the people of *this* country, that they ought to believe it.

There is no part of our history which throws so much discredit on our morality at one period, and our ability at another, as our conduct with respect to the slave trade. For more than two hundred years we were the most active and most extensive slave traders in the maritime world. We peopled, not only our own plantations with slaves, but those of the rest of Europe. We reserved to ourselves by treaty, the privilege of carrying negroes to Spanish America.

During periods of war, we cut off indeed the supply from the colonies of the enemy while the enemy retained them; but it was only to renew it, in an increased ratio, as we conquered them. In vain did the Jamaica legislature remonstrate against the traffic. We treated them as theorists who did not know what was good for themselves, or for their colony, or for us. The influence of class interests was still stronger in the venal parliaments of the last century, than it is now. The shipowners, whose vessels had been built or fitted for that peculiar trade; the manufacturers, whose goods were adapted only to the African markets; the merchants and the proprietors connected with Demarara, Trinidad, and the other fertile and thinly-peopled districts which we had wrested from Holland and Spain—all maintained that the slave trade was the great field for shipbuilding; the great nursery of seamen; the great outlet of manufactures, and in fact the great source of our prosperity. At length, attention to its horrors was forced on the public. We first regulated the trade: we restricted the number of prisoners who might be lawfully contained within the hold of a vessel of a given tonnage; and we required a given space between her decks. In 1792, the House of Commons resolved that the trade should cease in 1796—but when that time approached, in 1795, it refused to give any effect to that resolution. And there is no reason to believe that, if the Tory government had been uninterrupted, the trade would ever have been discontinued. What the Whigs in opposition, aided by Mr Pitt, could not effect, they would scarcely have effected, if still in opposition, after his death. In 1806, however, they had a brief interval of office—the English slave trade was declared unlawful; and the prohibition was supported by measures so well devised and so honestly executed as to have effected its extirpation.

In the same year it was declared unlawful by the United States of America.

The progress of public opinion, when no longer blinded by interest, was rapid. Up to 1806, we had thought it right to be slave traders ourselves. Eight years after, in 1814, we believed it, and most truly, to be our duty to endeavour to prevent the slave trade from being exercised by any other nation. In that year we engaged with France to act together at the Congress of Vienna, in order to induce all the powers of Christendom to pronounce its universal and definitive abolition. In 1815, we agreed with the United States of America to unite our efforts for that purpose; and in the same year, we obtained from the powers constituting the Congress of Vienna a declaration 'of their 'desire to concur, by every means in their power, in the most 'prompt and effectual execution of this measure: leaving it,

'however, to each separate power to judge how and when it 'should be effected.'

Slowly and painfully, by negotiation or by purchase, we have prevailed on every maritime power to prohibit the trade. But mere prohibition is nothing, unless enforced by vigorous measures of repression; and among these measures one of the most effectual is an extensive maritime police, to watch the extensive African slave coast, and intercept slavers on their way to the market, and on their return. Such a police no foreign nation has been willing, or perhaps able, to establish. *We* have established one; but, under the general law of nations, it is powerless against all except our own subjects. A ship is a floating portion of the territory whose flag it is entitled to bear. Except in the case of piracy, which renders it the general enemy of the world, its crew are amenable to no law but that of their own country, and punishable by none but their own courts. Under the general law of nations, we have no more right to interfere with a foreign slave trader, whatever be the punishment inflicted on slave trading by the law of his own country, than we have to enter the bazars of Constantinople or Cairo, and to require that the wretches exposed to sale should be set free. If a British cruiser has a reasonable ground for suspecting that a vessel is first a British vessel, and secondly a slaver, she has a right, under the general law of nations, to detain her; and if the suspicion be well founded, to send her to a British Court of Admiralty for trial. But such a case never in fact can occur; for no British vessels are slavers. Unless, therefore, we had supplied this want of power by treaty, our cruisers would have been mere spectators of the trade, without the slightest power of interference. Of course we had recourse to treaties. We obtained from every important maritime power, except Portugal, the right to search their ships within certain latitudes, and the right to detain them, as to some powers, if they appeared to be equipped for the slave trade; and, as to all, if slaves were found on board, to send them to a Court of Admiralty for trial; and, if found guilty of slave trading, for condemnation. From Portugal we obtained a limited treaty, and an express contract for a complete one;—a contract, however, which we have not been able to induce her to perform. From the United States of America, we have obtained no treaty whatever. Her engagements to us on this subject are confined to the vague stipulation that she will use her best efforts to put down the trade. She absolutely refuses to allow us to interfere with her vessels; whether our suspicion of their being slave traders be or be not well founded. We are grieved at the conduct of Portugal. We are grieved, surprised, and ashamed at that of the United States.

It is lamentable that a great nation should, from the suspicious sensitiveness which is the great defect of her character, refuse to concur in the repression of a traffic which she acknowleges to be atrocious. It is strange that she should feel her dignity injured by granting a reciprocal right of search, in which all the great European powers have acquiesced. It is disgraceful to our common origin that, from such petty motives, she should suffer her flag to be so prostituted. We trust that the time will come when she will be influenced by nobler feelings; and our confidence is strengthened by the late message of President Tyler. But while she adheres to her refusal, we have no more right, under the law of nations, to detain a slaver entitled to use the American flag, than we have to destroy the ship-yards in Baltimore, in which we know that slavers are constructed. We have a right, of course, on having reasonable grounds for suspecting that she is not so entitled, to search her; but this right can be exercised only in good faith: it cannot be assumed unless reasonable grounds of suspicion exist, or be persevered in, though the hold be filled with slave shackles, if the ownership prove to be American.

Such is a brief outline of our efforts to suppress the foreign slave-trade. We now proceed to state their result.

That deplorable result has been not merely failure, but aggravation. We have succeeded in intercepting about one slaver in three, as appears from the extra premium of insurance on slaves of about 33 per cent.* But that success has not prevented the continuance of the trade, or even its increase. The amount of that increase cannot be accurately stated, since an illegal trade has no statistics. Sir T. F. Buxton believes it to be 100 per cent. 'Twice as many human beings,' he maintains, 'are now 'its victims, as when Wilberforce and Clarkson entered upon 'their noble task.' † Mr Irving, in his speech on Sir R. Inglis's motion of the 10th May 1838, makes the increase nearly 200 per cent—that is to say, from an annual export of 70,000 to one of 200,000. Without adopting either of these estimates, it is certain that the trade has increased—has increased very greatly; and, up to the last period to which our information extends, has continued to increase. And it is equally certain, that by making it contraband, we have enormously aggravated the sufferings of its victims. While the trade was legal, we could require that the living cargo should have a definite amount of space, ventilation, and food. It was possible, too, that even the captain of a slave ship might be a man of ordinary humanity. But a trade

* Turnbull, p. 369. † The African Slave-Trade, p. 173.

which is punishable by death or infamy, must be abandoned to the outcasts of mankind. In a voyage which may be a continued chase, every thing is sacrificed to promote the chances of escape. The build most favourable to speed, is that which affords the least accommodation in proportion to its computed tonnage. Into such vessels, measuring sometimes only thirty inches between the decks, the cargo is stowed, in a proportion more than three times greater than the largest which, under any other circumstances, would be considered admissible. We will not disgust our readers by a description of the horrors that ensue.* All the misery of a long life of wretchedness on land, cannot equal that which is concentrated in the weeks of the middle passage. The least of its evils is its mortality of 25 per cent.

The result, then, of our long struggle has been, that there are probably twice as many sufferers as there were when we began it; and that each person suffers more than twice as much. This has been the result of the perseverance of a quarter of a century, and of the profuse expenditure of British life and British resources. We have redressed injuries after the manner of Don Quixote. We have satisfied our own consciences; but it would have been far better for the African race, if, after we abolished the slave trade, they had never seen a British cruiser.

At length it seems time to try some new expedient, and we believe that a new expedient, and a promising one, may be adopted. As yet, the only instrument that we have used has been force; and that force has been applied only in one direction. All that we have attempted has been to hunt down the slaver, and prevent him from landing his cargo. Once landed, it is safe. The African cannot tell his own story; he is instantly confounded with the mass of the slave population; and if one cargo out of three is landed, the importer is covered from loss. If two out of three are landed, which seems to be the real proportion, he obtains a profit of cent per cent.†

It is possible that we may diminish the proportion of successful slavers: it is possible that, by employing more numerous squadrons, with larger numbers of steamers—that is, by exposing a larger number of our sailors to the pestilence of the slave coast, and enormously adding to our already enormous expenditure for the suppression of the slave trade—we may intercept half the slavers. But the half that will escape, will still afford a profit on the whole venture of 50 per cent. We may intercept two-

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* See Sir T. F. Buxton, p. 96 to 146.

† Turnbull, pp. 368, 369.

thirds—that is, we may intercept twice the number that we now intercept—but one-third even now pays the expense of the whole number that sail; the price of slaves will rise with the cost of production; slave trading will still continue an advantageous lottery, and, like every other lottery, continue to attract speculators. This was not the means by which we put down the British slave trade, nor do we believe that it will ever destroy the foreign one. We put down the British slave trade by measures enforced within the colonies themselves. We required every slave to be registered; we gave freedom to those who did not appear on the register; and we established tribunals and public prosecutors through whom the claim could be established; and we obtained in our West Indian colonies the co-operation of the people. In the Mauritius there was no co-operation, and the slave trade lingered there for years after it had ceased in the West Indies.

Such is the course which we venture to recommend for adoption, or at least for trial, in the only important markets now remaining to the maritime slave-trade, Cuba and Brazil.

The present state of Cuba is remarkably favourable to such an attempt.

'In Cuba,' says Mr Turnbull, 'the proprietors of estates, with their full complement of labourers, and with a fair proportion of women and children, have no sort of interest in the maintenance of the slave-trade; or rather, I ought to say, that their interest lies all the other way, and that they would greatly benefit by its instant and perpetual suppression. On this subject I have had the means of communicating much at large with many of the most enlightened Creole proprietors, and I believe myself in no danger of falling into error when I say, that I am now speaking their sincere and genuine sentiments in declaring that the highest and the best of them desire, as devoutly as ever did Clarkson or Wilberforce, the immediate, total, and immutable abolition of the slave-trade.

'It is not my business in this place to enquire into their motives, or compare them with those of our own philanthropists. Pecuniary considerations in the one case, may have done what the love of distinction and the interests of party may equally have prompted in the others. It is quite certain that the interests of the proprietor of a well managed and fully peopled estate in the island of Cuba, are all in favour of the suppression of the slave-trade. His land, his slaves, and his produce, would instantly increase in value, to an amount which it is not easy to define. A slave at Havanna would be at least equal in value to a slave at New Orleans, and now the difference is as 300 dollars are to 1500 dollars. Suppose him to have 500 slaves, and their value would instantly rise from 150,000 dollars to 750,000 dollars.

'But it is the policy of the court of Madrid to keep the island of Cuba in her dependency; and this, it is supposed, can only be done effectually by the salutary terror inspired by the presence of a numerous, half-savage,

negro population. The existence of such a population seems at once to justify and require the presence of a peninsular army, which, under the command of a captain-general enjoying the confidence of the court, and zealously aided by a numerous train of public functionaries and *empleados*, produces such a pressure on Creole interests, as to have hitherto deterred the native inhabitants from any open attempt to assert their independence. These public functionaries, with scarcely an exception, are Europeans by birth, and therefore decidedly opposed to a separation which would instantly deprive them of all their emoluments.*

'It is neither the wish,' he adds in a separate part of his work, 'nor the interest of the Creoles of Cuba, as a body—at least not of the old landed proprietors—to continue the practice of the slave trade. It is the captain-general, who represents the opinions of the cabinet of Madrid; the subordinate functionaries, the natives of Old Spain, who reap a rich revenue from the trade; and the actual slave dealers, who embark their capital in the undertaking, that are its real and substantial supporters.'†

Since Mr Turnbull left the island, the disapprobation of the slave trade, which he observed as a feeling, has shown itself in overt acts. The administration of the present Captain-General has been favourable, perhaps we may say partial, to the Creole and agricultural portion of the community, (which in Cuba is the liberal portion,) in the points in which they have been opposed to the new proprietors and to the mercantile classes; most of whom are Anglo-Americans, or, what is more distasteful to the Creoles, Spaniards, and to the subordinate officials, who are also Spaniards. He has given to the Creoles spirit and confidence, which, aided by their far greater numbers and greater wealth, have ensured to them political preponderance. The first use that they have made of their new power is remarkable. Two important bodies in Havanna, the Junta de Fomento, and the Ayuntamiento, or municipality of the city, have each petitioned the Queen of Spain to take measures for the immediate and total suppression of the slave trade. A Memorial to the same effect has been presented to the Captain-General from all the most considerable Creole proprietors. The contest may be long between the active and concentrated force of the minority which profits by the trade, and the scattered majority which suffers from it, if each be left with its present motives and its own resources. But if we can strengthen the motives of the Creoles, and weaken those of the slave traders—if we can make the abolition of the trade more beneficial than it would now be to the Creoles, and its retention less beneficial than it now is to the merchants; we shall materially al er the relative force of the two parties. Now

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* Turnbull, p. 170, 171. † Ibid. p. 318.

this we can do by adopting the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr Labouchere, accompanied, as of course they were intended to be, by the abolition of the strange law which forces foreign coffee to be taken to the Cape of Good Hope before it can be received in England at the ninepenny duty;—a law which takes ten or twenty per cent from the profit of the planter without the slightest benefit to us. We have already expressed an opinion, that the addition of the British demand to that of the whole world would not occasion a permanent rise in the price of foreign colonial produce. But it would certainly occasion an immediate rise. And it would be not only a new market, but a constantly improving one. The labouring people of the British islands, restored by commercial freedom to regular employment and good wages, would be able at least to double their present consumption. They might even rise to that allowed to the common sailors in her Majesty's navy. In addition to this great and increasing market would be that of our colonies; not so much for sugar as for live stock and provisions. The extent to which these new sources of trade would benefit Cuba, it is impossible to calculate. So great and so numerous are the advantages of commerce, that every fresh market generally becomes far more beneficial than it was expected to be. But that the benefit would be great is certain. Every existing estate would become more valuable. Every proprietor would have a still stronger motive to exclude the rivalry of the new estates, cultivated chiefly by imported slaves; and, from the want of females, incapable of keeping up their labourers except by purchase. On the other hand, the objections to the abolition of that trade, on the part of the mercantile classes, would be weakened. The commercial capital of Cuba, like that of every colony, is small, and fully employed. In order to take advantage of the new modes of employing it which new markets would offer, they must remove a portion of it from its existing employments. And what employment would they quit so readily as the slave trade? It is an illegal employment, and, even in Cuba, a dishonourable one. Avarice, example, and habit, are indeed strange blinders; but no man can like a business in which he knows that he occasions every year the cruel murder of hundreds or thousands of his fellow-creatures; and the captivity, degradation, and misery, of three times the number. We cannot doubt, therefore, that even among the merchants of Cuba a large proportion would joyfully embrace the opportunity of removing their capitals from the slave trade to a lawful, and innocent, and honourable commerce with Great Britain and her colonies. And on these grounds we believe that, if the Government had been allowed to carry their

Budget, the party in Cuba, favourable to the abolition of the slave trade, would have been strengthened, and the abolition materially accelerated.

We cannot appeal to public protestations against the slave trade, by any popular bodies in Brazil, similar to those which have been made in Cuba; but we know that there exists on the subject, among the persons most distinguished by their station and influence, a firm and well-directed opinion. Out of the six persons constituting the present ministry, four are decided and open abolitionists; and the motives to abolition, strong as they are in Cuba, are far stronger in Brazil.

The last enumeration which we have seen of the population of Cuba, that taken in 1827, classified it thus:—

Whites, ...	311,051
Free coloured (including Negroes),	106,494
Slaves, ...	286,942
	704,487

And though the numbers of each class have probably much increased during the interval, Mr Turnbull states his opinion, that the proportions are nearly accurate.*

We have not been able to find any official census of Brazil, but we have received from a trustworthy authority the following approximation:—

Whites, ...	1,200,000
Free coloured (including Negroes),	1,250,000
Half-coloured Indians, . .	200,000
Uncivilized Indians, . . .	2,000,000
Slaves, ...	2,200,000
	6,850,000

The whites, then, appear in Cuba to be more numerous than any other single class; and not to be greatly inferior in number to all other classes put together. In Brazil the most numerous class consists of slaves, and the least numerous of whites. The whites do not form one-fifth of the whole population—do not amount to much more than one-third of the coloured population, and are equal only to $\frac{6}{11}$ths of the slave population. It is impossible that they can see, without alarm, a great annual addition made to a slave population which already so much outnumbers them—an addition, too, consisting almost exclusively of men, and of men not trained to servitude. Brazil has as yet been emi-

* Turnbull, p. 230.

nently fortunate. She alone, of all the colonies planted by Europe, has obtained independence without violent revolution and prolonged civil war. She is not, like the Spanish settlement on the continent of America, a spoil for anarchy; or, like the Spanish islands, subject to the jealous and vexatious interference of an imported executive and a distant sovereign. No anti-national interest prevails in her councils; no distant regency endeavours to force her to continue a slave trader, in order that she may continue dependent. The enlightened must grieve to people a country far larger than Central Europe with an African instead of an European race—with the worst race instead of the best,—the ambitious must regret to see an increase of population productive of national weakness instead of strength,—the humane must deplore the waste of life and happiness,—and the timid, or, to speak more correctly, the prudent, must look at Haiti, and dread the increase of the barbarous part of the community.

We repeat, therefore, our belief, that the motives for desiring the abolition of the slave-trade exist still more strongly in Brazil than in Cuba; and that an additional impulse from this country—such an impulse as the Government plans, if they had been adopted, would have given—would have enabled us to obtain the real co-operation of the Brazilian authorities in putting it down. With such co-operation on the part of Brazil and Cuba, it can be effected—without it, and we have never yet obtained it, all our efforts on the African coast or on the high seas—all our expenditure of life, health, and treasure have produced, and will continue to produce, effects worse than mere failure. They will *not* materially diminish the amount of the trade, and they *will* materially aggravate its horrors.

A further and last result which we expect from the liberal commercial policy which the present government has proposed, and which, as far as sugar and coffee are concerned, even the immediate successors of that government—if it is to have immediate successors—will undoubtedly carry into effect, are the amelioration and gradual extinction of slavery. If that policy will enable us—as we have shown that it will—to destroy the slave trade, the amelioration of slavery is the necessary result. This is too obvious to require detailed explanation. The inequality of the sexes, one of the worst evils of a slavery kept up by importation, must instantly begin to subside. We shall hear no more of gangs worked to death and replaced every ten years, as the most profitable mode of consuming them. The labourers who can no longer be imported, will be carefully preserved and bred. And this is the only mode by which they can be prepared for eman-

cipation. Men must have been brought up in civilized life, accustomed to its wants and its restraints, to its obedience and its regular labour, before they can exist in it as free members with advantage, or even safety. To give freedom to Africans, and to expect them to become useful labourers, would be absurd. Discontinuance of the slave trade is, therefore, a necessary forerunner of emancipation; and the success of the experiment in our colonies is mainly attributable to its having been made nearly thirty years after the importation of Africans had ceased. So long an interval may not be necessary in every case; nor is it necessary that so great a change should be always so rapidly completed. But we repeat, that discontinuance of the importation of Africans must always precede emancipation, and precede it by a considerable period; and that the extension of our commercial intercourse with the Spanish colonies and Brazil, as it affords the only means of putting down the slave trade, affords, therefore, the only means of promoting emancipation.

We now conclude, for the present, our remarks on the Budget. We could not say less on the most beneficial measure of the kind that has been proposed during the long period in which we have laboured to advance the cause of commercial freedom. We regret that our limits do not allow us to consider the details of the proposals respecting Timber and Corn. But these subjects, as our readers cannot but recollect, have been frequently canvassed in this Journal; and having been obliged, in order to do justice to it, to confine our present observations to one of the three grand heads of enquiry presented by the Budget, we thought it the most advisable course to select the one which has been least discussed by the Press, and is the least generally understood.

ART. VIII.—*The Opinions of Lord Holland, as Recorded in the Journals of the House of Lords, from* 1797 *to* 1841. Collected and Edited by D. C. MOYLAN, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. London: 1841.

MANY reasons make it impossible for us to lay before our readers, at the present moment, a complete view of the character and public career of the late Lord Holland. But we feel that we have already deferred too long the duty of paying some tribute to his memory. We feel that it is more becoming to bring, without further delay, an offering, though intrinsically of little value, than to leave his tomb longer without some token of our reverence and love.

We shall say very little of the book which lies on our table. And yet it is a book which, even if it had been the work of a less distinguished man, or had appeared under circumstances less interesting, would have well repaid an attentive perusal. It is valuable, both as a record of principles and as a model of composition. We find in it all the great maxims which, during more than forty years, guided Lord Holland's public conduct, and the chief reasons on which those maxims rest; condensed into the smallest possible space, and set forth with admirable perspicuity, dignity, and precision. To his opinions on Foreign Policy, we for the most part cordially assent; but, now and then, we are inclined to think them imprudently generous. We could not have signed the Protest against the detention of Napoleon. The Protest respecting the course which England pursued at the Congress of Verona, though it contains much that is excellent, contains also positions which, we are inclined to think, Lord Holland would, at a later period, have admitted to be unsound. But to all his doctrines on Constitutional Questions, we give our hearty approbation; and we firmly believe that no British Government has ever deviated from that line of internal policy which he has traced, without detriment to the public.

We will give, as a specimen of this little volume, a single passage, in which a chief article of the political creed of the Whigs is stated and explained, with singular clearness, force, and brevity. Our readers will remember that, in 1825, the Catholic Association agitated for emancipation with most formidable effect. The Tories acted after their kind. Instead of removing the grievance they tried to put down the agitation; and brought in a law, apparently sharp and stringent, but, in truth, utterly impotent, for restraining the right of petition. Lord Holland's Protest on that occasion is excellent.

'We are,' says he, 'well aware that the privileges of the people, the rights of free discussion, and the spirit and letter of our popular institutions, must render—and they are intended to render—the continuance of an extensive grievance, and of the dissatisfaction consequent thereupon, dangerous to the tranquillity of the country, and ultimately subversive of the authority of the state. Experience and theory alike forbid us to deny that effect of a free constitution; a sense of justice and a love of liberty equally deter us from lamenting it. But we have always been taught to look for the remedy of such disorders in the redress of the grievances which justify them, and in the removal of the dissatisfaction from which they flow—not in restraints on ancient privileges, not in inroads on the right of public discussion, nor in violations of the principles of a free government. If, therefore, the legal method of seeking redress, which has been resorted to by persons labouring under grievous disabilities, be fraught with immediate or remote danger to the state, we draw from that circumstance a conclusion long since foretold by great authority—namely, that the British constitution, and large exclusions, cannot subsist together; that the constitution must destroy them, or they will destroy the constitution.'

It was not, however, of this little book, valuable and interesting as it is, but of the author, that we meant to speak; and we will try to do so with calmness and impartiality.

In order fully to appreciate the character of Lord Holland, it is necessary to go far back into the history of his family; for he had inherited something more than a coronet and an estate. To the House of which he was the head belongs one distinction, which we believe to be without a parallel in our annals. During more than a century, there has never been a time at which a Fox has not stood in a prominent station amongst public men. Scarcely had the chequered career of the first Lord Holland closed, when his son, Charles, rose to the head of the Opposition, and to the first rank among English debaters. And before Charles was borne to Westminster Abbey, a third Fox had already become one of the most conspicuous politicians in the kingdom.

It is impossible not to be struck by the strong family likeness which, in spite of diversities arising from education and position, appears in these three distinguished persons. In their faces and figures there was a resemblance, such as is common enough in novels, where one picture is good for ten generations, but such as in real life is seldom found. The ample person, the massy and thoughtful forehead, the large eyebrows, the full cheek and lip; the expression, so singularly compounded of sense, humour, courage, openness, a strong will and a sweet temper, were common to all. But the features of the founder of the House, as the pencil of Reynolds and the chisel of Nollekens have handed them

down to us, were disagreeably harsh and exaggerated. In his descendants, the aspect was preserved; but it was softened, till it became, in the late lord, the most gracious and interesting countenance that was ever lighted up by the mingled lustre of intelligence and benevolence.

As it was with the faces of the men of this noble family, so was it also with their minds. Nature had done much for them all. She had moulded them all of that clay of which she is most sparing. To all she had given strong reason and sharp wit; a quick relish for every physical and intellectual enjoyment; constitutional intrepidity, and that frankness by which constitutional intrepidity is generally accompanied; spirits which nothing could depress; tempers easy, generous, and placable; and that genial courtesy which has its seat in the heart, and of which artificial politeness is only a faint and cold imitation. Such a disposition is the richest inheritance that ever was entailed on any family.

But training and situation greatly modified the fine qualities which nature lavished with such profusion on three generations of the house of Fox. The first Lord Holland was a needy political adventurer. He entered public life at a time when the standard of integrity among statesmen was low. He started as the adherent of a minister who had indeed many titles to respect; who possessed eminent talents both for administration and for debate; who understood the public interest well, and who meant fairly by the country; but who had seen so much perfidy and meanness, that he had become sceptical as to the existence of probity. Weary of the cant of patriotism, Walpole had learned to talk a cant of a different kind. Disgusted by that sort of hypocrisy which is at least a homage to virtue, he was too much in the habit of practising the less respectable hypocrisy which ostentatiously displays, and some times even simulates vice. To Walpole, Fox attached himself politically and personally, with the ardour which belonged to his temperament. And it is not to be denied, that in the school of Walpole he contracted faults which destroyed the value of his many great endowments. He raised himself, indeed, to the first consideration in the House of Commons; he became a consummate master of the art of debate; he attained honours and immense wealth—but the public esteem and confidence were withheld from him. His private friends, indeed, justly extolled his generosity and good-nature. They maintained, that in those parts of his conduct which they could least defend, there was nothing sordid; and that, if he was misled, he was misled by amiable feelings—by a desire to serve his friends, and by anxious tenderness for his children. But by the nation he was regarded as a man of insatiable rapacity and desperate ambition; as a man ready to adopt, without scruple, the

most immoral and the most unconstitutional measures; as a man perfectly fitted, by all his opinions and feelings, for the work of managing the Parliament by means of secret service-money, and of keeping down the people with the bayonet. Many of his contemporaries had a morality quite as lax as his; but very few among them had his talents, and none had his hardihood and energy. He could not, like Sandys and Doddington, find safety in contempt. He therefore became an object of such general aversion as no statesman since the fall of Strafford has incurred—of such general aversion as was probably never in any country incurred by a man of so kind and cordial a disposition. A weak mind would have sunk under such a load of unpopularity. But that resolute spirit seemed to derive new firmness from the public hatred. The only effect which reproaches appeared to produce on him, was to sour, in some degree, his naturally sweet temper. The last steps of his public life were marked, not only by that audacity which he had derived from nature—not only by that immorality which he had learned in the school of Walpole—but by a harshness which almost amounted to cruelty, and which had never been supposed to belong to his character. His severity increased the unpopularity from which it had sprung. The well-known lampoon of Gray may serve as a specimen of the feeling of the country. All the images are taken from shipwrecks, quicksands, and cormorants. Lord Holland is represented as complaining, that the cowardice of his accomplices had prevented him from putting down the free spirit of the city of London by sword and fire, and as pining for the time when birds of prey should make their nests in Westminster Abbey, and unclean beasts burrow in St Paul's.

Within a few months after the death of this remarkable man, his second son Charles appeared at the head of the party opposed to the American War. Charles had inherited the bodily and mental constitution of his father, and had been much—far too much—under his father's influence. It was indeed impossible that a son of so affectionate and noble a spirit should not have been warmly attached to a parent who possessed many fine qualities, and who carried his indulgence and liberality towards his children even to a culpable extent. The young man saw that the person to whom he was bound by the strongest ties, was, in the highest degree, odious to the nation; and the effect was what might have been expected from his strong passions and constitutional boldness. He cast in his lot with his father, and took, while still a boy, a deep part in the most unjustifiable and unpopular measures that had been adopted since the reign of James the Second. In the debates on the Middlesex Election, he distinguished himself, not only by his precocious powers of eloquence, but by

the vehement and scornful manner in which he bade defiance to public opinion. He was at that time regarded as a man likely to be the most formidable champion of arbitrary government that had appeared since the Revolution—to be a Bute with far greater powers—a Mansfield with far greater courage. Happily his father's death liberated him early from the pernicious influence by which he had been misled. His mind expanded. His range of observation became wider. His genius broke through early prejudices. His natural benevolence and magnanimity had fair play. In a very short time he appeared in a situation worthy of his understanding and of his heart. From a family whose name was associated in the public mind with tyranny and corruption—from a party of which the theory and the practice were equally servile—from the midst of the Luttrells, the Dysons, the Barringtons—came forth the greatest parliamentary defender of civil and religious liberty.

The late Lord Holland succeeded to the talents and to the fine natural dispositions of his House. But his situation was very different from that of the two eminent men of whom we have spoken. In some important respects it was better; in some it was worse than theirs. He had one great advantage over them. He received a good political education. The first lord was educated by Sir Robert Walpole. Mr Fox was educated by his father. The late Lord was educated by Mr Fox. The pernicious maxims early imbibed by the first Lord Holland, made his great talents useless, and worse than useless, to the state. The pernicious maxims early imbibed by Mr Fox, led him, at the commencement of his public life, into great faults, which, though afterwards nobly expiated, were never forgotten. To the very end of his career, small men, when they had nothing else to say in defence of their own tyranny, bigotry, and imbecility, could always raise a cheer by some paltry taunt about the election of Colonel Luttrell, the imprisonment of the lord mayor, and other measures in which the great Whig leader had borne a part at the age of one or two-and-twenty. On Lord Holland no such slur could be thrown. Those who most dissent from his opinions must acknowledge, that a public life, more consistent, is not to be found in our annals. Every part of it is in perfect harmony with every other; and the whole is in perfect harmony with the great principles of toleration and civil freedom. This rare felicity is in a great measure to be attributed to the influence of Mr Fox. Lord Holland, as was natural in a person of his talents and expectations, began at a very early age to take the keenest interest in politics; and Mr Fox found the greatest pleasure in forming the mind of so hopeful a pupil. They corresponded largely on political subjects when the young lord

was only sixteen; and their friendship and mutual confidence continued to the day of that mournful separation at Chiswick. Under such training, such a man as Lord Holland was in no danger of falling into those faults which threw a dark shade over the whole career of his grandfather, and from which the youth of his uncle was not wholly free.

On the other hand, the late Lord Holland, as compared with his grandfather and his uncle, laboured under one great disadvantage. They were members of the House of Commons. He became a Peer while still an infant. When he entered public life, the House of Lords was a very small and a very decorous assembly. The minority to which he belonged was scarcely able to muster five or six votes on the most important nights, when eighty or ninety lords were present. Debate had accordingly become a mere form, as it was in the Irish House of Peers before the Union. This was a great misfortune to a man like Lord Holland. It was not by occasionally addressing fifteen or twenty solemn and unfriendly auditors, that his grandfather and his uncle attained their unrivalled parliamentary skill. The former had learned his art in 'the great Walpolean battles,' on nights when Onslow was in the chair seventeen hours without intermission; when the thick ranks on both sides kept unbroken order till long after the winter sun had risen upon them; when the blind were led out by the hand into the lobby; and the paralytic laid down in their bed-clothes on the benches. The powers of Charles Fox were, from the first, exercised in conflicts not less exciting. The great talents of the late Lord Holland had no such advantage. This was the more unfortunate, because the peculiar species of eloquence which belonged to him, in common with his family, required much practice to develope it. With strong sense, and the greatest readiness of wit, a certain tendency to hesitation was hereditary in the line of Fox. This hesitation arose, not from the poverty but from the wealth of their vocabulary. They paused, not from the difficulty of finding one expression, but from the difficulty of choosing between several. It was only by slow degrees, and constant exercise, that the first Lord Holland and his son overcame the defect. Indeed, neither of them overcame it completely.

In statement, the late Lord Holland was not successful; his chief excellence lay in reply. He had the quick eye of his House for the unsound parts of an argument, and a great felicity in exposing them. He was decidedly more distinguished in debate than any Peer of his times who had not sat in the House of Commons. Nay, to find his equal among persons similarly situated, we must go back eighty years—to Earl Granville. For Mansfield, Thurlow, Loughborough, Grey, Grenville,

Brougham, Plunkett, and other eminent men, living and dead, whom we will not stop to enumerate, carried to the Upper House an eloquence formed and matured in the Lower. The opinion of the most discerning judges was, that Lord Holland's oratorical performances, though sometimes most successful, afforded no fair measure of his oratorical powers; and that, in an assembly of which the debates were frequent and animated, he would have attained a very high order of excellence. It was, indeed, impossible to converse with him without seeing that he was born a debater. To him, as to his uncle, the exercise of the mind in discussion was a positive pleasure. With the greatest good nature and good breeding, he was the very opposite to an assenter. The word 'disputatious' is generally used as a word of reproach; but we can express our meaning only by saying that Lord Holland was most courteously and pleasantly disputatious. In truth, his quickness in discovering and apprehending distinctions and analogies was such as a veteran judge might envy. The lawyers of the Duchy of Lancaster were astonished to find in an unprofessional man so strong a relish for the esoteric parts of their science; and complained that as soon as they had split a hair, Lord Holland proceeded to split the filaments into filaments still finer. In a mind less happily constituted, there might have been a risk that this turn for subtilty would have produced serious evil. But in the heart and understanding of Lord Holland there was ample security against all such danger. He was not a man to be the dupe of his own ingenuity. He put his Logic to its proper use; and in him the dialectician was always subordinate to the statesman.

His political life is written in the chronicles of his country. Perhaps, as we have already intimated, his opinions on two or three great questions of Foreign Policy were open to just objection. Yet even his errors, if he erred, were amiable and respectable. We are not sure that we do not love and admire him the more because he was now and then seduced from what we regard as a wise policy, by sympathy with the oppressed; by generosity towards the fallen; by a philanthropy so enlarged, that it took in all nations; by love of peace, which in him was second only to the love of freedom; by the magnanimous credulity of a mind which was as incapable of suspecting as of devising mischief.

To his views on questions of Domestic Policy, the voice of his countrymen does ample justice. They revere the memory of the man who was, during forty years, the constant protector of all oppressed races, of all persecuted sects—of the man, whom neither the prejudices nor the interests belonging to his station could seduce from the path of right—of the noble, who in every great crisis cast in his lot with the commons—of the planter, who

made manful war on the slave-trade—of the landowner, whose whole heart was in the struggle against the corn-laws.

We have hitherto touched almost exclusively on those parts of Lord Holland's character which were open to the observation of millions. How shall we express the feelings with which his memory is cherished by those who were honoured with his friendship? Or in what language shall we speak of that House, once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilized world, and now silent and desolate as the grave? That House was, a hundred and twenty years ago, apostrophized by a poet in tender and graceful lines, which have now acquired a new meaning not less sad than that which they originally bore:—

> 'Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
> Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
> Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
> O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
> How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
> Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
> How sweet the glooms beneath thine aged trees,
> Thy noon-tide shadow, and thine evening breeze!
> His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
> Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
> No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
> Thine evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.'

Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as fast as a young town of logwood by a water-privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble—with the courtly magnificence of Rich—with the loves of Ormond—with the counsels of Cromwell—with the death of Addison. The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties—of painters and poets—of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will then remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them—the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings; the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness, they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied

learning of many lands and many ages; those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe—who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence—who have put life into bronze and canvass, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die—were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the singular character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds' Baretti; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxemburg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace—and the kindness, far more admirable than grace—with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance, and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome. They will remember that temper which years of pain, of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter; and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Earls. They will remember that constant flow of conversation, so natural, so animated, so various, so rich with observation and anecdote; that wit which never gave a wound; that exquisite mimicry which ennobled, instead of degrading; that goodness of heart which appeared in every look and accent, and gave additional value to every talent and acquirement. They will remember, too, that he whose name they hold in reverence was not less distinguished by the inflexible uprightness of his political conduct, than by his loving disposition and his winning manners. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey; and they will have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done any thing unworthy of men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland.

No. CXLIX. will be Published in October.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From May to July, 1841.

ANTIQUITIES AND ARCHITECTURE.

Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians. By Sir G. Wilkinson. Second series. 3 vols. 8vo. 3*l*. 3s.

Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages. By H. Shaw. Vol. I. Imp. 8vo. 3*l*. 12s.

Bloxam's Gothic Architecture. 4th edition. foolscap. 6s.

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ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

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Page 3, line 20, *for* "country," *read* "county."
— 18, — 6, from bottom, *for* "opposition," *read* "apposition."
— 18, — 11 from bottom, *for* "produces," *read* "produce."
— 27, *Note, dele* "a walk," *read* "'walker-*erde*,' a walker's-mill," &c.
— 29, — 15, *for* "a Tyrannus," *read* "*A. Tyrannus.*"
— 30, — 6, *for* "distributed," *read* "disturbed."
— 30, — 20, *for* "a *Navicula*," *read* "an *Aricula*."
— 32, — 8, *for* "should be," *read* "had been."
— 36 and 38. The note at foot of these pages should be transposed.
— 37, — 14, *for* "latter," *read* "former."
— 39, — 20 and 28, *for* "Courad," *read* "Conrad."
— 39, *Note* §, for "*Glossburg*," read "*Blossburg*."
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